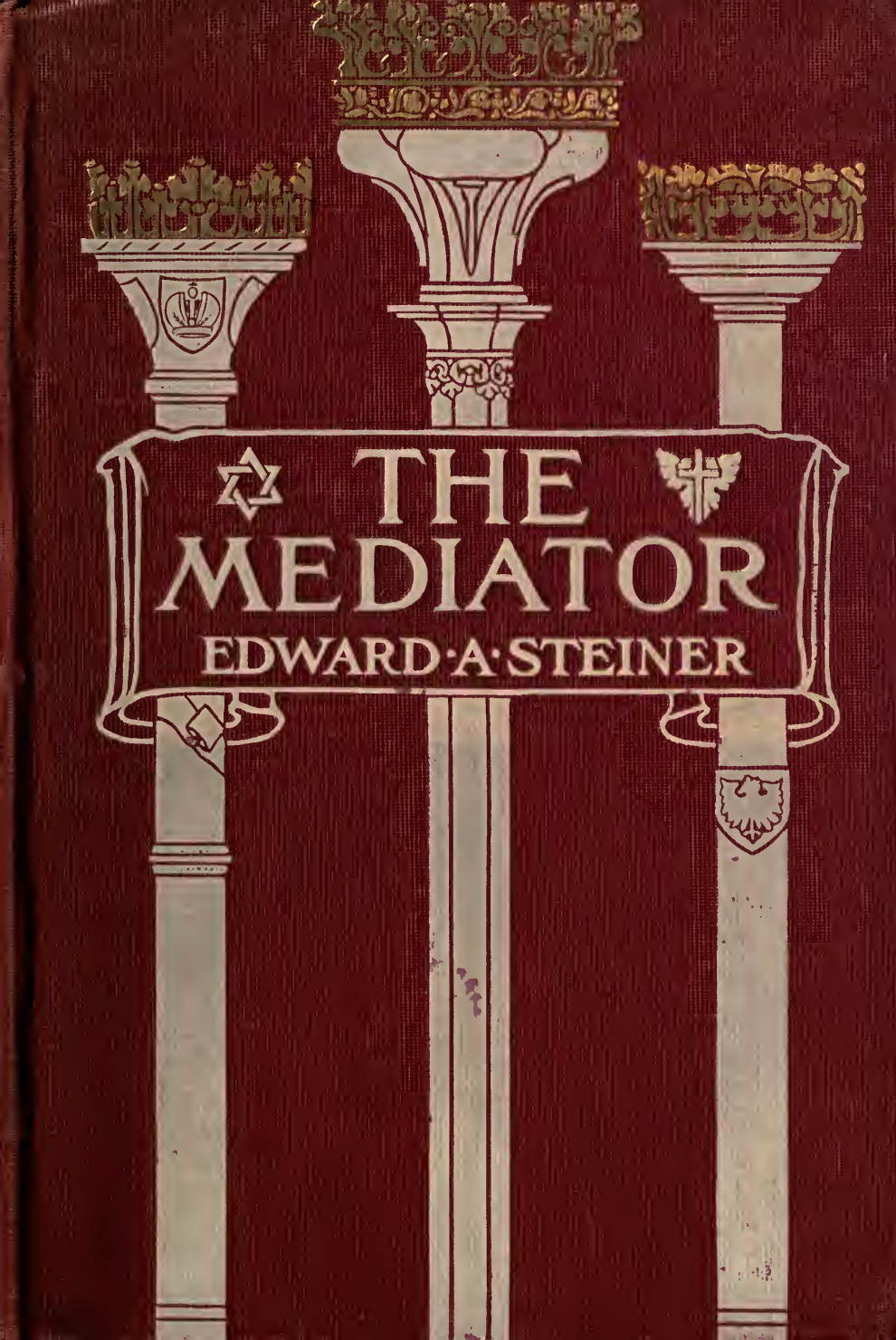
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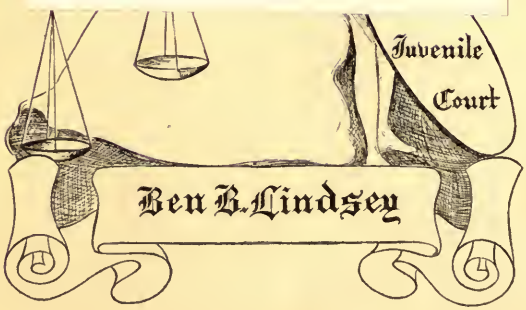

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BY

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Author of "On the Trail of the Immigrant"

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO

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To the memory of my
Beloved Mother
JEANETTE HELLER STEINER,
who was widowed in time of war, plague and famine; whose heroism and patience, whose tolerance and simple trust, were an inspiration to all who knew her above whose grave they truthfully wrote: "Never has a woman suffered more, never was a mother more beloved"

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The Mediator

I

THE HOLY TOWN OF KOTTOWIN

"THE peace of God be with you, Reb Abraham, the peace of God"—almost joyfully it was shouted at him, while he gravely replied, "Peace, peace be with you."

The men crowded around Abraham Cohen and heartily shook his hand, forsaking for a moment the bartering Gentiles who had come into the town of Kottowin to celebrate the feast of Corpus Christi, to drink the healing waters from the sacred spring, and to consume as much vodka as they could hold, little caring that it came from a very unholy source—the Jewish innkeeper's stone jug.

The women drew Channah, Abraham's wife, beneath sheltering doorways and whispered generous advice. Looking into her delicate face, over which a sweet blush hovered, one could easily believe that Channah deserved the reputation of having been the most beautiful Jewish bride that ever came to Kottowin.

A narrow creek divided the Jewish town from the

sacred ground upon which the Christians had built their church and their homes—a crooked, muddy stream, an arm of a broader one. Over a bridge spanning the larger stream the toll-gate hung menacingly, like a huge scythe poised in air, ready to drop upon the invader, were it man or beast, who could not pay the toll of one kopek.

The little arm of the creek, however, was like the wide ocean which separates two continents. It separated the Gentiles' portion of the town from that inhabited by the Jews, the distance between them being made greater and greater by mutual hate and distrust, and by frequent storms menacing both coasts and often eating away in a moment whatever common standing ground had grown between.

Abraham and Channah had to cross the muddy creek, and when they reached the market-place where the great church stands, the booming of guns, the noise of a brass band, and the ringing of bells produced a pandemonium of sound which made them quake from fear.

From the portals of the church came acolytes swinging their censers; behind them in his festal robes was the abbot of the cloister, walking beneath a gilded baldachin, and following him were the clergy and a great crowd of worshippers carrying the church banners and singing praises to their Christ.

Abraham and Channah hid in the doorway of the town-hall, hoping to escape the lynx eyes of the

church organist, who usually carried the image of the Virgin and who made it his special business to see that every Jew, by taking off his cap, gave proper greeting to the Queen of Heaven.

Now the enemy came nearer and nearer, looking this way and that for his legitimate prey—a Jew's head not uncovered. Never before in the history of the town of Kottowin had the organist failed to discover at least one such offender; never before had he failed to make the feast more joyful by knocking off the offender's cap, to the amusement of the worshippers. This time, also, history repeated itself.

"Take off that cap," he shouted in a rage,—but Abraham did not remove it. "Take off that cap, or I'll knock it off!"

Abraham remained motionless. A blow upon his head flung the cap far into the crowd; while the guns boomed, the brass band blared, the church bells rang, and the priests chanted their hymns of praise to the risen Christ of Kottowin.

Vainly you will search the map for the location of Kottowin; but if you come from afar and see a golden cross over the church steeple, which looks like a big onion with a little one on top of it, and just below, seven glistening shafts which rise above the synagogue, a Moorish structure so out of place in this Northern clime—then you are in sight of Kottowin.

When you pass the only two-storey building in this region, where the Pany lives who owns all the soil within many miles; when you walk through the double rows of lilacs which flank the highway and then pass over the long bridge at one end of which is the toll-gate; when your feet strike the rough pavement, each of its cobblestones like a miniature mountain; when men buried in sheepskin coats pass you and, taking off their broad hats in greeting, say: "Praised be the Lord Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary"—then you are in the town of Kottowin.

When to the right of you and the left of you are little shops crowding one another, and in the doorway of each a gesticulating Jew, inviting you to bargain and to buy—then you are in the Jews' street of Kottowin, a market town in the district of Kottowin in Poland.

The place has no historic fame, although there is a great mound where lie buried Austrian soldiers who came here to help Russia quell the Polish Revolution; it has no industries to carry its name beyond the borders of the district, although they make boots out of pigs' hides,—heavy working boots—the soles glued to the top with pitch. Nevertheless, it is known far and wide beyond the borders of Poland, —in Hungary, Austria, and even Germany—being almost a household word wherever good Catholics believe in healing waters, and wherever Jews still have faith in the virtue of the little scrolls nailed to

the door-posts of those houses inhabited by children of the Covenant, or where they still use phylacteries and wear the sacred fringes upon their garments.

The fame of Kottowin rested itself entirely upon its sanctity. The Catholics revered it because of the healing waters of a miracle-working spring, the Jews because of the traditions handed down through generations, and which taught them how to manufacture the sacred aids to Jewish devotion. This fame was a good business asset, for pilgrims came from afar to drink the waters and bathe in them. Here a large monastery was built and daily grew greater, while hospitable inns in large numbers crowded one another on the market-place.

The Jews drew custom for their sacred wares from hundreds of miles of surrounding country, and men and women, burdened and perplexed, came for the testing of their scruples and the solving of their riddles to the Rabbi, who, because of his peculiar sanctity, could do wonders in settling family quarrels, deciding great doctrinal questions, and, by the laying on of hands, could heal all manner of diseases.

You certainly are not versed in the affairs of Jewry if you have not heard of the Wonder Rabbi of Kottowin, who bathed once a week, fasted each Tuesday and Friday, who never looked a woman in the face, and was said to talk to God as did Moses, the great lawgiver.

The piety of the town did not affect any portion of its social structure. Its political dignitaries were of the same calibre as are found elsewhere in Poland; they took from Cæsar all that was Cæsar's, and from the people all that the people gave. Its tradesmen fleeced the stranger whenever there was a chance, and never let his left hand know what their right hand did.

The Pany who owned all the land was a product of Poland's aristocracy—so gallant that he could never endure to see women cry in his presence; therefore, he turned them out of doors, when he had robbed them of their virtue or of the wage of their sin. He hated idleness; therefore, he exercised himself by beating the gypsies who invaded his estates, or by playing cards until daylight. He believed strong drink to be the worst thing in the world; therefore, he drank every drop he could get, in order to put it out of the world.

The church organist, school-teacher and music master, three in one, who could never play at mass so well as when he was thoroughly soaked in wine, who knew every scandal because he was at the bottom of each—these men were just like other men in other towns scattered throughout the kingdom.

But in the religious sphere its men and institutions were supreme. On one side, was the Dominican friar who for austerity and piety had no equal in his Brotherhood. On the Jewish side, to match him, was

the Wonder Rabbi, whose very name was whispered in awe by all Jewry ; on the Gentile side, the huge church, with its wonder-working spring, its gorgeous altars, pictures, and banners ; on the other side, the synagogue, with its seven shining minarets, its remarkable scroll of the law so wonderfully enshrined in embroidered velvets and hung with golden chains and bells. When it was taken from the Ark, the people felt as if Jehovah Himself were coming out of the darkness of Sinai.

Just now, on the Jewish side at least, all its interest centred, not on the Wonder Rabbi, but on Abraham Cohen, the only surviving Levite, who, because of his priestly descent, could pronounce the blessing on the great feast days.

There had been no lack of Levites in years gone by ; a dozen or more stood before the Ark in their stocking feet, the long prayer-mantle completely covering them, their hands outstretched in such a peculiar manner that it seemed as if two horns were reaching out over the heads of the priests. In varied discord they would pronounce the benediction, dwelling on the last Amen as if loath to let it go, sounding each vowel again and again, until with a final effort they centred all their vocal and nervous energy, shouting one long "Amen" while the congregation took up the cry, "Amen and Amen." It sounded like a battle cry ; but it was the cry of the vanquished and not of the victors.

The Levites dwindled in numbers; they died, and their sons had to go out into the highways and by-ways to buy and to sell, growing less pious in the measure in which they were prospered by Jehovah. Many of them, instead of calling out blessings in God's temple, as did their fathers, hurled maledictions at one another before the altars of Mammon, in the temples of trade of Budapest or Vienna; and instead of selling holy script they sold stocks and bonds.

Abraham Cohen was the sole survivor of that large Levitic band; he was past middle age, but as yet he had no son to inherit his office, with its secrets of folding the hands to appear like horns and shouting the blessing with its staccatos, with its crescendos and diminuendos in the labyrinthine windings of the final Amen. He had been brought up in a Talmudic atmosphere, having begun to enter the mazes of its ancient law books when he was five years of age, and his mind continually moved amid their tortuous paths. This Talmudic study robbed him of the joys of childhood and made him old before he was young; yet it bestowed upon him a spiritual heritage visible in his face and form, a heritage not possessed by those Jews of Kottowin whose backs were bent by heavy bundles of merchandise rather than by devotion to the study of the Talmud. Its dogmatic chains bound him firmly to a hoary past, but its wings gave freedom to his

imagination and made him what the Jew at his best always is—at once a realist and an idealist ; as well as a mystic and a rationalist.

He was short, though that shortage was neither of his head nor of his body, but of his limbs. Over his brow hovered an austere serenity, and a smile was always striving with his wrinkled face. Had it not been for the disfiguring garb, the orthodox ringlets, which hung from his temples, the bent back and shuffling gait, Abraham Cohen would have won favour in the eyes of all those who looked at him. In spite of these handicaps, he was the most favoured Jew in Kottowin ; he had many friends and no enemies ; even the Gentiles who hated all Jews alike and were hated by them in return, called him affectionately "our Abraham."

He was extremely unpractical, and Channah, his wife, a delicate woman of good breeding who was given to him in marriage only on account of his piety, had to keep the wolf from the door, doing so at the expense of her health.

When Abraham rose, at four in the morning, to question the Oracles of Jehovah, Channah also rose, wakened the maid, whom she assisted in preparing the breakfast, and then went out to the workshop where she supervised the tanning and cutting of the skins used in the manufacture of phylacteries. With painful patience Abraham wrote the words of Jehovah upon the parchments ; but Channah had to see that

they were put into their proper casings, that they were shipped to the right addresses, and that the workmen did their allotted tasks.

Channah was the wife of a saint, and she patiently endured all the consequences of her lot. Her only grief was that she had no son, a grief shared by all the pious Jews of Kottowin. The Wonder Rabbi had been consulted again and again ; he turned from book to book, looking wise ; but inwardly he was as perplexed as Abraham himself, who did not know why the Lord had thus afflicted him. The Rabbi finally decided to urge an heroic measure, namely : a pilgrimage to the graves of the wise men who are buried in the old cemetery in Cracow, and who because of their superior wisdom and devotion to the law have direct access to Jehovah. Neither Abraham nor Channah had to be urged to undertake the pilgrimage. They would have tried to climb to the clouds, if by so doing they might have had their request from God ; so while Channah ordered the affairs of the household and shop, collected the money, and cooked and baked food for the journey, Abraham sat at his table with a new quill plucked from a living goose and wrote his request to Jehovah. With painful accuracy each letter was written, for all had to be perfect; while every line of light or shade had to be like every other line, and no erasures or spots dared appear on so sacred a manuscript. This is what he wrote :

"Jehovah, my God, the God of my fathers and the God of my people! Hear, O Israel! The Lord thy God is one God! I am sending this request by the wise men who see Thy face, O Jehovah! for they knew Thy law and studied it day and night; Thou wilt not turn away from their prayers in my behalf, who am Abraham, of the tribe of Levi, and the last Cohen in the congregation of the people at Kottowin. Channah, my wife, is barren and I will not put her away from me to marry another to bear me seed, that a son might say prayers at my grave and speak the blessing before the Ark upon Thy people in the great congregation. I beseech Thee, O Jehovah! to be merciful to Channah as Thou wast to Sara, the wife of our father Abraham, whose womb was sealed, and yet who bare seed unto him when she was past age. Hear my prayer, O Jehovah! And grant unto me a son, that I go not childless to my grave, and that the Ark in which Thy law rests remain not without a priest!

"Abraham, Thy faithful Servant in the Congregation of Kottowin."

And Abraham gave the letter to Channah who laid it upon her bosom, as the Rabbi had directed. Then they started on their pilgrimage, so rudely interrupted by the organist.

All things must end; even the Christians' procession with its sea of banners, each one a bitter eyesore; with its incense which Abraham did not dare breathe, fearing that every breath would pollute him;

with its multitude of pious worshippers solemnly and slowly moving along, too often stopping to kneel in prayer.

All things end, and this torture ended also. Abraham took the hand of Channah, his wife, and they crossed the bridge where the toll-gate is, and walking between the hedges where the lilacs were just bursting into bloom, purified themselves in the rich perfume of their incense. The birds, singing their love-songs, made the two forget the chants of priests and acolytes, and the smile which had long been striving with Abraham's wrinkled face, shone from a new touch of hope above the furrows of care, as with clasped hands he and Channah walked joyously into the beckoning spring.

II

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT

NATURE does not consider the mood of pious souls, and the Day of Atonement dawned bright and beautiful over the holy town of Kottowin, quite unmindful of the fact that with the Jews it was a day of fasting, of mourning and of wailing, and that it seemed purposely created to blot out the short span of human joy which creeps into the Jewish calendar at this season of the year. It comes upon the heels of the New Year's day, which is celebrated when nature is heavy from the blessings of the season, when the notes of joyous psalms and of the ram's horn and the taste of good things to eat still linger in the ear and upon the palate. It comes bidding men put on grave-clothes while fields and gardens are rioting in colour; it shuts from mind and soul the vanities of life, when each breath of air makes one tremble from the mere joy of living, and commands the sealing of the mouth to food and drink, at that season of the year when the land is "flowing with milk and honey."

Crowded in unpicturesque confusion close to the synagogue, with its shining minarets, lived the members of the Jewish community, far famed for their

piety; and this day, the day of all days, marked the zenith of their scrupulous devotion to the letter of the law. The fire on the hearth was dead everywhere and no smoke escaped from any of the chimneys, except as it rose lingeringly over the home of Abraham and Channah; those who saw it, knew that it spelled illness.

Close by the synagogue it stood, a straw thatched cottage, void of all external beauty, and within void also of most of the comforts of life. The little garden around the home looked neglected and the plums on the straggly trees were stung and gnarled, for he who studied the law of God in the books only knew nothing of its workings in nature, and had never learned to be conscious of the fact that, as of old, so even now, Jehovah was in the burning bush. Within the little house there were sweetness and neatness, for Channah was known far and wide as one who looked "Well to the ways of her household"; so while an odour of leather permeated the atmosphere, there mingled with it the scent of strong soap, and one became immediately conscious of the royal battle between the two. Against the wall stood two beds filling that side of the room; a huge tiled stove occupied one end, while corresponding with it, at the other end, was a sofa whose palmy days were of yore, and whose ribs protruded like those of Pharaoh's lean kine. Over the sofa hung two paintings whose presence there cost much grief to Abraham and Channah alike. They

were portraits of her parents, and she insisted upon their being in the home, not because they were the likenesses of her father and mother,—for they resembled them only in the faintest degree,—but because they were pictures and were surrounded by huge gold frames, which gave the room its one touch of colour.

Abraham strongly objected to them on those very grounds; they were pictures in gold frames and might lead Channah's thoughts to impiety and vanity. His real objection to them was that they reminded him of the comfort and luxury from which he had taken Channah, that they emphasized the poverty of the room, the discomfort and struggle in Channah's life, and his own share in making that life so hard. The study of the law covered a multitude of sins; yet he was quite conscious of the fact that it did not cover all of them.

On the day of Atonement Abraham had risen early and soon stood before Channah's bed with a cup of steaming coffee, the odour of which did not tend to lessen his own desire for food. "Drink, Channah; I have asked the Rabbi whether you might have food to-day, and he said that Rabbi Eliezer, when asked the same question by one of his followers, replied thus: 'A woman may not eat or drink anything on the Day of Atonement, but every child must be fed as often as it needs food even on this holy day.' Now, Channah, my life, this coffee is not for you; it is for the little Cohen who, not long hence, if God please (blessed be

His name!), will clamour for food." Imitating the cry of a little babe, he forced the cup into Channah's hand and she drank the warm beverage, while her pale cheeks quickly responded to it by a gentle glow.

Yes, indeed, God had been good to both of them; that journey to Cracow had been the most wonderful event. Fifty miles they walked to the station, and there for the first time they travelled on a railroad. What an epoch in their lives! To see those telegraph poles fly past their car window and yet remain stationary; to see the towns and villages one after another in such quick succession, and finally to walk beneath the huge gates of Cracow out into the mazes of the Ghetto; and then to enter that wonderful synagogue and the great cemetery! Abraham did not neglect to throw Channah's letter upon the grave of the saintliest of those saintly teachers, and together, in childlike faith, they implored the intercession of the wise men. They pleaded their cause from no selfish motive, for this child whom they so desired was to be a servant of Jehovah, a priest before His altar. Looking back now upon that pilgrimage, it seemed to Abraham as if God had answered the petition immediately, for a new feeling sprang up in his heart; and the Talmud, the Mishnah, and all the musty legal decisions of ages were crowded into the background, while something humanly warm, alive and new, crept into it.

He looked upon Channah and her face was beautiful

to behold, except for the furrows of care upon her forehead, and those, alas! he knew he had helped to plow there.

This new feeling came upon him with an oppressive gladness which made him sob like a child as Channah pressed him close to her bosom; so both began to know what love was, and that love guided them home.

The summer which followed brought its holy pain to Channah, who tasted resignedly all the penalty of love, while the tenderest devotion surrounded her at every step and guarded her "in her lying down and her rising up." All day long it was: "Channah, my dear, you must not do this, you must not do that." Every care, every exertion, were spared her; so suffering lost its sting and the fear of death took flight, while the banner over her was love. Instead of growing stronger, however, as the physician predicted, she grew daily weaker, and on the Day of Atonement she did not need Abraham's restraining hand to keep her in bed.

She watched him putting on his grave-clothes preparatory to going to the synagogue; his long white robe and the white cap with its silver tassel, which he drew out of a large bag on which she had embroidered the double triangle called the shield of David. Her dark eyes were fastened upon his face as he stood there full of life, yet ready for the grave should the death-angel call him; and in spite of the fact that he

put his arms close around her before he said his good-bye, and that she could feel the warmth of his body, the fear of death crept over her, and she hid her tears in the folds of his garb destined for the grave.

"Channah, my own love," he said, as he embraced her again and again, while the tears flowed over her cheeks and he himself was scarcely able to refrain from weeping. "Don't be afraid, God has been good; He was with us in Cracow; He will continue His goodness to us until these few months pass, and He will help you and sustain you."

The sun had risen higher than it ever had without finding Abraham in the synagogue at morning prayers, and he could hear now through the open window the voices of the congregation tumultuously assaulting the ears of Jehovah with bitter lamentations and violent praise. It sounded like the distant murmur of a storm, and above the yet quiet waves rose the voice of the chief reader:

"Blessed art Thou, O Jehovah our God, King of the world, who giveth the cock perception to distinguish between day and night!" And the congregation repeated the verse in a deep murmur which did not subside even when the reader lifted his voice still higher and cried out: "Blessed art Thou, O Jehovah our God, King of the world, who hast not made me a heathen." And again the congregation repeated the verse more loudly, although in Abraham's room it was heard only as a harsh murmur.

With almost a note of triumph the reader sang out the next blessing: "Blessed art Thou, O Jehovah our God, King of the universe, who hast not made me a woman." And when the congregation repeated the verse it was distinctly heard by Abraham and Channah; and she, bowing her head, said with all the pious women of Kottowin: "Blessed art Thou, O Jehovah our God, who hast made me according to Thy will."

Without saying another word, Abraham wrapped himself in his mantle and hastened to the house of prayer, where his late coming created not a little comment.

The women had reached the synagogue before him and his arrival gave them an opportunity to begin the day's programme, by talking much one to the other, between their spasmodic intervals of following the prayers for the day. Seated in their own gallery, apart from the men, the women gossiped. The conversations, carried on in audible whispers, were about Channah and the ordeal before her; and every woman in Kottowin to whom God had granted the blessing of motherhood recalled her own joys and sorrows in the rearing of her offspring. Louder and more animated grew the talk in the gallery, and farther and farther the busy tongues travelled into the mysteries of life and death; while the men below, wrapped in their grave-clothes, prone upon the floor of the synagogue, were beating their breasts in

the confession of their sins, Abraham joining in the service more heartily than ever.

Noon came and passed. The women had grown weary of conversation and were now busy quieting their half-grown sons and daughters, who felt more keenly the craving of empty stomachs than the yearning after spiritual blessing; while the cry for something to eat was louder than the lamentations of their fathers over their sins. In vain did the mothers hold smelling salts and lemons under their noses; they wanted food to eat and clamoured for it until out of the depths of each woman's pockets came chicken bones, bread with poppy seed, and all the things which make glad the heart of Jewish youth. Many a woman grew faint and had to be led downstairs, yet the vociferous worshippers remained undisturbed until the time came for the priestly benediction.

Abraham's mind was with Channah, and vainly did he strive to wing his thoughts Godward as behooves a priest of Jehovah. Three times during the day he had slipped out to see his wife, and the last time he had thought it wise to have Madam Spitzer called from the gallery to go to her. All the women who saw her leaving her place thought of Channah more than of Jehovah, and wondered if, after all, the men who that morning thanked God that they were not made women did not have abundant cause for gratitude.

Abraham stepped in front of the Ark where the scrolls of the law were enshrined. He was barefooted (for he was on holy ground) as he faced the congregation, wearied by its continued prayers and its fast since daybreak. Usually, this moment thrilled him by its solemn grandeur. To the right of him and to the left of him sat the dignitaries of the synagogue, the president of the congregation, the rabbi and the elders. They bowed before him and waited with the congregation for the blessing to fall from his lips. The gallery was filled by women eager to hasten home to attend to their household duties and begin preparations for the evening meal. The sun was setting, and anxious eyes were already beginning to search the heavens for the first star, which would release the people from their fast.

To-day the emotions which filled Abraham were entirely human ; the thought of Channah, of her unborn babe, and fear of blasted hopes began to blot out the joyful anticipation of the last seven months, clouding the grandeur of the moment. He wrapped himself in his prayer-mantle and, stretching out his hands over the heads of the bowed congregation, he began to pray softly and tenderly, not imperiously as of yore. "Thou hast commanded us to bless Thy people Israel. Blessed art Thou, Jehovah our God, who hast sanctified us with the holiness of Aaron and in love hast commanded us to bless Thy people." Then began that remarkable, ecstatic performance

which was really a vocal struggle between priest and people—he dwelling on the first word of each blessing pronounced, and the congregation snatching it from his lips and repeating it with much haste and fervour. Formerly, when the congregation had finished, it was his custom to take each word separately, embellishing it with cadences and trills, with pathetic and joyous exclamations, giving full vent to his emotional nature and tasting each word through as if it were the waiting feast after the fast.

To-day his voice did not rise triumphantly, nor did a joyous note escape his lips, and when he came to the last sentence and prayed : "Deliver me from errors and purify the imagination of my heart and lengthen the days of my wife and children, to be passed in happiness and pleasantness and in abundant strength and peace," each word was a sob, every note full of a pain which he had never known before, so that the women in the gallery wept, carried away by the tenderness of his prayer. Now came the final amen. Letter by letter he began to pronounce it, higher and louder rose his thrilling voice, mellowed by the tears which seemed to melt every note in their heat and pain. Once or twice he pronounced the amen, and then a wail came floating in through the windows of the synagogue as of a woman in travail. Higher and higher rose Abraham's voice, and, blending with it, unknown to him, was the voice of Channah, struggling to give life by her own death.

III

THE KOSHER NURSE

THE evening star, which hundreds of eager eyes simultaneously detected, was trembling in the heavens, a token that the Day of Atonement was over, that the candles might be lighted, the tables spread, and the fast succeeded by a feast. As much gladness as ever entered the Jewish homes in Kottowin came now, with hunger and thirst allayed and with release from the rigour of those spiritual exercises which had taxed to their limit both the body and the mind. If any more prayers were offered that night they were offered by the younger portion of the population, and were in profound gratitude that the Day of Atonement came but once a year—and these of course were not printed in the Prayer Book.

In Abraham's home no table was spread, no candles were lighted ; the strain of the fast and the vigil of the day were not relieved by the appearance of the evening star, nor by all the brilliant galaxy of stars as they shot out into the heavens, nor even at midnight as they kept their silent watches. Still in his grave-clothes, holding Channah's hands, Abraham prayed to Jehovah ; while Channah's agony and his

own shook him as if two great fevers were passing through his veins, the one more consuming than the other. The physician stood at the bedside ready for extreme measures, as he watched the ebbing of Channah's strength; then, knowing that her hour was come and that it held all the penalties pronounced upon mortal woman, he led Abraham—who had not strength left to resist his firm grasp—away from Channah's side. Lying upon the floor in the outer room trying to grasp the beaten earth with nerveless fingers, unable to weep, unable to remove the pressure of pain crushing his heart, he waited during the dark minutes which passed like hours, and then the door was opened. The yellow light which shone in upon him seemed like a burst of flame shooting out of some terrible depth, as, dazed, he looked up and waited for his doom.

"Mazel tov"—Good luck to you! yet Madam Spitzer uttered no shout of joy. "It's a boy, Reb Abraham, a wee little boy; but Channah——" He did not let her finish the sentence. As he rushed into the room, a weak cry, a puny little cry, greeted his ears, coming from within bundles of blankets . . . and Channah lay there, pale, almost lifeless, with closed eyes which never opened again to see the son whom Jehovah had given to her and Abraham in answer to their petition.

The morning came, and yet another morning, and the wee child lived on, while its mother was wrapped

in a white shroud and laid upon the floor ; then before night came she was carried away by the pious men of Kottowin, who recited long prayers and made many lamentations, but shed no tears. The women stood in the doorways as the procession passed. They did not read Hebrew prayers out of the Prayer Book, nor did they make their lamentations according to the ritual; but they wept bitterly as they thought of Channah whom they loved, of Abraham alone with his tiny babe, and of the motherless child.

Abraham, being a priest, was not allowed to touch the body of his beloved wife nor to follow her out to the God's acre where she was buried, close to the roadway which divided the Jewish cemetery from the Pany's fields, now lying barren; for the harvesters had passed over them. So Abraham remained at home with the little babe, not much bigger than his two hands, listening helplessly to its cry for food ; and the new care for the living was added to the burden of his grief for the dead. What should be done with the living one, was now the question which puzzled the mind of Madam Spitzer, and she threw the burden upon him as soon as the funeral procession had left the house.

"You can't wait, Reb Abraham ; the child needs food now, and I don't want to spoil its stomach by feeding it from a bottle. You must search for a nurse."

So while Channah's body was being wrapped close

in the arms of Mother Earth, Abraham was holding the child close to his own breast. It was small and puny, its tiny forehead was wrinkled as its mother's had been, and it looked as if it had grown shrivelled from age. Yet it was destined to live; it was simply the question of a nurse, the doctor said, and how to provide one was a serious problem, at least from the religious standpoint. The Jewish women who were mothers were all married and had family duties which could not be easily shifted to other shoulders; and although there were many offers to feed the baby temporarily, no one could be found who was able to give the delicate child the immediate and constant care which it needed.

There were Gentile nurses in abundance, for the peasant girls rarely married before they were mothers, and many of them were able to lay the foundation of a modest fortune by nursing two or three children of the well-to-do. Their own were often taken in charge by some old women, whose business it was to keep such children; and there was rarely a serious question raised as to whether she kept them alive or not.

Abraham's scruples led him that same night to the Rabbi, to whom he propounded the question, whether a Jewish child might nurse at a Gentile woman's breast.

"Reb Abraham," the Rabbi replied, "you are a fool. Forgive me for calling you that on the day of

your great sorrow; but this question has been settled a thousand times, and always in favour of the infant. The milk from a Gentile nurse's breast is kosher for an infant which cannot be kept alive any other way."

"But, Rabbi," was Abraham's repeated question, "how can the milk be kosher when that woman has been eating pork all the days of her life?"

"No; that milk is not kosher, Reb Abraham," again said the Rabbi, "you are right; but just as soon as you get your nurse home, feed her with kosher meat and kosher soup, and the milk will be kosher. Reb Abraham, let me tell you that if you had any sense left you would have thought of that yourself. To-morrow morning, as soon as you can, march out to the hills and go around among the peasants. You won't have to march long until you will find just the kind of woman you need, and the sooner you get the child to her breast the better; only don't forget the kosher meat and the kosher soup."

"But, Rabbi, is she herself kosher?" was Abraham's anxious plaint.

"Reb Abraham, I will tell you how you may know whether she is kosher or not. If she is small and narrow chested, with a sallow skin, then she is not kosher, and no scouring and no prayers will make her so; but if she is tall and well-formed, with white skin and red cheeks, then she is kosher through and through for the infant."

And Abraham went home, still puzzling how a

Gentile woman who had been eating pork all her life could be kosher.

The quest for a nurse, which began the next morning, was not an easy one, in spite of the abundance of material. The mountain villages in which one was likely to be found were as full of hatred towards the Jews as they were of crosses, images, and wayside shrines. Both these facts made travelling unpleasant and somewhat dangerous for a Jew of Abraham's degree of orthodoxy. He walked a mile along the same highway upon which Channah and he had travelled when they were both impelled by a great desire, and the memory of it all was painfully burdensome. Turning to the right he began the slow climb upward. At every turn of the road he saw some token of Catholic devotion; each time his eyes inadvertently fell upon a cross, he closed them tightly, and when he was sure that no one was watching him he spat upon the ground. At the edge of the next village he met a large group of young men carrying heavy bundles upon their shoulders. As soon as they saw him, they began to keep time to his weary steps with a very familiar call, which, in each meaningless sentence, contained all the hate which existed between Jew and Gentile.

"Hep, Abraham hep, you better lively step,
Or else we will be after you,
You stinking, dirty little Jew."

Abraham stepped aside to let them pass, but they

saw a chance for sport, and, dropping their bundles, surrounded him, making escape impossible.

"What you got to sell, Abraham?" was the first question thrown at him by the mischievous crowd.

When he assured them that he had nothing to sell, they began examining his pockets. Not finding anything, either money or goods, they began the use of a torture very common in that locality.

"Say 'Jesus Christ,' Abraham," was the command.

Abraham was silent.

"Say '*Jesus—Christ*,'" more imperiously and slowly the crowd insisted.

Again silence met their demand.

"Let's choke him until he does say it," and a strong hand closed upon his throat; but no sound escaped him, as he fell upon the ground, pushed over by the force of the attack. Then as he lay there he began to plead with the men.

"You know I won't mention that name if you kill me. Let me go! I am a poor Jew; I have not done you any harm; I am up here looking for a nurse for my child; I buried its mother yesterday."

When the men looked into his face, distorted more by past pain than by present fear, they let him rise. "Hey, looking for a nurse, are you?" said a strapping young fellow. "I know a fine one for you. Suszka Schafranek is her name, and she lives in the house with the big St. Florian painted over the door.

Hey, Jew, you'll be lucky if you get her. She is my sweetheart, the finest girl on the hills around here, and she'll be my wife when I earn money enough in America to send for her. We're off, all of us, to the land where money grows on trees. I left Suszka a little girl to remember me by, and if you get her, Jew, don't let her forget her lover across the ocean."

The men made way for Abraham, who had now risen with a groan, promising to take good care that Suszka should not forget her lover across the sea. While he yet spoke to them, the bells in the big Dominican cloister below pealed forth melodiously and sweet, and the men took off their hats, crossing themselves as they repeated their prayers.

The Jew also prayed ; a prayer uttered for the first time long ago, but never more fervently than now, when Abraham said : "Do not I hate them that hate Thee, Jehovah?"

All Slavic villages are alike; the cemetery at the edge, the church not far away, and each church crowned by the same shaped steeple. Two rows of straw-thatched cottages, every one of them like its neighbour and each leaning against the other, a big pond in the centre of the village, and a shrine for its patron saint—this was Kunova, its name alone distinguishing it from thousands of other villages scattered throughout the Slavic world.

The perplexing thing which remained in Abraham's mind was, to find the abode of the nurse-to-be. All

he knew was that she lived in the house with St. Florian painted over its doorway. To search for that saint would have been torture enough even had he been versed in the Catholic calendar, which of course he was not.

Never before had his eyes seen so many gorgeously painted images, grotesque figures of all sorts, with mitres and shepherds' crooks. When, finally, he took courage enough to question some one, he was told that the saint for whom he was looking was the protector against fire, and carried a bucket in his hands ; so he felt a sense of joy when he saw that august personage, painted over the doorway of Suszka's house, which was given over to his special protection. The odours of the barnyard penetrated the living room which he entered. Most of its floor and wall space was occupied by a huge bed, on which, towering to the very ceiling, was one feather bed on top of another and still another on top of those, all covered by a gorgeously embroidered sheet. Pictures of various saints of variegated hues hung on that portion of the walls not covered by the bed ; while the furniture, although scanty and crudely made, showed touches of an elementary art, possessed by the Slavic people in a great degree, although as yet undeveloped and consequently unspoiled.

In these surroundings Abraham found Suszka, nursing her own baby, a girl about two weeks of age and about ten times the size of his child. Its cheeks

were like pin cushions, and the little fists pressed against its mother's breast looked nearly as big as his boy's head.

Abraham was shrewd enough to say to Suszka that her lover had sent him to negotiate for her services, and although that did not finish the business, it served as a proper introduction. Suszka was loath to go; first of all because she wanted to be with her baby, and secondly because she did not care to go into a Jewish home, having heard since her childhood that the Jews slaughtered Christian girls for their passover service. Abraham, however, used two arguments very effectively. "My baby will die if you do not come," and "I'll pay you five ruble a month." Finally, and oh, what pangs it cost him! but it won for him the victory: "You may bring your baby with you and feed it, if you have food enough for both."

The bargain was made, and Abraham waited for Suszka to make ready to accompany him home. At length she came, her belongings tied in a linen sheet and suspended from her shoulders; while in her arms she carried an equally heavy burden, her own child, peacefully asleep after its abundant meal. Through the village, past the church and the cemetery they walked, Suszka stopping before every wayside shrine and sprinkling herself with holy water wherever she had a chance; while Abraham closed his eyes and wondered how a nurse with the touch of holy water fresh upon her could be kosher, and how in the

world his baby could wait to be fed until she had eaten enough kosher meat and soup to change the ritual nature of her food.

He had his programme planned. Suszka was to have a bath, eat a full meal, and after waiting five hours she would nurse his boy; but while they were yet a few doors from his dwelling they heard the pitiful cries of the little one. When Suszka came into the room where the child lay in its crib, and saw how tiny and emaciated it was, she took it to her breast immediately; and as Abraham looked upon her and saw that she was strong and had a white skin, a broad chest, and a plentiful supply of milk—above all, as he saw his mite of a baby sobbing in her ample bosom, and drinking to its full contentment, he knew that the nurse was kosher for the infant, even as the Rabbi had said.

IV

HOW THE LORD CALLED SAMUEL

THE lilac hedge across the long bridge had been in bloom many a time since Abraham and Channah passed through it on that wonderful spring morning, and many a season the poppies had nodded their heavy heads to the sunflowers as they flaunted their golden petals on the Pany's field, close to where Channah lay.

Suszka, the Gentile nurse, watched over her little Samuel (for thus he had been named when he was circumcised) as if she were his mother. Although she had a child of her own and nursed it at the same breast, the curly-headed Jewish boy, with his great black eyes, had gripped her heart even more tightly than had her blue-eyed Anka, the daughter of her faithless lover, whose "fat letter" from America never came, and who, in that far-away land, seemed to have forgotten her.

With rare skill and tact did Suszka assume the duties of the household. After the children were weaned, she took her own child to its grandmother, while she remained in Abraham's home, because of the good wage he paid her, the good food he gave her, and, most of all, because of the love she felt for the motherless and beautiful boy, Samuel. She mixed

her Slavic speech freely with Jewish phrases, and never in Abraham's hearing did she call upon the Holy Family for protection, but loudly exclaimed, in season and out of season, "Schma Jsrael!" Hear, oh! Israel! She knew, as well as any Jewess, how to prepare meat according to the Jewish ritual, and just when to light the Sabbath candles. She held her boy to his morning prayers as soon as he could mumble the Hebrew phrases, and at night, while she tucked him into bed, she repeated to him the names of the angels for whose protecting presence he asked, according to the Prayer Book. Of course, she went to her own church, and no doubt was freely sprinkled with holy water; but she never permitted the odour of incense to cling to her, even as in other things she scrupulously avoided giving offense.

Once a year, during Easter week, she went home to her native village, taking Samuel with her. She would wrap him in a linen sheet which she swung over her shoulders, pass with him over the long bridge, through the blossoming hedges of lilac, and climb the steep hillside. Although he was destined to travel far and cross the seas, those journeys on Suszka's back, when she sang to him and he beat her with a little switch to make her go—when she was his horse and he the brave hussar, when she asked him: "Whither are we going?" and he would reply: "To America." Yes, those journeys he would never forget.

This was his sixth Easter season, and Suszka, dressed in her very best, was going home to see her little girl; Samuel, too, must put on his Sabbath suit and go with her. In her linen sheet Suszka carried unleavened bread enough for the boy's meals, which included his favourite piece of roast goose, and enough of both to share with Anka, who tasted such dainties only on these annual visits.

The preceding day had been as beautiful as this one, but Samuel had spent the morning in the synagogue and the afternoon in the Rabbi's stuffy study, where all the pious men of Kottowin with their sons had gathered to ask and answer questions which concerned the yesterdays of long ago. At night again, before, during, and after the meal, there were long prayers, bitter herbs, and memories of the hard days when Israel was in captivity: all this, while meaningless to the child, oppressed him.

To-day he walked out over the long bridge, past the toll gate, through the rows of fragrant lilacs, and the birds sang joyously, as the reader in the synagogue never sang. Samuel did not have to stand stiff and straight, Prayer Book in hand; he might jump into the ditches and out of them, chasing butterflies. Instead of having just damp spots on the synagogue ceiling as material for his imagination, he now saw troops of fleecy clouds travelling along in endless succession and variety, and against the solid green background of the lilac hedge could be smelled and dis-

cerned its wonderful blossom, full of spicy fragrance. It was like stepping out of a prison; for although his father was lenient in everything else, he was strict and scrupulous about religious observances, and they were calculated to shut in the boy's little soul and keep the joy of God's world out. His eyes were early hungry for beauty, and his unawakened spirit already thirsted for something not found between the synagogue walls. Those very desires tempted him to commit a great sin; for in trying to reach a sprig of lilac he broke a big branch of it, which now, heavy from its load of blossoms, lay at his feet.

Suszka's scolding was nothing compared with that which followed; for the Pany who owned the lilacs, as well as everything else worth owning, was just passing, his gun upon his shoulders and his dogs following him. He looked so angry with his long gray beard and fierce eyes glaring at the little offender, that Samuel thought it was the very Jehovah come from His throne in heaven to punish him.

"Hey, you hussy," the Pany called out angrily to Suszka, "you better keep your eyes on that Jewish fledgeling of yours; I have a good mind to let him taste a bit of my whip."

Samuel hid himself in the generous folds of Suszka's stiff petticoats until the anger of the Pany had passed, and whenever thereafter he read of Adam

hiding himself from the Lord, he thought that he knew just how Adam felt.

The day was bound to be full of adventures for the little fellow. It was the Christians' Easter day, and groups of gaily-clad peasants passed along the highways, greeting one another with the holy salutation: "The Lord is risen to-day"; to which came the unctuous reply: "The Lord is risen, indeed"; yet scarcely a man or woman who knew Suszka, passed, without having a fling at her and the boy. "Hey, Jew mother, how are you? Are you not fat enough to be killed for the passover?" was a common question thrown at her, while Samuel was accosted at nearly every step with the same song which had haunted his father's footsteps on this same highway years before: "Hep, hep, hep, you better lively step, etc."

Suszka scolded to the right and to the left, only to draw new sallies from her friends and neighbours, who thought it part of their religious duty to offend the little boy. No one but he knew how deep was the hurt which they made, how they blotted out the joy of the day for him, how even the broad heaven seemed to shut its gates against him and say: "Don't look at my clouds and far-flying fields of colour, for you are something ugly and mean, which everybody hates; my beauty is not for you."

He clung to Suszka's skirts, no longer daring to skip into the ditches and out of them; nor did the

butterflies tempt him to run after them; and when Suszka stopped before the shrine of the patron saint of her village to pray, he remained by her side, and knelt while she knelt. Both were glad when they passed underneath the sheltering picture of St. Florian, over the door of Suszka's house; although even he could not protect against the fire of race-hatred.

Anka received Samuel with much joy, for children have no race-prejudice. She ate his unleavened bread and favourite piece of goose, then took him out into the barnyard, where she showed him the pigs, the calves, and the colt; for everything had its young. Together, they climbed under the eaves of the roof to see the swallows' nests and the birds darting in and out, preparing their habitation for the season's task of rearing a family, and he forgot the new-grown pain in the joys of the moment. Together, they also left the house and went into the woods to gather violets, then into the cemetery, and, very naturally, they drifted close to the church, drawn by the sound of the organ and the sweet Easter Mass whose solemn but joyous notes wooed the ear of Samuel.

How wonderful it all was! How it enraptured him, drawing him with irresistible power into the church. Such splendour his eyes had never seen; glistening altars, shining lamps, gorgeously embroidered banners, priests in splendid robes, acolytes walking up and down altar steps, the tinkling of bells, the

sonorous voice of the priest, the deep, vibrating tones of the organ ; it fairly overwhelmed the boy, and the two climbed into the gallery and looked down upon the throng, watching the priest coming and going, swinging his censer. The odour of the incense permeated everything, and Samuel was intoxicated by a draught from the cup whose sweet and bitter he was some day to drink. In a far-away, dreamlike way, he felt that, some day, this music would be his own, coming from his lips; that he, too, would walk up and down altar steps swinging cups of incense ; and the strange Latin phrases, so musical and resonant, wooed him with a prophetic promise that some day, he, too, would speak them over throngs of waiting people.

It is just possible that the things which happened later, interpreted his vague feelings at this time, but the little child was sure then that some great event had come to pass, that his soul had tasted something, the memory of which would linger long, and return again and again, even with mightier power. Dreaming, he stood among the throng which now left the church. The peasants looked in astonishment at this Jewish child in their midst, not knowing nor caring that he was a kinsman of Him whose Resurrection filled them with gladness. And he was unmindful of what they said ; he waited until they had gone and still stood, until the priest came, and the acolytes. He was astonished to find that the priest was just a

man, with a man's coarse face, and that the acolytes were boys who had many a time thrown clods of earth at him. Disturbed by his discovery, he turned abruptly and ran back to the shelter of Suszka's house, where he and Anka alternately played with the young calves and colts, and ate more unleavened bread and goose, until it was time to return to Kottowin. Samuel by this time was tired; so Suszka wrapped the big boy in her now empty linen sheet, where he was hid from the insulting eyes of the Gentiles, and where he fell asleep, to dream of skipping calves and gorgeous acolytes walking up and down altar steps to the triumphant notes of the priest's chant.

When he awoke, his feet were asleep and Suszka was tired of her heavy burden, so she let him down, and as they passed the rows of lilacs he cast his eyes to the ground and ran as fast as he could, until he was safe past the tollgate and the long bridge, and within the Jewry of holy Kottowin.

After supper he had to go to the synagogue for evening prayers, but he was so restless and turned so many pages of the Prayer Book at once, that his father, losing his temper, struck him severely, so poor little Samuel went home crying; and crying was put to bed, where he tossed restlessly upon the feathers, and was not asleep when his father lay down by his side.

"Tateleben (father, dear), tell me, why do the

Gentiles hate the Jews?" he asked feverishly, and with great effort.

"Be still, my boy, and go to sleep," was all the answer he received.

"Tateleben, why do you always shut your eyes and spit when you see a cross?" again he asked.

"Go to sleep, I tell you. It's nine o'clock, and little boys ought to be asleep long ago."

A short silence followed, and then the watchman passed and blew upon his horn nine times: "Toohoo, toohoo, toohoo," after which he began to sing:

> "Ye pious folk of Kottowin,
> Have you to your fires seen?
> The Holy Ghost your souls will keep,
> Now go to bed and go to sleep;"

and again he blew nine times: "Toohoo, toohoo, toohoo." Hardly had the sound of the last blast died away when another question escaped Samuel's lips: "Tateleben, who is the Holy Ghost?"

Then Abraham's anger waxed hot, and he was about to strike the little boy, but hearing the child sob before his hand descended upon him in the dark, the father, instead of striking him, took him in his arms and, pressing him close, covered his hot lips with kisses. Then he tried to hush him to sleep, as he had done many a time when he was a babe.

But again a question escaped from the brain of the overwrought child: "Tateleben, am I going to be a priest?"

"Yes, my boy," Abraham replied; "you are going to be a priest and wear a silken prayer-mantle with a broad golden border. Your old father has only a cotton one, with a silver border, but when you are thirteen years of age I'll buy you one of silk; nothing is too good for my boy. Now, go to sleep."

"Tateleben," again the lips moved, for the child's mind worked incessantly; "why do you shout when you bless the people?"

Abraham did not reply.

"Tateleben, why don't the priests of the Gentiles wear beards?" Again no reply from the father.

"Tateleben, why did the Jews kill the Gentile's God?"

Still Abraham was silent, pretending to sleep; but his own brain was busy.

V

THE AWAKENING OF SAMUEL COHEN

THE nineteenth century had not yet come into Kottowin; Christians and Jews alike lived in the Middle Ages and were animated by their spirit. Neither the Renaissance nor the Reformation had made any impression upon Church or Synagogue, and both had settled down, securely entrenched in superstition, tradition, and ignorance. What these great world movements failed to do in ages was, however, accomplished almost in a day by a very commonplace institution, usually unassociated with the idea of progress—namely, a barber's shop. There were no prophets to make straight its way, and no heralds announced its coming; but two great forces, steam and electricity, preceded it, and in a measure prepared Holy Kottowin for this unholy innovation.

First came a steam-thresher for the Pany's domain, and when it went puffing down the dusty road into the town it was regarded as if it were his Satanic Majesty himself. At night, when the monster was bereft of its strength, the peasants attacked it and succeeded in reducing it to scrap-iron and kindling wood.

Next came the telegraph, walking in, as it were,

on tiptoe, doing its work without attracting any attention, ignoring race and creed by utilizing the walls of the houses of Jews and Gentiles alike; while neither church nor synagogue escaped from its unholy contact.

At last came the railroad; it had threatened to come for nearly twenty years, yet had been successfully kept out in one way and then in another, but now it was really here, with its whiz, puff, snort, and bang. It was a tiny little railroad, but it was large enough and strong enough to carry the pious folk of Kottowin far out into the world, as well as to bring the world and something of its spirit into the most secluded spot of the town. It was difficult for the Rabbi to tell just wherein the thresher, the telegraph, and the railroad had affected the piety of his flock; but he made no uncertain complaint about the institution which had come in the wake of those modern inventions—the afore-mentioned barber's shop. Almost opposite the Rabbi's house, within a stone's throw of the synagogue, over the door of a Jewish dwelling, appeared the symbol of this institution—a lathering basin of brass—the trade mark of the barber's calling.

The owner of the shop, strange to say, was a product of the town; but he had early wandered away from it to become a barber and many things besides, in the gay city of Vienna. When he returned to Kottowin, he brought not only his trade, never be-

fore practiced among the orthodox Jews of that holy town—for the prohibition against shaving is one of the 13,500 laws of the Talmud—but he also brought an ancient circulating library, which he installed, and a large assortment of perfectly modern vices which he practiced.

He created a great sensation when he entered the synagogue for the first time, in his stylish, tight-fitting clothes, and his high hat. Underneath the hat appeared his red curly hair, in two imposingly parted waves, held firmly down by a liberal application of scented pomade. The odour of his perfumes filled the nostrils of the young women in the gallery, making them conscious that a new factor had come into their lives.

The barber listened to the service in a very perfunctory way, while he constantly trained his waxed moustache with a little ornamental brush which he deftly handled. He made a complete conquest of the young women, who had never seen his like or even dreamt of such as he, not having yet read the novels he had imported.

The boys soon became devotees of the shop, and not only had their faces shaved, but their hair cut, according to the latest fashion. When the Rabbi saw them, with their smooth cheeks, waxed moustaches and hair parted in wavy locks, he lifted up his voice and lamented as if the Temple had fallen anew beneath the Romans' conquering battering rams, or

the choice remnant of Israel had been carried into Babylonian captivity.

Well might the Rabbi weep and lament, for the shaving, the breaking of one law, led to the breaking of nearly all those which interfered with human pleasure and which controlled natural passions.

Here the youths learned how to roll cigarettes and smoke them, how to wind about gracefully in the latest Viennese waltzes, and many other inventions of this civilization, which help humanity to go more gracefully and more swiftly to the devil.

Thus thought the Rabbi, who knew all that was going on in the barber-shop and out of it, who had a catalogue of all the books which were for rent, and of all the vices which were practiced there. But, alas! the devotees of the barber-shop also knew what was going on in the Rabbi's home, and as each event was critically commented upon, his influence was thus undermined. When his cow sank into the mire on the day of the Feast of Tabernacles, and the Rabbi asked aid for the rescue of the precious animal from the men who were then seeking the solution of perplexing questions of the law, there appeared the next day on the bulletin board of the synagogue the following, whose author was the barber.

> With measured step and pious mien,
> Walked the Rabbi of holy Kottowin;
> But, as his thoughts the law digested,
> An anxious throng his peace molested.

The people cried in highest pitch:
"A cow lies floundering in the ditch;
Rabbi, this day of holy feast—
Say, may we try to save the beast?"

"To-day," said the Rabbi of Kottowin,
With long drawn words and pious mien,
"You may not pull her from the mire,
Unless you rouse Jehovah's ire."

"Too bad to leave a cow to die,"
Continued the people with anxious cry,
"A finer cow we've never seen
Graze on the pastures of Kottowin."

"Whose cow?" said the Rabbi of Kottowin,
With quick drawn breath and anxious mien,
"Your cow!" "My cow? Oh, haste to save
My precious cow from the miry grave."

Ye Judges, Preachers, Rabbis all,
Who judge the world since Adam's fall,
It seems that when you judge a sin,
It matters much whose cow fell in.

Every man who went to prayers read it; the small boys learned it by heart, and in its way it wrought as much havoc as a certain historic thesis which was nailed to the cathedral doors of Wittenberg.

To make matters still worse for the piety of Kottowin, the State ordered the organization of public schools, where profane knowledge was to be taught in the native vernacular, so the influence of the Wonder Rabbi was steadily waning and the spell of the Talmud was losing its power.

Samuel had long ago been parted from Suszka, who had to leave his father's house, because pious

and busy tongues were kept wagging about her religious influence upon the boy. She was cast out of Abraham's home almost like Hagar in the long ago; only she had to go without the child. It is true that she was loth to leave the comforts of that home and return to her peasant hut and hard labour. She had grown fond of the kosher food, for Jewish piety and good eating go hand in hand; but she was most sorrowful because she must leave the boy, whom she loved as if he were her own. The parting between the two was a painful experience, which neither of them was likely to forget.

When Abraham told Suszka that she must go, it mattered not that she wildly cried, "Schma Jsrael! Hear, oh, Israel!" for when her grief really overwhelmed her, she also called on "Jesus, Mary and Joseph" a combination of names particularly obnoxious to pious Jews. So Abraham hardened his heart against her tears and against the plaint of his boy, and Suszka went back to her native village.

A widowed sister of Abraham came to take Suszka's place—a woman of scrupulous piety, who, in order to make the house kosher, scrubbed and rubbed every place that the Gentile nurse had touched. This sister, although pious, was without affection, and as scrupulous Jewish piety untempered by love is particularly hard on little boys, Samuel felt the rigour of the law as he never had felt it before.

Suszka's Christian charity had covered many of the lad's sins of omission; his prayers had been curtailed by her turning three leaves of the Prayer Book at a time, and the strain of fast days had been relieved by her discovering the first star at the very moment when Samuel was desperately hungry, whether the sun was still shining or not. Now, this was all changed. Early in the morning, in the cold room, he was compelled to say all his prayers by candle-light—from fifteen to twenty pages of fine Hebrew print, and then he had to bend his young back to the study of the Talmud.

Imagine a boy of ten studying a voluminous work, written in a mixture of Semitic languages and containing comments on the law of Moses and interpretations of it; these comments and interpretations commented upon in turn by twenty generations of men who were bound to that work, and who dared not let daylight fall upon the pages they studied. They made this book their pleasure-ground and their battlefield; here they played with holy themes and struggled with them as if they were balls or bullets; here were developed faith and doubt, fanaticism and frivolity, rationalism and mysticism, the most solemn truth and the most palpable falsehoods.

Into the labyrinthine mazes of these teachings the sensitive boy was forced to enter day by day. Questions of divorce, the washing of hands, and what to do with an egg laid on the Sabbath day,

were propounded to him—questions which he did not understand, or care to understand.

Only here and there, like diamonds in vast diggings, did he discover thoughts which echoed in his young soul and which seemed to awaken slumbering recollections within him. Then his mind wandered far from the Talmud to Suszka's village, to Anka, to the music of the Mass. He was usually roused from these dreams by the ungentle touch of his father, and mechanically he would lift up his voice and drone away, repeating sentences whose meaning he did not fathom, and thoughts which were strange to his spirit, and always would remain strangers to it.

Doubt came very early into his soul, torturing him by questions which neither he nor his father could answer. One day, when his questioning went too close to the marrow of faith, his father told him the story of "Elisa ben Abuja," who, instead of studying the Talmud, studied Greek philosophy, who carried underneath his coat a copy of Homer, and who finally became a traitor to his faith and to his people.

"Samuel, my boy"—and Abraham said it with all the agony which a father can feel who scents danger to his child—"believe, and do not ask questions which no one can answer. Do not be carried away by what you learn in the public school from profane teachers, or you will be like Elisa ben Abuja, who

was cast out of the synagogue, and whose memory is cursed to this day."

Then Samuel remembered that on the Day of Atonement forgiveness is offered to every one except to Rabbi ben Abuja, who had asked questions and read Homer.

The public school, which about that time was established in Kottowin, opened to Samuel new windows into life, bringing him in touch with a language of culture instead of the corrupt Yiddish, with history which had back of it certain facts rather than myths, and with a literature which dealt with life and love rather than with law and duty.

His full liberation came, however, when he stepped over the threshold of the barber's shop and began to read the novels which he carried home. Yellow-covered and tainted literature it was; the dime novel literature of the day, which stimulated and over-stimulated his imagination; but at the same time broke the bonds that held him to that ancient prison-house—the Talmud.

He flew through the forest with the robber chief, who carried upon his horse, close pressed to his side, a rich princess taken from her castle. It was not the princess and her agony, nor the ferocity of the chief, which appealed to Samuel; but he breathed in the atmosphere of the forest, he saw the bending boughs and twined branches which impeded the hero's progress. The strength and daring of the man, and the

freedom of his life—these things stimulated and helped the boy. The poison in it all he did not taste; for he was yet in Paradise. His sympathy, it is true, was on the side of the robber; but that was because he was kind to the poor, and wronged only those who could easily spare what he took from their abundance. Samuel read these books at night by the light from stolen candle-ends, which he fastened on to his thumb nails with the drippings of the tallow, guiding the light hither and thither along the fine print until the flickering flame burned too severely. Then in the darkness he would seek his bed and dream of Rinaldo Rinaldini, an Italian bandit-chief, whose romantic career he had followed, or of Preciosa, a gypsy princess, or of Schinder Hannes, the Robin Hood of the German forest.

One night his heavy eyes closed before the candle had consumed itself, and it, too, nodded and fell upon his books, setting fire to them. His father was wakened by his cry of pain, for his hand was badly burned. Then came swift, sure, and terrible punishment; Samuel sobbed himself to sleep, and all through the night he moaned and tossed.

Abraham did not sleep, for the boy's pain had crept into his own heart, and he prayed the only prayer he could offer that night—that his son might be kept from the fate of Elisa ben Abuja.

The candle-ends were put out of harm's way, and

Samuel stole as many moments as he could, to spend in the barber's shop with the books, in spite of the fact that when his father discovered him there he would drag him out of the place by the ears, to the amusement of the barber's customers.

One day when Abraham had discovered Samuel in his usual haunt and, giving way to his now easily roused temper, had punished him before the gaping crowd, the barber interfered, pouring upon Abraham the vials of his wrath with as great deftness as if he were pouring hair oil over the head of one of his helpless victims in the barber's chair. His anger had in it all the pungency of the perfumes of his trade, while the sharpness of his tongue was unequalled even by that of his scissors; for they occasionally refused to cut—his tongue never.

"Reb Abraham," he began reverently, "you are an old fogy, begging your pardon, and your brain is as muddy as is the creek when the Pany bathes his swine in it. If you think you can make a Talmud scholar out of Samuel, you are a fool as well as a fogy, Reb Abraham—begging your pardon. You can make a Talmud scholar out of a dunce whose brain is like a sponge, but not out of a boy like your Samuel, who has a brain as sharp as steel and as tender as a cherry in June. Your Talmud, Reb Abraham, is a back number, and less interesting to a boy than are the tables of contents of my novels, and I'll wager that the time will come when a Tal-

mud in Kottowin will be as rare as women up there in the Christians' monastery.

"My novels are not deep, but, bless your good soul, they are not muddy like your Talmud, and as far as the lies in them are concerned, it's six of one and half a dozen of the other. You and the Rabbi would both be better off if you'd read them; they would refresh your fossilized brains and you would know what life in this age means."

Abraham, who was still shaken by the wrath which overtook him when he punished his boy, led him out by the ear, calling back to the barber as he went: "You are an Epicurean and an Apostate; you are the ruin of our congregation, and if you are not struck by apoplexy you will be hanged, or will die some other unnatural death. If I find my boy in here again, I'll break every bone in his body!"

Samuel, nevertheless, continued his visits to the barber's shop, stealthily, of course, and devoured novel after novel until they had all left their mark upon his impressionable brain. Then he struck the real gold mine of the barber's library, a volume of selected poems from Homer to Heine; and, although he did not grasp their meaning, he caught their music and the fervour and fire of their passion; for he was growing old enough to respond to some of their moods.

Schiller's "Resignation," which had proved dangerous to many a youth of his temperament, awak-

ened anything but resignation in him; for, when he read:

> "Yes, even I was in Arcadia born,
> And in mine infant ears
> A vow of rapture was by nature sworn;
> Yes, even I was in Arcadia born,
> And yet my short spring gave me only tears,"

he realized how far he was from his Arcadia and how the prison walls of the Talmud and the narrowing life of Kottowin were closing around him. At such times he would repeat over and over again these lines from Wilhelm Tell:

> "O wherefore stand I here in fetters bound,
> Helpless, while endless passions stir my soul?"

This book of poetry completely took the place of his Prayer Book, and in the morning he bent over it, mumbling Hebrew phrases; while his eyes sought the passion and fire of Heine's songs and his mind was being carried along by Goethe's "Faust," down to the depths of hell and up as far towards heaven as he ever rose.

Such deception had its perils, and the inevitable catastrophe occurred when his father's eyes caught the unfamiliar letters of the page from which he was mumbling the morning prayer.

All the pent-up sorrow, all the suspicions of years, all the pain of disappointment clutched Abraham's heart simultaneously, and drove the blood to his brain. Lifting his arm, he struck the defenseless

boy so terrible a blow that he fell and did not rise. Then, in his wild anger, Abraham kicked the prostrate body, and tore the book to shreds, crying wildly, while the hot tears poured over his wrinkled cheeks: "Elisa ben Abuja, Elisa ben Abuja; I shall go to my grave and have no son to say Kadish (the prayer for the dead), and no Cohen will be left to bless the people. . . . Elisa ben Abuja, Elisa ben Abuja!"

VI

DR. ROSNIK PRESCRIBES

HUDDLED close to the prostrate form of his son, lay Abraham. His sudden anger had stirred the fountain of grief, and like heavy clouds the pain of it all hung over him, unable alike to be dispelled or to express itself in tears.

"Samuel, my own, my only son, given to me of God; hear me, Samuel, and you will forgive your old father for being so cruel to you!" He moaned it out, and each word wrung his heart, ready to break from the weight of its anguish.

Samuel heard his father, and felt the clutching of his nervous hand, but he neither moved nor answered him; for a cloud hung over him also, and it seemed to blot out his father's face from him forever.

"Samuel, answer me, my own golden boy, answer me! Won't you forgive your old father, who loves you more than his life—who struck you in mad anger, roused by his zeal for the Law of God? Answer me, Samuel!" and his hands sought the boy's heart to assure himself that it was beating, while his ear was strained to catch his breathing, and then to hear the liberating word of forgiveness; but although Samuel's heart beat fiercely and his breath came quickly, his teeth were clenched, his

eyes were closed, and the lamentations of his father passed over him unheeded. When his head was bathed in cold water and he was lifted from the floor to the bed, he neither yielded nor resisted.

The physician who had at once been sent for came at last—a pompous, self-important looking man who had long ago ceased living like the Jews, though he was living off them. He always dealt sarcastically with their religious scruples, and never lost an opportunity to hit their foibles a hard blow just when they were most at his mercy and in no mood for argument. Because of this he was cordially hated by those who did not understand him, and was employed simply because he was the only physician in Kottowin, and there only by the grace of the State, consequently, not dependent upon the favour of the people.

"Reb Abraham, good-morning to you!" With that he lifted his high hat and remained with bared head, which was neither his last nor his least offense against Jewish law and custom.

"Good-morning, Dr. Rosnik," responded Abraham, pointing sorrowfully to Samuel.

"What's the matter with the boy?" asked the doctor. "I suppose he has eaten too many Sabbath beans; I'll give him some physic. Reb Abraham, you can eat a whole pot of beans and not feel a bit of pain, God be praised for that! but you are a good orthodox Jew. The present generation can't

digest kosher food, and Sabbath beans are as hard on our boys' stomachs as the Talmud is on their brains. On Mondays, Reb Abraham, I have to go from house to house prescribing for the digestion, and on Fridays I am called to the same patients to prescribe for their nerves—physic to drive out the beans, and bromo to drive out the Talmud. Judaism makes them all sick, whether they take it into their stomachs or into their brains. Heine used to say—you don't know who Heine was, Reb Abraham? Heine was as kosher a Jew as ever lived; for although he was baptized, he was as kosher a Jew as St. Florian; well, Heine said once that the hospital in Hamburg was for people suffering from three diseases: Bodily ill, old age, and Judaism. He was right, Reb Abraham, and, to my mind, Judaism is the worst disease of the three, since it is incurable."

Abraham, interrupting this flow of words, told all that had happened, shamefacedly confessing his misdeed; and while the doctor searched for some evidences of an injury he began to speak again in that pompous and sarcastic way—at the same time puffing at a cigarette.

"Well, this boy, as I told you, is suffering from too much Judaism, even if he isn't suffering from too much beans, and it hurts, as I told you, on the outside and on the inside. A Jewish boy, as soon as he begins to walk, has clods and stones thrown at him by the Christian boys, and when they catch him

alone, they beat him half to death. That hurts on the outside, but he gets used to it; for all his life he gets *mackes* (beatings), and a man gets used to everything, even to *mackes*. Now that same boy, the very first day he is old enough to go to the synagogue, is cuffed by his father if he doesn't keep his place in the Prayer Book, if his eyes wander up to the gallery, or if he begins to count the spots on the synagogue ceiling.

"Outside the synagogue, he is cuffed if he grows tired of the Talmud and is caught reading a novel or a poem, something that has flesh and blood to it. Now, cuffs of that kind hurt on the inside, way down deep; they hurt a long time, and some boys never get over it, if they live a hundred years. Reb Abraham, you have hurt your boy on the inside.

"I can't give him any medicine, but I am going to give you a piece of good advice. Send that boy of yours to college—and I'll tell you what will happen if you don't send him."

He paused and looked at the boy, whose face was set like a flint, who seemed neither to hear nor to see, yet whose every nerve was intensely alert. Then the doctor whispered in Abraham's ear, and Abraham's face grew livid from newly-awakened fear, anger and grief. Samuel's features seemed to relax for a moment and then grew rigid again as if clouds had obscured a momentary glimpse of the sun.

"Doctor, it is easy for you to talk," Abraham re

plied huskily. "You can send your son to college without fearing that he will become an apostate, because he is one already; you did not even have him circumcised—but my Samuel was given me in answer to the prayer of the sainted Rabbi of Cracow, that another Cohen might stand before the Ark and bless the people until the Messiah shall come to redeem Israel and lead the faithful back to Palestine."

"Reb Abraham," replied the doctor, giving his sarcastic smile full play; "if that sainted Rabbi of Cracow had been a real live Rabbi—well, then I would have said, you are right, Samuel was born in answer to his prayer; but a dead Rabbi, hmp!" he shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "As for your being anxious about having a Levite bless Israel—fifty years from now they won't care, even in Kottowin, whether there ever was a Levite, or whether they ever are blessed. The world moves, Reb Abraham, even in Kottowin, and it moves fast since we got the railroad, the telegraph, and the barber's-shop."

Then he laughed at his own joke, slapped his knee, lighted another cigarette, and blowing the smoke into Abraham's drawn face, continued: "And as far as the Messiah is concerned, he has come already. Civilization is our Messiah—the railroad, the telegraph, and the barber's shop are the Messiah; that barber's shop has done more to redeem Israel from the bondage of Kottowin than any king who would come riding on an ass. We have too many asses and too

many kings, anyway. And about that going back to Palestine, Reb Abraham, you would starve to death in Palestine; it's a land which is flowing in misery and poverty, not with milk and honey. America is our Palestine, and if the Jews go anywhere they will go to America—they are beginning to go there now."

Then, again feeling the pulse of the boy, he said: "Samuel is suffering from too much Judaism—he is hurt on the inside; send him to Trnava to college. Those teachers will take a good bit of it out of him.

"You know, Reb Abraham, that I changed my name from Rosenzweig to Rosnik. I don't go to the synagogue and I eat pork; yet every Gentile whose tongue I look at to see if he has a fever, calls me, with that same tongue, 'dirty Jew.' I named my boy Sigismund, and had him baptized by a priest; yet the boys cry after him, 'Hep hep,' just as they do after you.

"Heine was right; Judaism is an incurable disease. Bodily ills can be cured by physic; old age doesn't hurt always; but Judaism can't be driven out by physic nor by baptismal water; it hurts all the time outside and inside."

Abraham was violently shaking his head at what seemed blasphemy to him, and at the thought of sending his boy to a school in which secular knowledge was taught by Catholic priests.

"You won't send him to college?" the doctor re-

plied to Abraham's emphatic negative. "I have told you what will happen if you don't. How do I know? Listen, and I will tell you.

"I knew a boy thirty years ago whose father was as orthodox as you are, and who thought that the Talmud was the beginning of the universe and the end of it. The boy wasn't six years of age when his father began teaching him the Talmud, just as you did, and as thousands of other Jewish fathers have done. That boy cared as much for the Talmud as any healthy boy ought to care for it, and he hated Rabbi Hillel and Rabbi Gamaliel and the other 15,000 rabbis who are quoted in those books. He loved the birds and the trees and the dogs, and the boys who could play ball with him. That father did just what you have done; he tried to pound the Talmud into the boy, and the more he pounded the boy the more the boy despised the Talmud and its thirteen thousand, five hundred laws; and the more he loved to run after the birds, and the dogs and all the things that live.

"One day, instead of studying the Talmud, he was out on the street, and brought home a dog whose leg the boys had broken as they stoned him; he bound up the leg, and put the dog into his bed. At this his mother pounded him for soiling the bed and ruining her towels, and then the father nearly beat the life out of him for running after live dogs when he should have been studying about dead Rabbis.

That night the boy left home without a kopek—walked all night and all day to Trnava, where he was picked up on the streets, half-starved. He was picked up, Reb Abraham, by a Catholic priest, who wanted to give him food ; but so deep had the Talmud been driven into him that he would have starved rather than eat food which was not kosher.

"That priest went with the boy from one Jewish home to another, to secure a place where he might eat just one meal each day, one meal each day, and each day in a different house. Reb Abraham, you know what that means, going from house to house and living on charity—charity often grudgingly bestowed. Many a day he had nothing but potatoes and a hard crust of bread, although some days he lived like a prince. He did that for eight years, and during all that time his father didn't send him a kopek, and never wrote to him, nor did he allow his name to be mentioned in his house.

"The more that boy suffered the more he learned to hate his father and his father's faith, to which he thought he owed all his misery. Reb Abraham, I have never told that story to anybody, because it was nobody's business. I was that boy, and I tell it to you for the sake of your own boy.

"You understand now why I didn't have my son circumcised. I did not want to begin to hurt him as soon as he was born, and put a mark on his body which would make him suffer all his life. Baptismal

water doesn't hurt the body, and about the soul" —drumming with his big signet ring on the bed-post—"about the soul, tra-la-la-la—I know that men have bowels, but souls—tra-la-la-la. Reb Abraham, I prescribe for bowels, I have seen bowels; but a soul —tra-la-la-la."

With that he lighted another cigarette, and, blowing the smoke again into Abraham's face, he continued: "I am going to prescribe for your boy now, and the prescription isn't going to cost you a kopek. Give him less Talmud, much less, and let him have more science and poetry, as much as he wants, and then let him have his old Suszka for a while. The boy wants a woman's care and love, and in her ample bosom he will find them. Your sister, Reb Abraham, is as dry as *mazzos* (unleavened bread); she knows all the blessings in the Prayer Book, but she couldn't bless a boy to save herself. Let him have less Aunt and more Suszka, and, finally, let the boy go to college; if you won't—well, I've told you what will happen.

"There is no charge for this, no charge—let me have my hat; and, remember, less Aunt and more Suszka, less law and more love! No, Reb Abraham, there is no charge for this." And as he went out he continued his tantalizing tra-la-la-la.

When Abraham was left alone with his child, he threw himself beside him and drew the unresisting boy close to his heart. Then the tears began to fall,

hot, heavy tears, drawn from the burning depths of his anguish-stricken soul. The cloud which hung over him seemed to break and pass away, relieved of its heaviness. The cloud which hung over Samuel passed also, for he too began to weep, and through the tears he saw again the face of his father.

VII

THE APOSTASY OF SAMUEL

OUT of the stifling atmosphere of his home, Samuel went in the morning before sunrise; out of the Jews' street, with its heavy smells rising from the gutters, over the bridge and through the toll-gate, where the keeper sat sound asleep, pipe in mouth, with his feet on the closed barrier. Once across, Samuel stood still, breathing in, as if he were hungry for it, the fresh air which came from the hill-top and through the pine forest. Then he ran as fast as his legs could carry him, and as the heavy bundle of kosher food which his aunt had provided would permit. He ran for the sheer joy of it, plunging into the air as if it were a cooling bath—so good did each breath feel, so joyously did he hail his freedom.

There had been serious objections raised to his making this visit to Suszka; first by the aunt, who was as jealous of her as she was zealous that Samuel should always observe the law to the letter; and last, though not least, by the Rabbi from whose spell the generation to which Abraham belonged had not freed itself. Samuel, however, had a gypsy nature, as Abraham called it, and when he embraced his father, looking at him with those wonderful dark

eyes, and stroking his wrinkled face, he might ask for anything in his father's keeping and get it ; so he was permitted to go.

It was just before the returning holidays, the twelfth time they would have come since Samuel's birth, and a momentous period in his life, when he was to go up to the temple and dedicate himself to the law.

He had seen Suszka at long intervals, when she came to market, or on a pilgrimage to the Holy Shrine. She had come to the house often enough not to unlearn her pious ejaculation, "Schma Jsrael!" mindful always not to finish by calling on "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph." She came regularly at Easter, with Anka, her daughter, and always brought a switch, with which she gave Samuel the customary beating, done in memory of the scourging which Jesus received from the Jews ; but of which historic association both she and Samuel were ignorant. They followed the custom as everybody followed it, in a mirthful way, being released only by a payment of eggs, or, on Samuel's part, by an offering of *mazzos* (unleavened bread) or Suszka's favourite piece of goose, which he usually saved for her, knowing her longings after the "fleshpots of Egypt." After the beating, Suszka would mother the boy for a while, somewhere in the wood-shed, where neither the father nor the aunt could see them.

Anka was growing into a woman, and, when she

came, something sweet and mysterious drew Samuel to her, like his memory of the music of that mass, or the ringing of those bells, when as children they stood in the portals of the village church. Now he was going to his friends for three long days.

The chirping of the sparrows in the hedge drew a song from his lips, the chant of the Sabbath bride; but even that, the most mirthful of the synagogue tunes, did not harmonize with his joy or with the joy of nature. Then there came to him, deep out of the hidden recesses of his heart, the first secular song he had ever learned—learned secretly in the barber's shop, and which he had never before sung aloud and freely. As his voice rang out, the birds seemed to vie with him, so joyous was his song.

"The clear, smiling lake, wooed to bathe in its deep
A boy, who beside it had lain him to sleep.
Then heard he a melody,
Flowing and soft,
And sweet, as when angels
Are singing aloft;
And, as thrilling with pleasure, he wakes from his rest,
The waters are murmuring over his breast,
And a voice from the deep cries:
'With me thou must go!
I charm thee, young shepherd,
I lure thee below.'"

Something seemed to lure Samuel, to entrance him, to woo him and win him; something far away, yet near enough almost to touch.

The spell which held him was broken in a moment, however, as he passed the Pany's house; for here he always thought of the stern Jehovah, typified by the Pany, who never permitted a Jew to pass his gate unmolested. This time it was his pack of hunting dogs, noses to the ground and tails in the air, barking wildly as they charged at their victim and met him just at the gate. Following them, came the Pany himself, a grizzled Nimrod, his face like copper, his eyes like beads, a gun over his shoulder. More than by the grizzled face looking as if beaten over with copper, Samuel was frightened by the gun. He had an instinctive fear of it long before he knew its deadly purpose—the fear of hunted generations transmitting to him the dread of weapons. No rabbit, were it ever so wearied in the race before it, could have felt such dread as his, when he saw the gun and the hunter.

Beside the Pany walked a monk, from whose spiritual face shone a light which Samuel knew not yet; but the face drew him as if it were the face of some divinity of which he had read in his forbidden books.

"Good-bye, Father Antonius," said the Pany to the monk, who was turning to follow the road where Samuel was being chased by the dogs.

"Good-bye, my son," replied the monk. "Good luck in the chase!"

"No, no! don't you wish me good luck, Father;

a monk's good luck is ill luck; but good luck to you in your chase for souls! After all, you and I are in the same business—I go hunting for rabbits, you go hunting for souls, only—hello! there is some game my dogs have chased up, a Jew boy. Now you'll see some fun."

With that he aimed his gun at the frightened lad, who was crying at the top of his voice—then, lifting the weapon higher into the air, he let go the trigger, while the shot rang out above the barking of the dogs, who were pulling at the boy's bag, smelling in it the food he was carrying.

The monk ran as fast as he could in his long cassock, chased away the dogs, and putting his hand on the boy's head tried to quiet him.

"That's just one of the Pany's bad jokes," he said. "Don't be afraid. We seem to be going the same way, come along; will you tell me where you are going?" He took the boy's hand in his—a soft, tender touch it was, softer than any woman's hand Samuel had ever felt. When he told the monk that he was going to see his nurse, he laughed good-naturedly, and said: "You are a big lad to be running after your nurse."

Then Samuel told him of his mother's death and of Suszka's faithfulness.

"Ah! my boy, I know how you feel," the monk said tenderly; "I, too, was orphaned as a child"—and the sympathy that his voice expressed went

straight to Samuel's heart and he knew that he was walking beside a friend.

The monk then told him of his wanderings as a missionary. He had been in Africa among the black men, had sailed many a sea and suffered many a hardship; yet one felt that he had remained sweet, serene, and gentle.

When noon came, they sat down under a tree, which overshadowed a shrine; and the monk crossed himself and said his prayers. Samuel offered to share with him his bountiful luncheon, and as they ate he told his name and age—thirteen next Day of Atonement, when he would become a son of the law and take his place beside his father to bless the people.

Ah me! then the good padre drew from him his secret; his clandestine reading, his love of novels and poetry, and his longing for something—something, which he could not express.

After they had eaten, they resumed their journey, and the nearer they came to Kunova the more Samuel realized that he was in unfriendly territory. A group of lads, a little older than he, ran to the monk and kissed his hand, then called out to him: "Where did you get that Jew bastard? My, how he stinks! Look at his hands, father! There is Christian blood on them!"

Samuel shrank from the monk as well as from the boys who were closing in upon him, when the same

gentle voice rescued him from fear; this time the monk was speaking to the peasant lads.

"Boys, where in your catechism have you learned that you were to be cruel to strangers? Who has taught you that damnable lie that Jews use human blood? You are committing a mortal sin for which you will suffer in purgatory."

"But, father, isn't he a Jew boy?" the lads replied.

"Yes, boys, he is a Jewish boy; but nineteen hundred years ago a Jewish boy, just his age, went up to the Temple, as he will go next week, and that Jewish boy is our Saviour over there on the cross. What do you think He will do to you for ill-treating His relative?"

There was an incredulous look on the boys' faces. "Yes," they said, "but didn't the Jews crucify Him?"

"Yes, they did, and so did the Romans, and so do you every day, by your sins."

Shamefacedly the boys retreated, and Samuel, without saying a word, walked with the monk into the village towards Suszka's house, where rosemary grew under the windows and where St. Florian kept his faithful watch over the doorway.

Suszka was delighted to see her boy, while Anka shyly retreated and had to be lured to him by the goodies he had brought. When her shyness had worn off, they went out together and pretended that

they were little children again, climbing up under the eaves, watching the pigeons, and then going out into the field to help bring home the last of the grain. High on top of the load of wheat they sat, while the harvesters, old and young, men and women, walked across the fields and through the long village street singing songs of the harvest.

The scent of the dried grasses among the wheat, the freshness and buoyancy of the air, the love-songs of the harvesters, and Anka's blooming face, with its crown of golden hair, caused Samuel quickly to forget the Jews' street, with its mud, its open sewers and their smells, and even the Talmud lessons, with their entanglement of wisdom and folly. He felt himself transported into another world, until he was rudely brought back to earth by the boys in the street calling out mockingly, as the two passed by: "Look at the wedding couple, Judas and his bride; he has bought her with the thirty pieces of silver." Then they broke into a rhyme:

"Anka will marry a Jew,
And he will marry her too;
She'll feed him on pork,
And he'll make her work.
There'll be great ado
When she marries a Jew."

Loud laughter from the harvesters rewarded the impromptu rhyme, and all eyes were fastened upon the children; while ahead of them and behind them

the boys and girls marched, imitating a wedding procession, led by the musicians, who alternated the rhyme with the time-honoured "Jew march"—"Hep, hep, you better lively step."

Anka hung her head from the shame of it, and Samuel made ready to slide down from the load of grain; but it was very high, and his study of the Talmud, while it had made the brain nimble, had left the limbs short and heavy, so that the distance to the ground seemed doubly great, and he remained where he was.

The wide gateway leading to Suszka's house opened to the oxen with their heavy load, and Samuel and Anka were released. As they passed over the threshing floor, Samuel turned abruptly to Anka and said with the breath coming fiercely between his teeth: "Anka, when I am big will you marry me?" Anka, holding back her wide skirts as if something were about to bite her, laughed derisively and ran from him, crying contemptuously: "Marry a Jew! marry a Jew!"

When night came, Suszka and Anka announced that they were going to church, for a famous preacher, a Dominican monk, was holding a mission. Samuel was to go to bed—but hardly had they left the house when he, too, followed the ringing of the bells. Through the dark, he found his way and waited until the villagers had gathered in the church. Then, while the evening songs were wafted upon the

air, he drew nearer and nearer until he stood by an open door close to the altar where he could see without being seen.

The priest in his gorgeous vestments sang vespers, the congregation and the choir joining in heartily; the sights and sounds soon enraptured the sensitive lad. The orderly service, the beauty and harmony of it all, were so different from the disorderly synagogue service, that every sound and every movement were a distinct pleasure to him. After the singing, a man in monk's attire, a plain white cassock and black hood, went into the pulpit almost facing Samuel, who immediately recognized his travelling companion of the day. The monk's face shone more brightly than it had even when the boy first saw it in the morning; and when he opened his lips it seemed to Samuel as if one of his forbidden deities were speaking from Mount Olympus.

"My beloved," said the monk, "I want you to listen to a word which is written in the Gospel of St. John: 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

He explained to whom, and just when, these words were spoken; then, simply and gently, yet emphatically, he told them the old, yet the ever-new, theme of the love of God and of the sacrifice of that love.

"And you," he said, "although you are encircled

by that divine love, still hate those whom Christ loves."

He then narrated the experience of the morning, the cruelty of the lads towards the Jewish boy, and having heard the incident of the afternoon also, he chided the whole congregation for its hatred of an innocent youth. Having used him as an illustration, he urged upon the people, for their salvation, faith in that Christ who according to the flesh was a Jew and yet was very God. Over and over again he repeated that wonderful text, "God so loved the world," and each time he pronounced it, it went home to Samuel's heart. That was the something, he thought, he had been longing for, and that something he resolved to find—to find at once and test to the utmost.

In glowing colours the preacher pictured the bliss of heaven for all those who believed in Christ's love, and the burning fires of hell for those who did not believe and who lived in hate.

As soon as the monk had finished his sermon, Samuel left the door and waited in the deep shadow of the church wall until the congregation had gone. As the monk stepped into the street, Samuel stretched out his hand, and, drawing him away into the darkness, told him of the awakened longing of his soul and of his determination not to return to Kottowin under any circumstances.

When morning came, Suszka looked into his room

to waken her boy with the usual "Schma Jsrael! How lazy you are, Samuel;" but she found the bed empty and untouched. Alarmed, she ran out and called Anka, to ask if she could account for Samuel's disappearance. Anka told her what had happened in the barn after their return from the harvest field. "And what did you tell him?"

"Oh! mamma!" answered Anka. "Do you think I would ever marry a man who crucified Jesus?" and then Suszka thought she knew what had happened to her boy.

VIII

SAMUEL'S CHOICE

UPON the floor of beaten earth where, thirteen years before, his wife's body had lain wrapped for the burial, sat Reb Abraham, in sackcloth and ashes, mourning for his son. In perfect silence his neighbours came and went, leaving behind them such food as might tempt him to eat; but none of them had sufficient courage to speak a word of cheer in this calamity which was greater than death. Neither did Reb Abraham dare to lift his head and look into their faces; for great as was his grief, greater still was the shame which he felt resting upon him. He had become an outcast through his outcast son, and had been made a traitor to his race for having borne and reared so treacherous a child.

For seven days and nights he mourned, without finding relief in tears or hearing a word of comfort from human lips. For seven days he repeated prayers for the dead, with his lips, but his heart was numb. When the last day's vigil was over, he fell upon the ground, and a cry of agony rose from his lips—a cry so bitter and full of anguish that the dogs in the street howled, children trembled from fear,

and the women who were with child prayed that the unborn might be kept from Samuel's crime, the crime of Elisa ben Abuja.

For two days the women wept, while they heard the unceasing lamentations of the heart-broken father; but when the morning of the tenth day dawned, some great resolve seemed to have filled Reb Abraham's breast, for he stepped out into the gray light, even before the Rabbi was in the synagogue.

He went across the long bridge, through the toll-gate, and between the rows of lilac bushes, which, flowerless, were shivering in the cold of the autumn morning. The chatter of the sparrows and the caw-ing of the crows made dismal sounds, where once spring carols had greeted Abraham's ears.

Then he had gone out to find love's reward, to pray for the son denied him; now he was going to de-mand that son back from the death into which he had plunged.

The road was miry from the long autumn rains, and wearily Reb Abraham pressed on, past the Pany's house, towards the great black crucifix. He turned to the right and to the left, and, seeing no one, for it was very early, he closed his eyes, went straight to the cross and lifted his cane high, ready to smite the face of the naked form which hung there. Wearily he poised the lifted cane, then opened his eyes to aim for the downward stroke; but the cane fell from his hands; for, as he saw the face, it seemed strangely

familiar—like his own—with the same marks of sorrow which he had felt creeping over his face. There were red tears upon the cheeks, a crown of thorns was pressed upon the forehead, and upon the naked body he saw the nail-prints and the spear-thrust.

"Oy, oy, oy!" said Reb Abraham. "You, too, have your share of suffering, poor image." Then, as if overcome by a sense of sin, for having looked this arch-traitor in the face, he spat upon the ground three times, and continued his journey towards Trnava, the Dominican monastery, the tomb of his son's soul.

In a narrow cell, on the second floor of the monastery, Samuel had waited since daybreak for the tolling of the bells which were to summon him to the chapel where the service of admission to the novitiate would take place.

He had spent a sleepless night. His heart was heavy from yearning for his father, and his eyes were hungry for a sight of the dear face. He had, too, become dimly conscious of the dire consequences which his flight would bring upon his father and of the suffering which he must endure. With such marvellous skill, however, had his soul been wooed and won—in the solemn service of baptism, by chants, prayers and processionals, by acts of self-denial and the promise of future sacrifice—that, as the memory of all these crowded into Samuel's mind,

he fell upon his knees, overwhelmed by the greatness of the joy set before him.

The monks had told him over and over again that he had been led by God to the monastery, that the Heavenly Father had favoured him in a way which He had not shown to any of His children, and that he, the son of a Jewish priest, had been chosen not only to save his own soul, but to become the saviour of the souls of others. The monks treated him as though he were some special object of the divine grace, whose presence there shed lustre upon the cloister itself.

All this produced in the boy a sense of exaltation and consecration which had gripped his soul, and easily overcame the homesickness and the bitter remorse which were beginning to make themselves felt. He experienced a new happiness, like that of a soldier who sees before him the flag of his country. He felt ready to vow allegiance to the Christ, and to accept with joy its consequences—poverty, fasting, and long night vigils.

At last came the sound of the bells, though not tolling as was their wont. To-day they pealed forth merrily; while the deep, swelling notes of the organ, vibrating against the church walls, were swept out through the corridors and wafted into the dismal open, where Reb Abraham stood, shivering and cold, not yet daring to ring the bell at the locked gate.

Within the cloister walls a feeling of cheer seemed

to manifest itself. The silence was not dull and heavy, but palpitated from an undercurrent of joy; for a soul had been rescued from hell, and was about to be vested in garments of the sacred Order.

Special permission for this had been obtained from Rome; for, according to the rules of the Order, no baptized Jews were eligible to membership, and the youngest novice must be fifteen years of age before he could be received into the Dominican Brotherhood.

The procession formed silently. The ascetic prior, whose parchment-like skin never had relaxed to the joy of a smile, led the way, his face wearing the nearest sign of emotion akin to happiness that it had ever known. The older monks followed, then came the large number of lay brothers, and, finally, Samuel. By his side walked Father Antonius, his friend, his counsellor, and the earthly model after which he hoped to fashion his life. Through the corridors the procession went. To the solemn strains of a chant, it marched across the courtyard and passed the gate which led out into the world, against which it was shut and barred.

A furious ringing of the bell attracted the attention of the porter, who ran to answer the violent summons. He opened the gate to Reb Abraham, haggard and worn, his eyes aglow from the parental hunger, which in no race is stronger than in that of the Jew.

"What does the Jew want?" the porter asked abruptly.

"I want my son!" Reb Abraham cried so harshly that his voice penetrated the courtyard; but there it was drowned by the ringing of the bells and the chanting of the choir.

"I want my son, my only son, given to me of God! The son of my old age! Give me my son!"

As Reb Abraham met the stern gaze of the porter, he began to plead with him: "O good man, good man, give me my son! You have so many children of Christian parents! Give me my son, my only son!"

Sadly and insistently rose the wail of his petition, which was answered by the unsympathetic words of the porter, who assured him that his son was safe in the bosom of the Church, safer than in the bosom of his father.

Through the open gate came the notes of Psalms and hymns, and with them mingled the wild lamentations of Reb Abraham as he pleaded with the porter, who at last promised to speak to the prior as soon as possible. Then he closed the gate.

In the chapel on both sides of the aisle stood the monks in their white robes, and, led by Father Antonius, Samuel walked between them to the altar, where he knelt before the prior, who asked with less than his customary harshness and hardness of voice: "What dost thou desire?" To which Samuel answered: "God's mercy and yours."

Then the prior spoke to Samuel of the great privi-

lege granted him, of the joy set before him, of the responsibilities placed upon his young shoulders, and of the obligations which he assumed in taking upon himself the vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience, as well as the observance of the rules and regulations of the Order.

When the prior finished speaking, a lay brother brought the garments of the novice, and one by one they were put upon Samuel, while the prior repeated Latin prayers. When the boy stood arrayed in his new garb, the prior said solemnly: "Buried and forgotten be thy past; that as a new man thou mayest arise in our Holy Order. Therefore, I take thy name from thee and name thee anew—Gregorius."

Silence, deep silence, hovered over all, as prostrate upon the floor, before the prior, Samuel lay in submission, his young, impressionable soul enraptured by the magic of the service; all the human in him benumbed, and all the divine, aflame.

Outside the gate, an old man stood, chilled to the bone by the cold north wind. He shrieked in his agony, and the silence of the cloister walls echoed his wild words.

"You robbers!" he cried. "You child-robbers! Give me my son, my only son! Give me my son, I say!" Then he pulled the bell again and again; but only the echo answered him.

At last, after a long time, the porter opened the gate, and by his side stood the prior, cold and

austere. Reb Abraham sprang at him like a wild animal, and cried again: "My son, give me my son!" Then, as he saw the stern, unresponsive face, he fell upon the ground, embraced the feet of the prior and pleaded: "Oh, give me my son—my son—my only son! Don't let me go to my grave without a son to say Kadish for me, to pray for me after I am dead!"

"It is not for me to give you your son," the prior said, showing no signs of emotion. "He is the son of the Church, bound to her by vows which no man can break; he is Christ's son, to become His minister, to save his own soul and the souls of men from hell."

"Oh, mighty sir!" Reb Abraham implored. "Tell that Christ of yours my sorrow, my despair, and He will let me have my son again. I know He will! I have seen His face to-day; it is full of grief like my grief. I know He will understand when you tell Him. Dear, dear, mighty sir, do tell Him that an old man had given to him one son, just one son—God took my wife to give me a son, and now you have taken that son. Tell Him! Do tell Him that!"

The prior shook his head and walked away, while the porter shut the gate and barred it. Reb Abraham rose from the ground, all bespattered by mud, tears streaming down his pallid cheeks. He beat with his fists against the closed gate, crying out: "Robbers! Robbers! My son, give me my son!

My only son! Robbers! Thieves! Murderers! Let me see my son! Oh, let me just see my son!"

For an hour he beat against the iron barrier until his hands were bleeding, and then the gate was opened. There stood the white-robed monks, and between them walking towards the gate he saw his son, his own son, given to him in answer to the prayers of the holy men of Cracow. His son in a monk's garb, in his hands a cross, his head smoothly shaven, and his face aglow from the joy of heaven. This, his son, came towards him, not knowing that it was his father, and by his side walked Father Antonius, who whispered in his ear: "My son, you must choose now between Christ and your father. Remember what He said: 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.'"

Now Samuel saw his father, who stood there dumb from the anguish of it all. His lips quivered, trying to give utterance to the yearning of his heart; while his eyes were fastened upon his child. Then a great cry rose from his lips. "My son! Oh, my son! My God-given son!"

The cross swayed in Samuel's hands and fell to the ground as he started forward, ready to leap into his father's outstretched arms; but Father Antonius lifted the cross and pressed it again into the boy's hands.

"No man," he said, "having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of

God. And Jesus said to those who sought Him in the temple: 'Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?'"

Thus adjured by Father Antonius, Samuel gripped the cross firmly, while he clenched his teeth and tried bravely to suppress the tears. Crucifix in hand he walked towards his father, holy water and the odour of incense still upon him; while the priests chanted in unison: "The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?" "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Higher and higher the chant rose, and firmly, without a tremour, the cross remained upheld in Samuel's hands.

When his father saw his eyes so steadily fixed upon the cross, his outstretched arms sank heavily by his side, and he cried out as he turned his back upon his son: "Elisa ben Abuja! Elisa ben Abuja! My son given to me of God is dead! he is dead!"

The gate closed again, the grief-stricken old man staggered home towards Kottowin, and Samuel was led back to his cell by Father Antonius, who fell upon his knees beside him and prayed away the boy's grief for his earthly father, as he made him more and more conscious of the nearness of the heavenly Father.

Reb Abraham was a silent man as he walked again

upon the streets of Kottowin. He spoke to no one, and no one spoke to him. None dared ask him about his son, and his heart grew more and more numb to the pain which never left it.

From early morning until late at night, he pored over the Talmud, breaking away from it only long enough to say his prayers. No matter how much his sister complained, she did not weary him by her worries. He just prayed and prayed and read the Talmud, leaving the rest to God.

And God took strange care of him. All over Kottowin it was whispered, and the story travelled to the uttermost parts of Poland, that God was sending His angels once a week to look after Reb Abraham's needs.

Two angels in white were seen in the night, many a time, one tall and the other short; one was supposed to be Gabriel, the other Ariel. They brought wood which burned all winter and never grew less; flour was put into a bin, which never became empty; upon the gnarled plum trees in Reb Abraham's front yard grew luscious fruit, such as had never been tasted by mortal's lips, and Reb Abraham increased daily in piety; while the angels ministered unto him.

IX

BROTHER GREGORIUS

BEFORE the gate of the monastery at Trnava stood the carriage of the Pany. The coachman, generously rotund, was resplendent in holiday attire, even his whip being tied with ribbons. The horses, a matched team of Orloffs, shone in magnificent trappings which fairly sparkled as the sunlight danced upon each buckle and rivet, so brightly polished for this festive occasion. Upon the blandly good-natured face of the coachman a mischievous smile played, broadening into a grin as he talked to his restive horses:

"Whoa there, Czar! Be patient; pretty soon you'll have all the run you want, and such a passenger as you will carry, no horse of the Pany's, in my memory, has ever drawn. Whoa there, I say; Czarina, don't you bite the Czar; you two carry on as if you were the real thing. No, no, no! Can't you stand still a minute while his reverence is putting on his toggery? A Jew monk! Did you ever in your life? Ha, ha, ha! Well, well! Did you ever? Whoa there! I bet those Jews in Kottowin are as crazy as bed-bugs when the house is on fire—br-r-r! Stand, you Czar! Dog's blood! That *will* be a show to-day! A Jew monk preaching in the

morning, a Jew baiting to-night: a fine programme the Pany has arranged! Whoa there! I wonder whether the monk will still stink like a Jew."

Hardly had these unholy words been uttered, when a monk opened the gate and the Pany appeared, hat in hand, reverently bowing; while the prior of the monastery, an ascetic, shrivelled monk, whose eyes alone seemed alive, so sharp and penetrating were they, followed, accompanied by a young monk, in the spotlessly white robe of the Dominican Order.

The young monk was of medium height. His black cape made a splendid background for a large head, whose mass of dark, wavy hair circled like a wreath the smoothly-shaven crown. His lustrous black eyes, beneath the high forehead, seemed to look deep into hidden things, yet rested keenly on objects that were around and near him.

He greeted the world which now opened to him with a genuine smile, which seemed to come from his innermost soul, even while a tinge of sadness about the lips strove with the smile, giving his face that play of light and shadow which one so often sees in men with a deep purpose in life.

"Praised be the Lord Jesus Christ!" the coachman said.

"Throughout eternity, amen!" was the answer given by the young monk, and the words were spoken as though he meant them, and not as one speaking a part.

The prior stepped into the carriage; then: "Your reverence first," the Pany said to the monk, as politely as he could say it without betraying his real feelings.

"And now drive like the devil!" he shouted to the coachman on the box, as he loosened the reins of the Orloff horses, which, lifting their feet high and in perfect unison, stormed away, down the hills and up again, through one village and then another, towards the main road which led to Kottowin.

The thoughts which passed through Brother Gregorius' mind travelled even faster than the horses. Over this road he had gone afoot, fourteen years ago, a despised "Jew boy"; now, an ambassador of Jesus Christ, he was driving in the Pany's carriage to celebrate his first Mass. Fourteen years, fourteen sheltered years, and each day like the other! The rising bell ringing at half-past three in the morning, at half-past four prayers in the common chapel until six; another Mass, and then the menial work of his cell. At seven o'clock breakfast, from eight to nine prayers, from nine to ten listening to a sermon or lecture, and, at a quarter past eleven, prayers in the chapel. At noon, dinner, after dinner rest until half-past one, prayers until three, from three to four another sermon, from four to five a lecture on the life of St. Dominic, at six o'clock litany, from a quarter past six until seven prayers, at seven o'clock supper, at eight o'clock silent meditation, then the

cell and his narrow bed—this had been his daily routine in the monastery.

At last, after a year of such preparation, came the Latin school, which relieved the monotony of his life and made it bearable; then came his examinations and ordination, and now his first Mass.

Fourteen long years—outwardly methodical and peaceful; inwardly full of rebellion, of struggle and final submission! Had it not been for Father Antonius, and for his constant admonitions and his saintly life, the walls of the monastery could not have held Samuel.

"My boy, the years seem long and the process of attaining seems hard; but, remember what is before you—an heroic life in the service of God."

This chance to be heroic, to spend his life in the service of humanity, was Samuel's pole star and his goal. Now the goal was reached; he would proclaim that wonderful truth of salvation to men, and save them, ah, save them! All the pain which his father must have borne—all the agony of the separation, which over and over again had wrung his own heart, were swallowed up in the thought of salvation, salvation for his father and his kinsmen.

Yet, strange to say, other thoughts came crowding now as they had not come before. Each breath of that April morning awakened new life in him and assaulted every slumbering nerve. His father's face haunted him, as it had looked the last time he saw

him before the cloister wall—when he had to choose between his father and the Christ. He chose the Christ—had he chosen well? Was it worth while, after all, to have heaped shame and agony upon the head of his father, for the sake of this, for the sake of the cassock and the cross? Was the world he had chosen a larger world than the world of the Talmud which he had deserted? Were not the Fathers whom he had studied only Rabbis after all? What had become of his Greek divinities, of Schiller, with his passion for freedom, of Heine, and his desire for love?

From the last hilltop which the horses climbed, he could see from afar the holy town of Kottowin. Yonder were the church and the monastery, the broad market space, the schoolhouse; then the seven shining minarets of the Temple, to which his heart was drawn; while his eyes eagerly sought the irregular line, formed by the muddy stream on the bank of which stood his father's home. Unbidden, the tears came to his eyes and remorse began to gnaw at his heart as never before. He was disturbed in his painful reverie by the sound of guns, and as the carriage turned into the road where the Pany's domain began, he saw groups of festal-clad maidens strewing flowers on the dusty highway in honour of his coming, while the town-band blew upon its instruments discordant notes of acclaim. Church banners waved around him, and he could not fail to see that Kot-

towin was giving him a most royal welcome. While other monks and priests who had come for the Primiz, as this first Mass is called, had received a formal welcome, Christian Kottowin to-day had outdone itself—more to spite the Jews, however, than to honour him—although that he did not know.

Between the rows of lilacs the carriage was drawn to the toll-gate, where the peasantry of the neighbourhood had gathered from all the villages roundabout to be witnesses of the occasion, the like of which was unknown in the annals of the region.

Close by the toll-gate stood two women, one of whom the monk knew. She stretched out her arms to him, and stopping the carriage he embraced her, laying his head for a moment on her bosom—the only mother's breast he knew. Ah! How the warmth and the sweetly human odour recalled again the olden times, those golden times when she carried him to Kunova wrapped in her linen sheet. He almost expected to hear her say: "Schma Jsrael!" Oh, he had been hungry many years for that kiss, which she now gave him.

Two questions fell quickly from his lips: "How is my father?" But she did not answer; only turned aside to hide her tears. "And Anka?" There she stood herself, a full grown woman—a peasant woman; her features beautiful, though irregular. Yes, he recognized the face he knew so well, now perfected by the glow of womanhood. For one

moment he looked full into her face, the first time in fourteen years that his eyes had lingered upon the face of a woman; and then, his own flushed by an unholy warmth, he returned to the carriage, and the triumphal procession proceeded.

Now they crossed the bridge and passed the outlying barns; but were they going to take him through the Jews' street and past the synagogue? Oh! Why was this done? The band played its loudest, the guns boomed their welcome, the banners were flying, and on through the Jews' street they went. It looked like the street of the dead. Each door was heavily barred, the curtains everywhere were drawn to the bottom of the windows, and the shops were all closed and silent; not even a Jewish child was left on the street to witness this triumphant entry of one of its own. No curtain was lifted, no door was opened; even the barber's shop was closed and the brass basins were draped in mourning.

Now they were passing the synagogue; why do they drive so heart-breakingly slowly?

"Go on, coachman, drive on, for Heaven's sake!" he cried; but the coachman gave no heed and slowly the carriage moved past the iron gate through which he had gone so often, so often beside his father. All his unhappy childhood now glowed as from a halo, and he would gladly have borne it over again, so sweet did the past seem, albeit so full of trouble and pain.

"Don't stop, coachman! For God's sake drive on!" But the band had halted in front of the temple and it played, oh, agony! it played the "Jew march!"

"Father," he turned to the prior, "why do you torture me in this way? I did not want to come here! I came only because you commanded it! Please make this misery short! If they do not drive on, I shall jump from the carriage and walk!"

The prior extended a restraining hand as he replied: "Be patient, my son, be patient! This is all the trial of your obedience and of your faithfulness."

At last the band stopped playing, the procession moved again over the market-place, crowded by the gorgeously clad peasantry and the more soberly attired citizens. The bells rang deafeningly, the guns continued to roar, and after what seemed endless ages, the church was reached; and into its semi-darkness the monk entered as into a city of refuge.

X

"MACKES"

THE sacred edifice proved no city of refuge. The calm and the peace which usually came to Brother Gregorius when in the sanctuary did not now enter his heart. He prostrated himself before the great crucifix in the vestibule, but as he rose he saw the Christ face looking pitiably sad and old.

It was a wrinkled face, yet through the wrinkles shone something human, something familiar, as though it were the face of his own father. The lips seemed to move painfully, saying hoarsely and reproachfully: "Oh! my son, why have you brought this upon me? Oh! Why have you done this?" Then the whole church seemed to revolve around him, while each one of the apostles in stone and every saint upon the canvases, looking strangely Jewish and full of an historic sadness, seemed to say: "Oh, Samuel, why have you done this? Why have you done this?"

When at last he reached the sacristy and was robed in the garb of the priest, he felt as if some stranger wore it, as if he were looking upon a man who was about to perform an act which he ought

not to perform, and vainly he strove to dissuade the man from it.

As he stepped before the altar, followed by the assisting priests, he heard the pealing of the organ, and the ringing of the bells. Then he turned and looked over the congregation; but all he could see was the copper-coloured face of the Pany, while every man and woman seemed to grin and leer like the Pany. The old fear took hold of him, and it seemed as if the Pany were lifting his gun, and that all the men and women around him were dogs ready to snatch him; while above the snarling and whining he could hear the boom of that gun. The roar of it filled his ears, women fainted, children screamed, and the men pushed for the door. Then the church seemed to fall in upon him and darkness came down upon all.

When he opened his eyes, he looked into the face of Dr. Rosnik, who whispered to him: "Go ahead and quickly say the Mass, or something terrible will happen; some one shot at you a moment since, but you are not hurt. Show them that you are not hurt, Brother Gregorius."

Then Brother Gregorius felt as if a mighty rush of blood were coming back into his heart, and without hesitation he began to say Mass.

The ceremony which he performed was to him like the real dying of the Lord, and he felt as if he himself were on the cross, and that a spear had pierced

his side. No triumphant gladness filled his heart, no matter how loudly the choir sang the Kyrie Eleison, no matter how red the face of the half-drunk organist grew in the effort to make his instrument give forth its jubilant notes.

All Brother Gregorius felt was the broken body and the spilt blood. The miracle of transubstantiation had taken place, but the Lord was dead in his own heart, buried in the tomb.

At last it was over . . . again the procession formed, banners waved to the breeze, the drunken peasants and the blatant band fell into line as best they could, while at his earnest command he was driven by a way which did not lead through the Jews' street, to the Pany's house, where he was to be the guest of honour at a dinner to which the local and neighbouring clergy, as well as the dignitaries and officials of the town, had been invited.

He retired to a room to be alone with his thoughts, as became a priest and monk who had just performed his first sacred rite. He fell upon his knees, reciting psalm after psalm and prayer after prayer; but none of them brought him the quiet, or the mastery which he had gained over himself in the hard school of the cloister—all he could see was the crucified Christ, with his father's agonized face. At last, through tears, peace came, and he felt as if his father were again creeping close to him and wooing him back to himself, as on that day so long ago. Stretching out

his arms, he cried : "Oh, father ! Dear, dear father, why have I brought this sorrow upon you?"

At five o'clock he was summoned to dinner, and as he entered the dining-room all the priests except the prior arose and paid him the deference due him on this memorable day.

The Pany had been lavish in providing for the feast. All the delicacies of the river's depths and of field and barn had been sacrificed for the occasion ; wine flowed freely, and the copper-coloured face of the Pany shone above the florid faces of the monks, who did not stint themselves in partaking of either the solids or the liquids. They made an art of eating and drinking, and had mastered all the refinements of that art. They knew how to make the most of each fine morsel of food, even as they knew where in the anatomy of fowl or fish it was located.

The smacking of their lips grated on Brother Gregorius, and the odour of the wine sickened him. For two long hours the feasting continued, and then toasts innumerable were drunk to the health of the young monk and of the prior, to St. Dominic and all the patron saints, and last of all to the host.

When the Pany rose to reply to his toast, he could scarcely stand erect, and his beady eyes swam as in a sea of fire. "I am a friend of the clergy, everybody knows that," he said. "I always have a prophet's chamber for them in my house and a place at my table under which they may put their consecrated

bellies" . . . then he laughed, and the tipsy priests laughed also. "Jolly good fellows the priests are; but the monks can beat them all to pieces! The monks when they come to my house eat as if they would burst, and they drink like fish. Abstinence does that! Yes, abstinence does that!

"To-night this house is honoured as never before, by a monk who'll beat not only the priests but all the monks. The Jews can beat even the devil."

At this the prior, who sat next to the Pany, pulled him by the coat, but he again said: "The Jews beat the devil, although to-day the devil is going to beat the Jews; for the devil hates the Jews . . . no disrespect to you, your Reverence." He turned towards Brother Gregorius, who had risen from his seat, trembling from anger.

"You're not a Jew, you're a Dominican monk, . . . great honour . . . his Holiness the Pope had to give his permission to make you a monk, for the monks themselves don't love the Jews; they're afraid of them as much as the devil is. And I guess the Jews don't love the monks, for if they do, why should they want to kill our noble convert? Damned poor shot it was, more's the pity; but they haven't stopped shooting yet. The devil's going to beat the Jews to-night."

Brother Gregorius had stepped close to the Pany, looking into his face, as he might have looked into the face of a snake. Then turning to the prior and

to the priests, he tried to speak but could not. In his rage he tore the cross from his bosom and threw it upon the floor, crying: "If you are Christian priests, and this is a Christian home, then I am a Jew —a Jew, do you hear? A Jew! Oh, if that bullet had but struck me! Why didn't it strike me? Oh, Pany! You hired a poor shot to do your killing! But, remember, Prior, you who have stolen my years and my youth, that I am a Jew, a Jew! And that I am going home to suffer with the Jews their shame and their ignominy!"

Far flung upon the floor lay the cross, the cross given to him by Brother Antonius; and as Brother Gregorius remembered his saintliness and brotherliness, he picked it up, and, kissing it, said: "Oh, Christ! It is not Thy fault! Oh, no, it is not Thy fault!"

As he ran from the house the priests tried to follow him, but he was swifter of foot and steadier, so, ere he realized it, he was upon the bridge. Hardly had he run across it than he heard roars of laughter and drunken revelry. Reaching the Jews' street, he found it full of excited, drunken peasants and the citizens of Kottowin, all roaring at the top of their voices: "Kill the Jews! They have tried to kill the monk, our precious Jew monk!"

Bang! One window went crashing, then another, the doors of shops were broken down and the rabble dragged out the goods, scattering them on the pave-

ment. Men, women and children ran helplessly out, only to be beaten down; and, rising, they ran again, all of them towards the synagogue.

"Ho, here's a likely wench!" cried a young copyist from the judge's office. "She is kosher, you bet" . . . but he had not time to approach her before he lay sprawling upon the ground, felled by the crucifix of the monk.

"Dare to touch her, you animals, you beasts!" he shouted at them as loudly as his parched throat, almost sealed by rage and the shame of it all, would let him. . . . "Dare to touch her, you barbarians, who call yourself by Christ's name, and I'll brain you, one after the other!"

Cowering behind him was the girl. "Run!" he told her, and she ran, he shielding her with his back and with the uplifted crucifix, until he heard the iron gate of the synagogue open and shut, and knew that she was safe.

"Burn down the Jew town!" cried the drunken organist, and scarcely had the word been spoken when fire leaped up the thatch of one house, then on, to another, and as the flames swept along, crackling and hissing, the mob roared the louder. The aged and the sick ran out of the houses like rabbits driven from their burrows, only to be beaten by the mob and spit upon as they lay helpless in the road.

Vainly did Brother Gregorius implore the mob to desist; for, although he succeeded in shaming and

calming a few men, the madness of all broke out again in another group, and the pillage and the beating increased, while the fire leaped from roof to roof, until, carried by the rising wind, the flames approached his father's house.

Without hesitation, Brother Gregorius flung himself against the locked door, and then he heard his father's voice pitifully wailing: "What do you want? Do you want to kill me? I have done you no harm! Leave a poor sick man alone!"

"Father," Samuel cried, "open! It's your son! Open! For Heaven's sake, open!"

"My son? I have no son. My son, my poor son, given to me of God, is dead, dead, dead long ago!"

The fire leaped upon the roof of the house, while the mob came nearer and nearer. Again Samuel flung himself against the door, with the strength lent him by despair; he burst it open, and, throwing himself down before his father, cried like a child, begging him to follow him.

"My son is dead!" was all the answer he received. "Dead, dead long ago! My son, given to me of God, is dead!"

The room was filling with smoke, and Samuel, lifting the helpless old man in his arms, carried him out, through the thick of the mob, crying as he went: "For Christ's sake, make way!" but the mob followed him to the temple gate, where he deposited his burden, calling as loudly as he could:

"Open the gate for Reb Abraham! Open the gate! For God's sake, open it quickly!"

The noise of the rabble, silenced for a moment, grew louder and louder, and again his piercing voice cried: "Open the gate for Reb Abraham!"

After a long time, while the crowd was closing in upon him, the beadle came with his bunch of keys, opened the gate carefully to admit the old man, then flung it shut in the face of the monk.

"This is no place for renegades!" the beadle shouted into Samuel's ears, as he stood before the locked gate with his back to the mob, which took up the cry: "Renegade, the Jew monk has turned renegade!"

Then Samuel faced the people and flung words of anger at them, while they came closer and closer, calling: "Renegade Jew! Renegade! Kill him; he is a Jew in monk's clothing, and he is going to sell the Lord to the Jews!"

A lame locksmith, whom he had known from his childhood, lifted an iron rod ready to strike him.

"Strike," he said, lifting the shielding crucifix over his head, "and it will not be the first time nor the last that you have stricken your Lord."

The uplifted rod came down and struck the crucifix, which flew from his hand and into the window of the synagogue. The crash roused anew the fury of the mob; stone after stone followed the cross into the synagogue through the windows; Sam-

uel turned his back to the wave of rage which came towards him with irresistible force. Stretching his arms across the barred gate, and grasping with both hands the iron posts on each side of it, he withstood for a time the pressure of every renewed attack.

Within the synagogue, the wailing and lamentation changed into piercing shrieks, which, coming through the broken windows to the ears of the Gentiles, incited them to more violent action. The pressure against the monk increased every second, the gate yielded, and the mob surged in over his prostrate body.

XI

GENUS AMERICANUS

THE big black cross which stood at the edge of the town between the bridge and the toll-gate, and which had been erected when the peasants were freed from serfdom, was especially obnoxious to the Jews, for it faced their street, obtruding itself upon them the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

It was shaded by an old acacia tree, the gnarled and angular branches of which seemed to be part of the body of the Christ, whose carved, gigantic image hung upon the cross. In the shade of that tree, wayfaring men rested on their way to the holy town of Kottowin and from it, while the popular superstition made it at night the battling ground of devils, witches, and other gruesome folk.

The gray morning formed a pallid background for the lurid light upon the sky, thrown there by the fire in the Jews' street, and still lingering; although the last straw-thatched cottage in that quarter was reduced to ashes.

Under the shadow of the cross lay Brother Gregorius, with torn cassock, bleeding body, and a despairing, almost broken, heart—waiting for the daybreak. Waking from a stupor-like sleep, his eyes rested

upon the cross. The body of the Christ seemed to writhe as if a new death agony filled it, and again the drawn face, so unspeakably sad, looked like the face of his father. Again he fancied that the lips moved, saying: "My son, my only son, given to me of God, why have you done this to me?"

He drew himself into a kneeling posture, pain racking his body and still more his heart. Crawling close to the cross, he cried out: "Oh, father, dear father, forgive me! Oh! forgive me! Christ, Christ, what have they done in Thy name? Poor Christ! Poor father! Oh, Christ, Thou art dead, dead, else Thou wouldst smite them with the rod of Thine anger, as did Thy Father when they killed the prophets! Thou art an impotent Christ!"

The painted tears on the Christ face seemed to grow vivid, like liquid fire, and roll down upon the naked body, leaving a scar wherever they touched it.

"Does it hurt Thee, Christ?" Brother Gregorius asked in his delirium. "Oy, oy, oy! It does hurt!" and he wiped the blood drops which came trickling down from his own forehead.

"The fire burns, oh! how it burns inside! I'll get Thee some water, Christ, to put out the fire," and he began crawling towards the creek; but his strength left him, and he lay there, seeing nothing. A black curtain seemed to shut out all the black world.

He heard the sound of footsteps hurrying over the

dusty road ; then came the rolling of a carriage over the bridge, and it seemed to him as if it thundered, and when it stopped a man bent over him, and he could feel skillful fingers moving about his body, while a warm hand was laid across his heart.

"Oy ! oy ! oy !" the man said. "You have got *mackes.* Baptism and a monk's cowl didn't save you from the *mackes.* The fact is, you have taken too big a dose of Christianity." While the man was speaking, or rather chanting, the words, as if he were studying the Talmud, he was trying to revive the monk by forcing between his lips a powerful cordial. It was Dr. Rosnik, who had been busy all night binding the wounds of Jews and Gentiles alike.

"Oy ! oy ! oy !" he continued. "What *mackes !* What *mackes !* Right over the bald spot they made for him, he has the biggest blow ; if he had saved his hair instead of shaved it, he couldn't have been hurt so much. If he hadn't taken Christianity so seriously, he might now be sitting in his easy-chair smoking a pipe and drinking his morning coffee."

Then the monk awoke, and, when he saw the doctor, memories of the past overwhelmed him, and he tried to hide his face, suffused by tears.

"Don't be a child, Samuel ! Pardon me for calling you by your Jewish name. You are not so much to blame ; only as you have taken too big a dose of Christianity ; for Christianity, when you take an

overdose, is as fatal a disease as Judaism. When you take it on the outside, just a sprinkling of holy water and the priest's benediction, or make the sign of the cross—that hurts nobody; but when you take it the way you did—then you get *mackes*. He, too," pointing to the Christ on the cross, "He, too, has got His *mackes!*

"If you had stayed at the Pany's house, and eaten his fish and his fowl, and kept your mouth shut, or called the Jews bad names, as he did, you might now be saying Mass for the rest of seven departed souls; for, at least, so many graves are going to be filled to-morrow. Your father? He, thank God, is alive, and is now on his way to America. They all have gone to America, and, if God was good to them, they are out of Poland this minute. Praised be His name! They have found out that America is the only Zion they will ever inherit.

"The others? The Goyim (Gentiles)? Well, there are going to be two souls in purgatory to-night. One of them is dead already, the lame locksmith; he ought to have died before he was born. The other, the judge's copyist, has his head split open, and there is more light in his brain than ever before. He will die by to-night, unless a miracle happens; but no miracle is going to happen, because he is soaked in alcohol and rotted through by disease, and a miracle has to have a sound body to work on. Now, see if you can stand."

The monk rose, his tattered robe hanging in rags about him, blood-clots on his face—a pitiable spectacle.

"Oy! oy!" the doctor continued, as he saw how ready he was to sink to the ground again. "Come here and help, you lummox!" he called to his coachman, and together the two men lifted the monk into the doctor's carriage.

Laying him gently on the seat, and drawing the hood over him, Dr. Rosnik said to the coachman: "Now, drive slowly over the rough road, and as fast as you can over the smooth places; the sooner he reaches his Suszka the better. I guess there is a young girl there, too, who'll help to heal some parts of his broken anatomy.

"Oy! oy! What *mackes!* What *mackes!*" he ejaculated, as he heard the groaning of the monk on that torturing journey.

When Suszka's house was reached, the doctor hurried in, and soon had the entire household looking after the wants of his patient, who was carefully undressed and deposited on Suszka's huge featherbed.

"Schma Jsrael!" she cried tearfully. "What have those brutes done to my boy?—to his Reverence?" she corrected herself, and, discarding the Jewish formula, called loudly upon "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph."

All that human skill and tender care could do for Samuel was done; but many were the days when

darkness hung over him and his mind went wandering up and down the burning Jews' street, into his monk's cell and out of it, to Father Antonius, his friend, whom he sorely needed ; above all, to his old father, whom he had carried out of the burning dwelling.

Suszka and her daughter were busy in the garden when the wandering mind came to itself, and Samuel's eyes opened upon his surroundings.

The room in which he found himself was familiar enough ; but a man was sitting near his bedside, who was a total stranger to him, and whose like he had never seen.

The face he could not see, but the man's clothing was remarkable. He sat tilted back in his chair ; his feet, encased in patent leather shoes, were upon the table. Two occupations seemed to absorb him—trimming his finger nails with a huge pocket-knife, an important part of which was a large corkscrew, and expectorating tobacco juice through the open window with an accuracy of aim which told of long practice.

When Samuel moved, the man slowly took his feet from the table and walked towards the bed, showing a rather shrewd and animated face, smoothly shaven. His neck was encircled by a very high, stiff collar of a peculiar, shining material, an immense diamond stud sparkled in his shirt bosom, and a gold watch-chain of great thickness spanned his ample chest.

He addressed Samuel in a jargon of Polish and English; but although Samuel had studied English, his vocabulary did not contain certain peculiar words which this man used freely.

"By golly!" he said, "waked up at last, have you? I thought you was never coming to. Damn them!" again in that language which Samuel could not understand, "they have given it to you in the neck. If that had happened in America, I'd have the whole cursed lot in jail! Oh! I see you don't know who I am. Well, I guess I am some kind of relation of yours. Suszka is my old sweetheart, and Anka is my daughter. I have come back to take them with me to America. I went over just about the time you were born, and worked like a nigger to make money—and I made a pile of it. Now, I don't work no more. I've got a home in Coalville, Penn., a two-storey house and a saloon, fine drinking-place, you bet!"

The introduction was informal, indeed, and, as Samuel grew stronger, this first confidence was followed by others; for Pavel loved to talk about America.

"All alike in America—I can say 'Damn fool!' to the President, if I want to. Great country—all alike. I can spit wherever I want to, by gosh! and I can do as I damn please."

What astonished Samuel most was when Pavel began to talk about the Church. "By jingo!" he

said, "we have a big church, and a priest, and the priest is no better than anybody else. I pay him, and he preaches. In America, every Church is good, and everybody is the same—Jews, Catholics, and Protestants. Everybody does as he damn pleases—goes to church or not. Free country—America! Damn fine country!"

Each sentence was punctuated by oaths and interrupted by frequent expectorations of tobacco juice. Yet, although there were many things rough, crude, and often coarse, about Pavel, Samuel liked his frankness, and even his brusqueness; so when Pavel proposed that he should cast his lot with them and go to America, he readily assented. All his hopes and plans were in ruins, and he felt that he must find some place in which to begin a new life.

Dr. Rosnik heard the plan the last time he came to see his patient, and encouraged him.

"Go to America, Samuel: you'll find your father, so God will, and you can begin life over again; but, remember, don't take things too seriously, or you'll get *mackes* again. We Jews carry our *mackes* with us, because we think we are God's chosen people. We think we have to interfere wherever there is trouble. When two or three Jews, who have the real spirit of the Jew, get together, they immediately proceed to give Jehovah a rest by trying to do His work, and then of course they get *mackes*.

"If Moses, our great lawgiver, would have let that

Goy (Gentile) abuse the other Jews, and had minded his own business, he would have owned Egypt by and by, and then he could have told Pharaoh to go and drown himself. Instead of that, he killed an Egyptian overseer and had to run away, or else he would have got *mackes.* Then he came back and led the children of Israel into the wilderness, and there they got *mackes;* oy ! oy ! oy ! What *mackes !* And we have been in the wilderness ever since, and the *mackes !* Oy ! oy ! oy ! what *mackes !*

"Samuel, if Moses had left our forefathers in Egypt, they would now own the whole country, and the Egyptians would be making brick for them. You don't believe that? Well, what do you see right here in Poland? The Jews who don't care how their brethren suffer, grow rich and richer and richer, and they let the other people get their *mackes,* and, by and by, they will own the country—you will see !

"Look out for yourself in America, make money and save it, and get rich, and when you are rich just send over a steamship after me and I'll come and be your personal physician. Some day, who knows?—some day, I may be glad to see a ship like that come sailing up our creek ; because when the Goyim begin giving *mackes* to the Jews, they may give me a good dose, too. In these days, who can tell? with the Pany a Jew-baiter, and with the priests anxious to glorify the name of Jesus by giving *mackes* to the Jews !

"Samuel, be wise, let everybody alone; make money and build that ship. I may need it. And now I must go!

"You don't owe me anything, not a red kopek, and, moreover, I want to pay you in advance for my passage in your ship. Now, you take that money and don't say a word, for I'll come in your ship. You'll see me sailing into New York harbour, and then, if you want to, you may pay me with interest. Good-bye, and give my love to your father."

With that he took his high hat, lighted the inevitable cigarette, and before Samuel could thank him, he was out of doors, beating the little fence with his cane and singing his usual tune, "Tra-la-la-la."

* * * * * *

Suszka was anxious to be married in the village church before they set out for America, but Pavel preferred to have the knot tied, American fashion.

"Suszka, over in America we can get married so fast we won't know what has happened. Why, over there, a man sees a woman in the street, and if he likes her, he says to her: 'Will you marry me?' and she looks him over and he will be jingling the money in his pockets and she will say: 'You bet your boots I will.' So they go to a man who is called a Justice of the Peace, but he is responsible for more war than the Sultan of Turkey. The man says to the justice: 'Hello, old man! We want to

get hitched!' and he will say: 'All right; take hold of your finances—that's what they call a bride-to-be, I suppose because she is after the money. So he takes hold of her and the justice says: 'In the name of the State you are married,' and so they are, and there's no hocus pocus about it. Then they go downtown and he buys her some peanuts and lemonade and then they go home."

"Schma Jsrael! Pavel!" shrieked Suszka. "Those people are heathens! I'll never marry you that way!"

"No, no, no, Suszka! Of course not; you are a good Catholic, and we'll have the priest, and the mass, and the candles, and you'll promise to obey me, and you will. That, Suszka, is the European plan of marriage, and the woman gets it in the neck."

"Where does she get it?"

"Right back here, old lady," and he took his big hands and choked her caressingly. "But I tell you, Suszka, the American plan of matrimony has its advantages. If they don't like one another, he goes to a lawyer and he says: 'My wife she snores so loud I can't sleep,' and the lawyer goes to a judge, and in the meanwhile the woman goes to another lawyer, and he goes to a judge and says she wants a divorce from her husband because she found that the money he jingled in his pockets was counterfeit, and she wants to sue him for 'false promises in

the breeches'—that's what they call it—and she gets the divorce, and then he gets it in the neck, right here," and Pavel tickled Suszka under the chin, and she laughed until she cried.

"Yes, Suszka, if you was a smart old lady you'd get married American fashion; but you'll have it your own way, and we'll have a big feast in the saloon for three days, with cabbage, and beer and music, and they'll play Yankee Doodle, and the Krakowyan, and an Irish jig. Come on, old lady, I'll show you how to dance American fashion!" and he caught her around the waist and pulled her all about the room as fast as he could revolve, until she dropped exhausted on to a bench and said, trying to catch her breath: "Oh, my! I couldn't dance that way."

"Americans do everything quick, like a streak of lightning. They dance a mile a minute, you bet!" replied Pavel.

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When the last load of grain was brought in from the fields the harvesters did not sing as of yore. Slowly they walked beside the huge white oxen, over the barren fields, through the village streets, and almost solemnly they brought the sheaves into the barn; for it was the last harvest which they would gather in their native fields.

From nearly every cottage some one was to go,

under Pavel's guidance, to brave the peril of the deep and to try the fortunes of the fabled America.

When the morning of departure came, there were heard everywhere wailing and lamentation; for tender ties were to be broken, and the dangers of the vast distance seemed not a few. Although only the bravest and the strongest were venturing upon this quest for fortune, from every gateway some one came with a heavy bundle upon his back, and with a heavier heart in his bosom, and a hundred patron saints heard petitions for a favourable journey and a prosperous future.

The procession formed in front of Suszka's house and started without the waving of banners or the notes of solemn chants. Pavel, resplendent as usual, with the shining diamond in his shirt bosom, was the priest who led his followers down the hill and then out to the highway.

At its edge, close to the dusty road, they passed the Jewish cemetery, where many years ago they had laid away the form of Samuel's mother.

While the procession moved heedlessly on, Samuel lingered, and, turning aside from the road, waded through the dry, tangled grass into the God's acre. He tore leaves from the dying stalks of the poppies that grew by the wayside and laid them upon her grave, while unspeakable pain filled his heart. Prone upon the ground he lay, crying: "Oh, mitterleben, mitterleben, forgive, forgive me! I took your life

when I came into the world, and I have brought sorrow and care and grief and death to others! Forgive me, forgive me!"

Long he lay there, speechless and motionless. Then he sprang from the grave, roused by the ringing of the church bells, jarring every nerve of his soul. Mechanically, his lips began to repeat the "Hail, Mary! full of grace"; but, at the words, something seemed to give way within him, as if a dried-up spring had suddenly received back its ceaseless flow, and he cried out, almost defiantly, the prayer of the Jewish mourner: "Yisgadal, Yiskadash Schmeh raboh."

Notes of defiance they were, rather than of comfort, the prayer in which the Jew loses his personal grief in the contemplation of the majesty of God.

"Now, let the name of the Eternal be extolled, as thou hast declared, saying: 'Remember thy mercies and thy kindness, for they are from old.'

"Exalted and sanctified be His great name throughout the world which He created in accordance with His will. May His kingdom be established during your life, and in your days, and in the lifetime of all the house of Israel, speedily and in a short time; and say ye, Amen.

"May His great name be blessed forever, and to all eternity.

"Blessed, praised, glorified, extolled, magnified,

honoured, exalted and lauded be the great name of the Eternal alone. Blessed be He—in accents more exalted than all the blessings, hymns, praises, and comforts that can be employed in this world; and say ye Amen!"

Then came the closing sentence, floating into Samuel's thought like a benediction.

"Be not afraid of sudden dread, or of the desolation of the wicked when it cometh. Take counsel and it shall be annulled, speak a word and it shall not stand; for God is with us. And even to your old age I am He, and even in old age will I bear thy burden. I have made it and I will carry, I will bear, the burden and free you!"

XII

"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

IN a wilderness of masts stood the gigantic ship, full of humanity, each deck crowded by an immovable throng benumbed by the thrill and excitement of the moment.

A gentle tremor ran along the centre of the ship, communicating itself to every taut rope and far-stretching iron railing, while the volumes of black smoke which hung about the four great funnels were thrown high in air, as if a volcano had wakened into action. Fleecy jets of steam escaped from the huge valves, seeking the black cloud, their powerful parent; together they travelled over the highest masts towards the crowded roofs of the city, and finally wound themselves about the gray steeples of the ancient cathedral. The hawsers were thrown back on to the dock, the roustabouts busied themselves, pulling them out of the water, a mighty shout rose from the crowd on shore and was answered more faintly by the passengers afloat; then a deep silence hovered over all, broken only by the sharp command of the pilot as he guided the vessel out of the tortuous windings of the docks.

At last the ship stood in mid-stream, the band played a lively tune, and, like doves wildly beating

the air, handkerchiefs waved the last farewells; little bits of white linen fast fading from sight, reminding the travellers of ties broken by the sailing of the ship.

Vainly the band played its liveliest airs; each note only accentuated the pain of parting, and the tears came unbidden, even to those who had left no friends behind.

With each outward stroke of the huge engines the forest of masts on the horizon lost itself more completely in the gray of the sky, the great Gothic cathedral still standing out clearly above the red roofs of the town; but it, too, grew fainter and fainter, until at last there remained only a strip of yellow sand, bitten through by tide and storm—the frayed edges of the Fatherland.

Samuel watched the fading of the shore without regret, for the last months had taught him the bitter lesson that he had no Fatherland. Until his thirteenth year he had been able to look at its hills and mountains, and find joy in them, only when he stealthily took his gaze from the all-absorbing Talmud, and from the "mountains round about Jerusalem" which shut out the whole world. Then came the great revolution in his life, brought about by his hunger for the beautiful and the ideal; the wooing of his soul by the great minds, which seemed to be spirit of his spirit; his flight from what he regarded as his Jewish prison, and his entrance into

the monastery. The years which followed were dead years; he could see that clearly now. Then the passion to redeem his people grew in his heart and made the years, those blurred years, tolerable. Dark years they were, too, for he dared not find pleasure in nature or in God's living things, and he had spent his young manhood in a tomb. When he reached his goal, with the chance to bless and to save, at the very height of all his hopes came their swift collapse, the beating back of his ambitions, and the shipwreck of his faith.

Once more he saw himself walking through Kottowin, through the Jews' street, rising from its ruins by the indomitable energy of its inhabitants; for to a people which still hopes to rebuild Jerusalem the rebuilding of Kottowin is but child's play—over the bridge, through the toll-gate, past the rows of lilac and the Pany's house.

No banners waved, no band played wild melodies, no church bells assaulted the ears of God; he was but one of a vast stream of humanity, seeking a new level, a higher level, across the sea.

In that stream he was a stranger; for although Suszka loved him and cared for him, he realized more than ever the distance between him and her; and although Anka blushed when he looked at her, and sighed as if hungry for his love, he found in her no kinship for his spirit, while of his flesh he had long ago become the master.

Pavel's coarseness and his habitual thirst for liquor, the smell of garlic among the mass with which he travelled through Europe, repelled him, and repelled him the more as he saw the world, that great world of Goethe and Schiller, scanty but beautiful glimpses of which he caught through the window of the car, which he did not leave day nor night. In that ugly mass of crushed humanity which came pouring over the Russian border, driven by the tempest of hate, he could find no companionship, save that of their common suffering, nor could he yet drink of that common cup of woe; for his own was full to overflowing. A wild desire took hold of him to free himself from all human ties, just to live for himself; to taste life through and through, and taste its sweet or its bitter, unshared and unsharing. Every link that bound him to his race seemed broken; yet the word Jew hung over him like a pall. He hated the sound of it, for it always came mockingly to his ears and tasted bitter upon his lips. The Christian vows which he had made before the altar, and which bound him in obedience to the Church, had been shattered by the unrestrained mob, which, in the name of Christ, had burned, plundered, and killed his kinsmen. He was free—free to hate, and he hated them all alike, Jews and Gentiles, who crowded the ship. What were they to him? Nothing, nothing!

Three days and three nights he stayed on deck, away from the woe which had gripped the entire

steerage, while the great ship was being tossed about on the bosom of the deep. Wet to the skin, hungry and cold, he delighted in the wild shriek of the wind, in the hungry lapping of the waves, and in his isolation from his fellow men.

For three days he had tasted this joy, this fierce joy of being alone, of feeling no burden, no passion, no care, no present grief; of having neither sorrow nor joy to share. He stood by the prow of the boat that the dashing of the waves might silence the cries of the sick; cries which rose from the depths of the steerage, like the shrieks of the damned in the throes of hell. "Let them look out for themselves," he said to himself. "What need I care?"

Then the wailing of a little child mingled with the winds blowing through the ropes that ran up to one of the steel masts, and he listened to it as he had listened to the wailing of the wind; but it became more human and more insistent, and he was compelled to turn his face from the sea.

There upon the deck lay a small child wrapped in a gray blanket, taken from one of the steerage bunks. A few feet from it sprawled a woman, evidently desperately sick.

In a moment Samuel had the child in his arms and saw that it also was sick; then he went to the woman, dragged her to the steam-pipes, and covered her with his mantle.

As the sun began to shine, men, women and chil-

dren came crawling from below, and lay prone upon the deck. Samuel's heart went out to all of them, and he found his home again in this Fatherland of misery, the boundaries of which are not measured by the seas.

To and fro he went, bringing shawls for the old German women whose language was like his own mother tongue, going up and down the crowded deck with the ugly gray blankets, covering much nakedness and warming many a cold body; yet always looking after the sick child which had first claimed his attention.

The food doled out to the steerage passengers was not fit to eat; the water was brackish, and a bit of fruit or a reviving cup of tea could not be either begged or purchased. The suffering thus brought upon Samuel's fellow passengers became his suffering, and without any thought of himself he began to climb the steps which led to the first cabin deck, and then to the captain's bridge, where he intended to lodge complaint. He had just climbed over the top of the railing, in a clumsy sort of way, when a burly sailor, without saying a word, struck him a blow in the chest which made him reel, and nearly landed him on the deck below. In imagination, he heard Dr. Rosnik saying: "Oy! oy! already he has *mackes*," when he felt a hand stretched out towards him and clutching his coat. Balancing himself, he stood face to face with a woman, and as he looked at her he was con-

scious of nothing but a glow of pity from dark eyes, which shone like candlelight from out the sacred enclosure of a chapel; or like the stars he used to see from his cell, shining through a cloud and reminding him of the eyes of the Madonna when she looked at her crucified Son.

Samuel knew little about women, except that whenever he had gone abroad from the monastery he was warned not to look at them, for in that look lurked the greatest danger to his soul. He had looked into Suszka's wholesome but rather coarse face, his aunt's unsympathetic and scarcely human countenance, into Anka's voluptuous face, the only young face he knew, and, when he looked at her, he thought that the monks were right. Now, as he glanced once more at this woman who had saved him from falling, and again saw only her eyes, and again thought only of holy candlelight—he knew that the monks were wrong.

"Did that brute hurt you?" she said in broken German, in a voice gentle and not unmusical. Samuel looked her full in the face now, as he might have looked into the face of some saint before whose image he was pouring out his gratitude. "No, he did not injure me; for which I to you am very thankful," Samuel replied in his dictionary English, glad of an opportunity to show his knowledge of it.

Then he told her how it all came about, and she grew pale when he spoke of the horrors of the steer-

age, of the poor food, and of the sick child and its mother, and she hurried away without saying another word to him.

When he climbed back, the steerage received him with a jeer. The men laughed at him and seemed to enjoy his encounter with the sailor, and the women grinned as if it had been a good joke ; for to the unfortunate more misfortune is the only joke, and they meant no harm by their mirth ; but it hurt, oh, how it hurt !

Only a few minutes had passed when he saw his new acquaintance coming down the iron stairs, followed by a man of middle age, whose face was like her face ; only his was sharpened by action, while hers was softened by meditation and made more beautiful by it. Her eyes were like bits of dark blue sky shining between the clouds ; while his had in them a glint of fire, as if lightning had been caught there and had remained. She carried a box and he a basket. The basket was full of oranges and grapes, while the box held sweetmeats. The crowd nearly crushed both father and daughter, and the children clung to the daughter's skirts, asking for more and more. She shook the last crumbs of sweets over the heads of the children, and then walked over to where Samuel stood. Her father followed her, and asked Samuel in a somewhat brusque way to show them the steerage.

He took them back and forth over the three

crowded steerage decks, and down to the uttermost depths of the ship, where the impact of each wave was felt, where the chorus of hundreds of crying children greeted them, where men and women lay huddled together upon their bunks, sick, pale, and trembling, waiting for their doom ; where, in a space none too great for half their number, fifteen hundred human beings were packed. The air, already heavy from the odours of the ship, and the all-pervading smell of carbolic acid, was made more foul by the breath of that mass of sick and dirty humanity. Rough sailors dealt out blows to the right and to the left, not caring where they fell, while the ship's crew was already beginning its lustful search among unprotected and innocent girls. The visitors also saw Samuel's new-found burden, the Russian woman and her child, both more sick than any of them realized.

"Papa, what can we do?" the daughter said, as with tear-dimmed eyes she saw the horror of it all. When at last they stood upon the deck again and could breathe the refreshing air, her father answered :

"We'll do something, and do it mighty quick, even if we have to organize a mutiny on board ship. This looks somewhat like the old slave trade, and I am not going to stand it."

Samuel watched them as they moved across the slippery steerage deck, and climbed the same iron stairs from which he had nearly been thrown. Higher and higher they went, to the captain's bridge,

and the watcher's lips moved as if in prayer: "Oh, Mary, Mother of God, intercede for us!"

Very soon he noticed a group of cabin passengers crowding to the railing and looking down into the steerage; then the ship's doctor came hurrying along, as if he really meant business. The hospital doors were thrown open, and the sick mother was led gently to a whiter cot than she had ever occupied. The little sick child was carried in by Samuel, but when he tried to lay it down by its mother's side it cried so piteously that he held it in his own arms, while the nurse unwrapped it from its swathings of dirt.

As the doctor looked at the little bundle of skin and bone, and felt for the beating of its heart, he shook his head, then closed the door, shutting Samuel in with his old-time friends, sorrow and death.

* * * * * *

In the dark depths of the ship, men and women tried to forget the agonies of the journey in troubled sleep. The cabin decks, too, grew silent, except where here and there love, or love's counterfeit, whispered the old, old story into receptive ears. The rhythmic stroke of the great engines was heard above the rattle and clatter of the responsive nerves wound about the body of the ship, the sharp clang of the bell marked the hours which came and went from immeasurable time into eternity, and, from the

crow's nest, where man kept watch over the trackless waste, came a voice—"All's well on board!" Yet the same breath of wind which carried that voice out upon the deep, carried with it the soul of a little child, whose lifeless body lay in Samuel's arms.

Its mother was unconscious of present grief, for typhoid fever was consuming her vitality, and her brain was busy with troubles of the past, as she tossed about on the narrow cot, muttering unceasingly: "Strashno, strashno!" (terrible, terrible!) "Leave me alone, you fiends," she cried. "Leave me alone; I am a married woman; leave me alone." Then, after a moment's quiet, the parched lips would move again. "Hush, baby, we're going to papa! Be still, baby dear, we're going to papa, and he'll buy sugar plums for his baby; yes, papa will take care of his golden baby;" and she rocked her empty arms to and fro. "Does it hurt, baby, my golden baby? Oh, how it does hurt, how it does hurt! Poor baby, poor papa!" and then her voice would lose itself in unintelligible mutterings. Again and again Samuel could hear: "Do leave me alone, you ruffians! I am a married woman. Oh! leave me alone!"

The sharp clang of the bell still measured off the night, careless of the dead hours which dropped into the fathomless past, as if there were no heart back of time, no pitying Father's face—only the cold, unfeeling dial-plate, which measured and struck out hours and the lives of men with the same pitiless exactness.

And above the sharp, clanging bell, Samuel could hear, as if in mockery, the voice of the sailor who kept his watch: "All's well on board!" "All's well on board!"

With the gray of the morning, just as the east was beginning to be touched by returning day, two sailors came to carry out the child. Samuel followed them all along the ship to where the great screws were churning the deep into foam; where on either side of the steamer the waters bubbled and roared and hissed and shrieked. In the centre of these tumultuous waves the broad track left by the ship was deeply calm, and, as the sun began to rise higher and higher, it looked like a roadway beaten over with gold. The morning mists lifted, and flanked the golden highway, turning the anger of the deep into the glory of the Apocalypse.

The rude little coffin rested upon the railing of the trembling ship, which moved steadily over the glorified deep; the captain and the physician appeared and took their posts on either side of the coffin. They uncovered their heads and waited for Samuel to conduct the service, for both his bearing and his face betrayed the priest; but he stood speechless, looking out upon that golden path which grew more mysterious and wonderful as the twilight changed into the morning and the sunlight poured itself upon the ocean as if eager to consume it.

"Pray!" the captain called out, as if he were

commanding his sailors. Vainly, Samuel tried to be obedient to the captain's voice; but his heart was numb from inward pain, and his lips were dumb from the wonder of sea and sky.

Then came the stern word "Ready!" and the sailors lifted the coffin from the railing, letting it down slowly from the side of the ship; the ropes slid from underneath, it was tossed out upon the golden path by the revolving screws and sank into the silent depths, while the voice of the captain repeated, mechanically, and without feeling: "We commit dust to dust, ashes to ashes, the body unto the deep and the spirit unto God who gave it. The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!" A woman's voice said tenderly and audibly, "Amen!" and that voice roused Samuel from his pain and wonder.

XIII

THE ZIONISTS

SAMUEL knew who had breathed that benediction upon the tumult of his spirit, and he felt that if he could cast himself down before her she might win back his wrecked faith into some secure harbour. Yet he did not lift his eyes to meet hers, and while inwardly hungry for a glimpse of her face and for the tender light which glowed in her eyes, he moved slowly towards the steps which led back to the steerage.

At the foot of the steps, when his feet had already touched the slippery boards of the deck, he looked up and saw her eyes resting upon him, the glistening sunlight reflected in her tears. "Good-morning," she called out to him; but he stood immovable, as if held by a spell, while he looked up and filled every empty recess of his love-hungry soul. Then, turning, as if eager to hide his treasure, he ran across the still empty deck towards the hospital.

Before he reached the door, he heard the wild cries of the mother whose child had just been buried, and when he entered the room he found the nurse vainly struggling to keep her patient upon the cot. She had missed her child, and was frantic from grief.

"My child, my golden child!" she cried. "Give me my golden child! What have they done to you, my sweet baby dear? Have the Goyim taken my golden child from me? Oy, oy, oy!"

Samuel motioned the nurse away, and sat down by the cot. He touched the burning forehead with his delicate, sensitive fingers, and spoke gently and tenderly to the mother, as if she were the babe and he were soothing her to sleep.

"Your golden baby is sleeping in a golden cradle, and a beautiful woman, with hair like a golden crown, is rocking the golden cradle, and the baby is sound asleep, sound asleep, upon a pillow of down, plucked from the breast of a golden swan; sound asleep, yes, sound asleep!"

All the time he spoke, Samuel's fingers moved over the mother's forehead, until the tense body grew less rigid and she sank into a quiet and comforted sleep. As he lifted his wearied hand from her forehead, and the pain of it all went surging through his soul, he groaned aloud, vainly trying to relieve himself of the burden of woe.

Laying his head in utter weariness upon the railing of the cot, he abandoned himself to bitter thoughts until he felt a delicate touch upon his shoulders, and, looking up, he saw *her* standing by his side, her face reflecting his grief. She did not say a word, but, sitting down on the edge of the cot, beckoned to her father who was waiting in the door-

way. He entered and stood beside his daughter, both of them looking at Samuel in sympathetic pity.

A holy silence fell upon the room, disturbed at last by the nurse, who suggested that visitors should not remain too long. When Samuel rose to say good-bye to his guests he showed such weariness that they insisted upon his going with them. On the clean upper deck they made him comfortable in a steamer-chair, and ordered breakfast to be brought to him. The food refreshed him, and *her* presence seemed to drive out all the pain and bitter memories of the yesterdays; yet he could not shake from him the past, as the deck below became crowded by the steerage passengers—his brothers and sisters in the great misery.

Polish women squatted on the deck, unwashed, unkempt, and scantily clothed. Among them he could see Suszka and her daughter, just so much flesh and rags, with the rest. Russian Jews stood in one group, with faces turned towards the East, bending their already bowed backs, as they swayed to and fro, in the wild lamentations which voiced at once their sorrow and their gladness.

After Samuel had eaten, his host said: "My daughter and I want to know you better. My name is Bruce, Abraham Bruce, and this is my daughter, Jane Bruce." After Miss Bruce had interpreted for Samuel her father's quickly spoken, nasal English, they waited for him to speak.

He replied: "It is to me a great honour of meeting you"—but his name—what was his name? It had so long been Brother Gregorius. Was it Samuel Cohen? Cohen—how the name mocked him, how it branded him a despised Jew! No, he would not carry the shame of it and the taint of it across the sea. "Gregorowitch, my name is Gregorowitch."

A mischievous smile played over the sharp features of Mr. Bruce, and he said: "I don't want to have to sneeze and cough every time I pronounce your name, so I am going to call you Gregory, for short; you might just as well let me amputate that 'witch' now, for somebody is bound to do that, or something even worse. They may call you Greg. They call me Abe, and when they have breath to spare they call me A. B., so, let's shake on it, Mr. Gregory"—and, taking Samuel's hand, he shook it heartily.

Again Miss Bruce had to interpret much of her father's speech, and then, with the same mischievous smile which had played on his face, she said: "Papa, when you go to heaven you are going to shock the Keeper of the Keys; for you will say to him, 'Hallo, Pete!' and your lack of manners may keep you out of your golden mansion, in spite of your orthodoxy."

"That's an old joke, Jane," he replied. "I wish I were as sure of your going to heaven on your good manners as I am of going there on my orthodoxy. And now keep your unruly member in strict control

while I talk to Mr. Gregory. You may have your chance when we use you as an interpreter. What is your Fatherland?" Mr. Bruce said to Samuel.

"I haven't any," was the reply.

"Did he understand me, Jane?" he asked his daughter.

"I think he did," she replied. "Your German is perfect."

"Why have you no Vaterland?" Mr. Bruce asked again. Samuel did not answer.

"Where from are you?" Mr. Bruce further questioned, twisting his English to make it sound like foreign speech; and again Samuel did not answer. His face looked troubled and he tried to rise, in his embarrassment.

Miss Bruce motioned him back, saying: "You mustn't mind my father; he 'carries his heart on his sleeve,' as we say, and he thinks that everybody else has to do the same."

A moment of silence followed, which was broken by the noises from the steerage growing louder and louder, a mixture of sounds and tongues, above which the Yiddish of the Russian Jews rose, with its greasy, gutteral quality. In spite of himself, Samuel began to listen, and it seemed to him as if fifty men were speaking at the same time, although the voice of one man kept itself floating above the rest.

Miss Bruce, who had followed his troubled look, saw it resting upon a group of Jews, whose long

black coats accentuated their haggard forms, and upon whose unwashed, bearded faces an unusual excitement showed itself.

"The Jews are my father's pet hobby," she said to Samuel. "He calls them the miracle of history."

Samuel replied: "The atonement of history, or the scapegoat of history, would be a better term, would it not, Miss Bruce?"

"I must tell papa that," was the response; and she translated it to her father, who listened with great interest and then said: "Ask him why the Russians persecute them."

"Why, papa, don't you know?" his daughter said, "that they may be a miracle, and prove that a special providence watches over the chosen people of God."

"You keep still and let him do the talking; let him talk United States; he does well enough," and Samuel said, in his broken English:

"Chosen people, Mr. Bruce, yes, chosen for hittings over their backs; don't you, too, hate the Jews?"

"Hate the Jews?" Mr. Bruce replied indignantly. "Hate the kinsmen of Paul, hate those who have the same blood in their veins as the Saviour?"

"Oh! your father thinks that Jesus and Paul were Jews!" Samuel said in German to Miss Bruce. "If I should tell that to those peasants in the steerage, they would mob me. Jesus is God's Son to them, and God Himself is a Russian Czar. The Apos-

tles are all Russians or Poles except Judas; Judas is the only Jew among all the Apostles. I have seen a thousand images of Jesus and of the Apostles, and they all looked like Italians, or Germans, or Russians, according to the nationality of the sculptor; but all of them have carved a Jewish face on Judas' form, they all agree in that."

"Why do you call the Jews the scapegoat of history?"

"In Russia, when the cows go dry, or the chickens lay no eggs, or if there is war or pestilence, it is the Jews' fault, and they get 'Mackes' for it, as a friend of mine used to say. 'Mackes gedeuloh'; if you knew Hebrew, Miss Bruce, you would know that that means a big beating, and that's what they have been getting these two thousand years."

The tumult increased among the Jews in the steerage; every one of them was gesticulating wildly, and the whole mass seemed to be talking at the same time. Little by little the noise subsided, and a young man, more emaciated-looking than the rest, his hair and beard reddish and curly, seemed to gain control over them; his voice rang out clearly, and Samuel could hear every word he said. "Zion is our only hope, Russia will kill all the Jews, one pogrom will follow another. Austria doesn't care for us any more than Russia; Germany is as full of anti-Semitism as it can hold. In England, also, they are shutting the door against us, and the time is not far away

when they will do the same thing in America. Zion is our only Fatherland. Jerusalem will rise out of her ruin and ashes, and become the glorious capital of Palestine."

A jeer greeted this proclamation. "How are we going to get there, you chochem (wise fellow), how will we get there?"

"Herzl will lead us there. Herzl is our new Moses."

"Herzl is Moses!" a scornful voice cried.

"Herzl is an Epicurean, a Sabbath-breaker, a man who doesn't know the law of Moses," called out another dissenter.

"He doesn't know the law of Moses?" the red-haired youth replied. "He knows more than all the moss-headed Rabbis put together; he is a prophet. I have seen him at Basel at the Congress," the young man continued,—"head and shoulders he stood above us, like Saul, the son of Kish, above the men of Israel. His eyes were full of fire, like the fire of Sinai which was reflected in the eyes of Moses; the spirit of God rested upon him, and when he spoke it was as still at the Congress as when Jehovah spoke from Sinai."

"What are we going to do when we get to Zion?" another cried out impatiently.

"Do? work, all of us will work in the vineyards around Jerusalem, in the valleys of Chedron, in the shops we will build in Jaffa."

"Well, if we must work, America is good enough for us," the same voice replied.

"Socialism is going to bring that kind of Zion," another man called out, "and Bebel and Liebknecht are better leaders than Herzl and Nordau."

"Bebel and Liebknecht are Germans, and they care as much for you as Bismarck or Wilhelm II. would," the red-haired man retorted. "If they establish a social commonwealth to-morrow I'll wager that the Jews will be excluded from it. We are Jews, and neither Socialists nor Monarchists care for us. We have to get back our own Fatherland—Palestine."

"What are they talking about?" Miss Bruce asked; and Samuel, his face flushed from the excitement of the debate, into which he had unconsciously entered, replied:

"Oh! they are saying that the Jews will all go back to Palestine and have their own government, and that a man by the name of Herzl will lead them."

"Papa," Miss Bruce cried as soon as Samuel had finished; "those men down there are saying that some day they are going back to Palestine and that they will restore Jerusalem."

"Didn't I tell you," her father replied, "that they are the 'Miracle of History'?"

"But how will that be possible, papa? Turkey owns Palestine, the French and Germans are quarrelling about the protectorate, the Russians have

their monasteries and sacred shrines, the Mohammedans hate the Jews. It's impossible!"

"Jane, don't you know that the Jews have always done the impossible things?"

Just then a voice rose from the steerage, low and vibrating, like the tones of a flute; it grew louder, gathering to itself one reluctant voice and then another, until the hundred-throated throng sang in perfect unison:

"To the land of our fathers the shepherd is going,
He's calling together his far-scattered flock;
The nations confounded are looking and wondering,
While doubters stand ready to laugh and to mock.

"In the shadow of mountains, in depths of the valleys,
By rivers and torrents and quieted brook,
The sheep of Jehovah are feeding in Zion
And finding rich pasture in each sheltered nook."

XIV

THE ANARCHIST

"SING, you fools!" a woman's voice rose above the exultant chorus. "Sing your Zionistic twaddle, get yourselves ready, again to be led like sheep to the slaughter! Poor-looking sacrifices you'd make now, not worth the killing! Baa! Baa! sheep—that's all Israel has seen for centuries, and that's what you all are. Just as one begins to bleat Baa! Baa! Zion, there is a chorus of sheep bleating Baa! Baa!"

"We are sheep, Rivka? sheep, you say?" the red-haired youth called out angrily. "For the first time in two thousand years we are feeling the strength of lions; but because we don't tear and destroy and kill, as you and your kind are doing, you call us sheep. We will fight for Zion when the time comes; but why should we fight for Russia? Do you think that the Russian people will thank you for killing that brute of a governor? You think that you are going to be a Russian saint in the calendar of the new Russia. You are going to be like the rest of us, just a pest and a nuisance. A fine decoration they have bestowed upon you, Rivka, for your heroism, haven't they now, haven't they?" he said half-mockingly.

"They have," she cried with vehemence. "A

medal which I wouldn't exchange for any of silver or gold. I am proud of it. Look, Yankev, look, you Jewish cowards, who run from a policeman as if he were the devil; look, this is my decoration and I am proud of it!" She lifted the palms of her hands, all burnt and still sore and raw in spots, "Look, you cowardly women of Israel, who are getting your lips ready to drink the milk and suck the honey of Palestine. These lips had to suck the fire of dozens of cigarettes in the hands of the Cossacks, who played with me as if I were a little guinea-pig in the hands of our Professor of Zoology. They wanted to see what a Jewess could suffer for Russia, and I showed them, and they will never forget it!"

"Never forget it?" cried Yankev, the red-haired youth, in derision; "never forget it? They already have forgotten you, Rivka; all of them have forgotten you except the governor's wife and his little children. *They* still think of you affectionately."

It was an effective blow and a cruel one; for the woman whose face was cold as iron, and whose features were sharp as steel, who had faced death, exile, and long wanderings through lonely forests to escape her tormentors—staggered beneath that blow. Her large, almost coarse face, seemed to grow smaller and the hard features grew soft from the pain of it.

With a visible effort she drew herself up to reply; but her voice was weak as she said: "You are cruel, Yankev, although you are right; the widow and the

children,—but there are thousands and ten thousands of widows and orphans who will remember their avenger, and if they do not remember," her voice grew metallic from strength, "I shall have done my duty as a human being; while you have turned coward like a Jew, and will seek your solace among the sheep in the pastures of Bethlehem. Baa! Baa! sheep, the sheep of Zion."

Up and down the crowded deck she walked, beating her aching hands against the cold air—a pathetic sight. Her tall thin body scantily covered, her hair cut short and uncombed, her face with its heavy features more Russian than Jewish, the whole figure so unattractive physically, yet so fascinating; for she carried the sorrow of an empire in her heart. In spite of the mannishness of her attire and her manner, there was a maternal sweetness far in the background of her being, which shone through, in spite of herself.

"I'd rather be a sheep of Zion, Rivka," Yankev called out triumphantly, "than a dog of a Jew in Russia; and that's what you and I are to the Russians, in spite of your heroism or because of it. Who among your Russian friends regards you as anything but a Jewess? Rivka, you broke your father's and mother's hearts by flinging your Jewish faith and your Jewish morals overboard when you were at the University. You came home with your hair cut short and walked up and down the streets of Odessa

with a cigarette in your mouth, with a book under one arm and a Russian student hanging on to the other, and when the Hooligans came, where were your Russian student friends to protect you? But even then you didn't see that you were just a Jewess! We Jews are either fearfully sensitive or dreadfully obtuse. They tried to make you feel your Judaism by burning down the home in which you lived and by killing your father and mother. Then you still wanted to prove that you were not a Jewess, by killing the Governor."

"Yankev, my family history is none of your business," she replied hotly; "but as for my Judaism; well Judaism to the Russian is connected only with selling liquor to the peasants and robbing them of their scant wage; with usury of the worst kind, with keeping houses of prostitution; with the meanest kind of deception in business; with a whole lot of Jews who, like yourself, have lived in Russia nearly a lifetime and yet were hankering always after Palestine ——"

"Now they'll know that Judaism is connected with killing," Yankev interrupted her.

"Yes, with killing, Yankev, with suffering in prisons dark and damp, like stables, with long marches to Siberia and Manchuria, without complaint or whining, with facing the scaffold like heroes and heroines. Yes, Yankev, with fighting and winning freedom for the Russian people. You and your kind,

who prate about being patriotic Jews, who say you are on your way to Zion, you will go to America and grow fat and rich and be just pork. Yankev, you'll no more be the sheep of Zion, the lean miserable sheep of Zion; you'll be the fat pork-stock of Chicago, ha, ha, ha! I have seen them come home to Odessa, men and women both, after being in America for ten years, and they could hardly waddle through the streets, so fat were they. They had diamonds stuck about them, as a sheep has thistles when it goes through a hedge, and those who had sung loudest about Zion's flowing with milk and honey were grunting about their America flowing with coal-oil and molasses. Yankev, I can see you now as you will be ten years hence; red hair is very becoming to fat pigs."

The crowd began to laugh; evidently the young woman had had the last word, and made it very effective. Yankev vainly tried to reply, but he was beaten and they all knew it. The laughter rose higher and higher, and then in the midst of their good-natured banter the dinner-bell rang. In a moment, the deck was deserted; Rivka and Yankev alone remained. Rivka paced up and down, Yankev following; and when he caught up with her, he stammered his apologies.

"You needn't apologize, Yankev, it isn't worth talking about. Your sheep have gone to be fed; why don't you go with them?"

"Why don't I? You know as well as I do, Rivka, that I don't care to eat, when I know I have hurt you."

"Hurt me? You can't hurt me, Yankev. You have tried many a time to do it, but you never succeeded. Nobody, nothing, can hurt me."

"Rivka," the ardent Yankev replied, "am I to continue to be nothing to you? You are treating me as if I were nothing to you."

"Oh, yes! Yankev, you are my Zionistic sheep, a sheep with nice red wool; come let me pat you on your curls!"

"Rivka, do you still care for Alexis, the man who deserted you when you needed friends and protection?" he asked.

"Care for Alexis? I care for nobody. I care only for Russia. To Russia I am willing to give my life, but to no mere man."

"But you have given your life to Alexis."

"My life, Yankev? My life I have given to nobody. I liked Alexis, he liked me, he liked other girls; he said he loved them; they, I suppose, told him that they loved him. I think I told him I loved him; but love, Yankev, is as elastic as the Czar's decrees."

"But, Rivka, you have never given me even the smallest hope! Oh, if you had but deceived me! I could have lived on the joy of that deception just for an hour!"

"I shall never deceive you, Yankev, you were always too good to me. If it weren't for you I should be in prison still; all I have I owe to you, I could not deceive you. You are my little ——"

"Stop that, Rivka! if you call me your sheep again, I shall show my teeth and be a wolf, and tear and kill."

"Oh, Yankev, you tear and kill? Well! Well! you have never hurt anybody I loved."

"I know I haven't. I could have sent Alexis to prison a dozen times, and I was often at the point of betraying him to the police; but then your face came between me and him, and I did not do it. Yes, Rivka, I am a sheep, a stupid sheep."

"No, not a stupid sheep, Yankev, you are a good faithful fellow, you are a splendid boy, but you get on my nerves so with your Zionism; it's a passion with you which I do not approve. I am jealous of Zion."

"Jealous, Rivka, you are jealous? Oh! how happy I am!"

"Jealous of Zion," she continued, "for the sake of Russia. You can't understand me, Yankev, you never will. I am a woman, it is true, and I love some men, but then I cease to love them, while my great passion, my lasting passion, is for Russia."

"No, Rivka, I can't understand you, and you can't understand me. I am a man, I love one woman all the time, all the time, yet my great passion still is

Zion. It's born into me to love you; I loved you as a boy when we went to school; don't you remember that I made love to you when I was nine years old and you were seven? When I was nineteen and you were seventeen, I loved you still. Now, Rivka, we both have suffered deeply and have grown old before we were young; we have seen bloodshed and murder, have smelled the dampness of the prison, and have wandered together through days and nights; you have loved others, and were betrayed by others, yet I love you still, because I cannot help loving you; it's born into me as is my love for Zion.

"Rivka, I feel the fire of Zion's hills in my veins; I have never seen the Jordan, but it called me to its shores while I was yet a boy. I have thought that if the clouds of Mount Sinai could cover me, I should see Jehovah face to face, as did Moses. I have wandered in my dreams through Zion's vineyards and olive-groves."

"Yankev, you are a dreamer, and if I should give you myself, oh! all there is left of me, you would find that I am but flesh and bone, now more bone than flesh; and if to-morrow you could get all there is of Zion, from Jaffa to Damascus, and from the Mediterranean to beyond the Jordan, you would find a land of sticks and stones, now more stones than sticks.

"Yankev, you ought to know that I am a delusion to men. Look at me now, with these scant clothes,

scarcely enough to cover me, with my face unwashed and unpowdered, with the prison-air still eating at my lungs; I am nothing for a man. Neither is Zion; she too was in prison and is showing her nakedness, she too has the consumption, and we are both a delusion, Yankev. But Russia is great and young and beautiful, and worth the loving and the saving."

"Rivka, there is no greater delusion than Russia. She too was in prison, and still is. She is not naked, but her clothing is foul and soiled; she is dying of fever, and neither your life nor the thousands of Jewish lives offered upon the altar of freedom will save her. She is just big, big and sick, and a delusion.

"But Rivka, let's forget Russia and Zion, let us remember each other. We need one another more than Russia needs you or Zion needs me. Rivka, love me, love me!"

"Yankev, you may prove traitor to Zion for the sake of a woman, but I shall remain loyal to Russia. I have told you that a thousand times; let's not talk about it. Let's turn from patriotism and love to cabbage and tea. I can smell both of them downstairs. If you don't hurry, the sheep will have eaten it all. Go and bring some for me, and I too will be a sheep, and eat with you of the green leaves of the Fatherland. *Do* sheep eat cabbage, Yankev?"

Disgustedly, Yankev went down-stairs, while around Rivka the crowd, having eaten its fill, began

to surge as it watched the deck hands trying to lift the trunks from the hold, ready for the landing, which was expected to occur in the morning.

* * * * * *

Samuel had watched the scene below him with intense interest, and had interpreted to his friends all that he could understand. Then the luncheon signal sounded upon the deck, and, realizing that it was time for him to go, he made his adieux.

Mr. Bruce took his hand in his and shook it vigorously, saying: "If you need friends in America, just call on A. B. and you'll find him O. K., and if you get out of cash, just come C. O. D. and you'll be welcome, won't he, Jane?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Gregory, you will always be welcome in our home, and I want you to know, if we never meet again, that you have been an interpreter to me, not only of a language, but of life. Those people whose speech you have translated to me are never going to be just strangers. They will have friends on the other shore. Good-bye! Tell them, will you tell them, that they will have friends on the other shore? Tell that woman down there, that poor burned woman, that I am her friend; good-bye, good-bye! Auf wiedersehn."

XV

THE LAND OF FRIENDS

"ATTENTION, Polaks! At-ten-tion, I say! Right-about-face!" Pavel was trying to line up his former fellow-townsmen and future source of revenue that he might deliver to them in an impressive manner the last instructions before landing. He had drawn heavily upon past and future profits, for he was in front of the bar from the time he set foot on the ship until the pilot came on board. Then, with remarkable fortitude, he stopped drinking, when the bar was closed for the remainder of the journey.

His hoarseness and his efforts to be impressive made him both ridiculous and repellent; while his face grew red from his exertions as he swore in two languages, chiefly in English; and a mixture of Polish and English oaths is a very lurid combination.

"Attention, I say!" He strutted up and down before the very crooked line which his efforts had created, assuming as far as possible an air of authority and superiority, and throwing back his coat to display his celluloid shirt-front and the pseudo diamond in its centre. "If you Polaks think Uncle Sam is going to send a brass band to meet you at Ellis Island, and that the priests are going to cele-

brate a jubilee mass in honour of your coming, you're mightily mistaken. When you land, a doctor is going to take you by the neck, this way," and Pavel's heavy fist came down upon the neck of the unsuspecting fellow who stood nearest him. "And he is going to say: 'Show your tongue,' tongue, remember, tongue—and you stick out your tongue at him, with respect, remember, not in any saucy way or else he'll cut that tongue off—ch-l-k—just that way!" and his hand moved in the same uncomfortable manner over the throat of the same youth. "Then another man will look into your eyes to see if you are a sleepy head or not; they haven't any use for sleepy heads in America; so wash your eyes nice and clean in the morning as you haven't never washed them before. Then another man will ask you: 'How much money?' and you say, 'Thirty dollars'—thirty dollars, remember, and say it's all yours; if you tell him it ain't yours they'll lock you up. Then six old men are going to examine you all over again, and those same six men are going to send you to the head man, a terrible fierce man; he's got sharp gray eyes and he'll look right into you, through and through, and then he'll say, 'Cut off his head,' and ch-l-k, off goes your head!" He moved the edge of his palm over Samuel's neck, and he turned away in disgust. "When you are let go, I'll take care of you all right, and you'll stay at my house in Coalville, and

you can drink all the whiskey you want. Whiskey in America ain't your white, watery vodka; it's red like fire, and, when you swallow it, it burns as if you had swallowed a tartar alive.

"Now I want to teach you four English words; if you learn them, you'll get along fine from the time you land in America till you leave for Poland, a millionaire, as I did—'Hurry up' and 'Step lively!' When you hear a man say, 'Hurry up!' then dig as if you were digging your way out of the grave; and when a man says to you 'step lively!' then run as if you were running away from the tax-collector. Now, listen! Step lively! Step lively, I say!" and they stood immovable, like so many stones. Not until, with many oaths, Pavel had translated his English phrase, did they "step lively," as he directed them.

Then they all ran except Samuel, who had stood aloof since the first part of Pavel's instructions, and who had long felt that their ways must part as soon as they landed.

"Pavel, I can't go with you to Coalville," he said after some hesitation; "but I want to thank you now for urging me to come; I am glad I have come."

"Not come with Suszka and Anka?" Pavel emphasized the last name especially.

"No, Pavel, I must stay in New York and look for my father."

"Look for your father? Do you think, even if

you found him, he would have anything to do with you, a monk?"

"But Pavel, I am no more a monk; I am going back to my father, a Jew, a Jew, Pavel."

Suszka, who had joined them, had caught the last sentence of their conversation, and cried: "My boy, my golden boy, don't leave us!" She pressed him close to her as she whispered into his ear, "Schma Jsrael! What would I do without you?"

In a moment she had brought before him the past, with all its tender, motherly love, and as he drew close to her he felt the strong ties which held him to this woman, who loved him more than she loved her own child.

"Suszka, I cannot go with you, for I must find my father; anyway I could not live with you and Pavel, because I am a Jew."

"Samuel, my dear boy," she whispered to him, "I am half a Jewess, anyway; I like kosher meat, and I'll cook it for you just right, and I can say your Jewish prayers as well as I can my own. Come with us, and you and Anka will make up. She doesn't mind your being a Jew."

Anka was then engaged in peeling an orange, given to her by one of the ship's crew, and throwing the peeling at the busy sailors.

Suszka continued: "Pavel doesn't mind what you are. He is half a heathen himself; he eats meat on Friday, and he didn't darken the door of a church

all the time he was home. You don't mind, do you, Pavel?"

"No, of course not," Pavel said emphatically, "in America everybody is alike, Catholics and Jews and Protestants. I went to church about three years ago and I heard a Dominican, Father Antonius, preach about the Jews. He said the Jews were the chosen people of God and we ought to love 'em. Yes, we love the Jews at Coalville, but, fortunately, there ain't one within fifty miles of the camp."

"Father Antonius, a Dominican?" Samuel asked almost breathlessly.

"Yes," Pavel replied; "just the same kind as they have in Trnava; all white clothes, as if they were millers, but all they ever grind out is souls out of purgatory and pater nosters and the like. Father Antonius is a great preacher, he can make you feel as if your soul was sizzling in hell-fire. I never went to hear him again, because he preached against drink, and that hurts my business. I pay, you bet I pay, but I don't go to church, don't have to in America; it's a free country."

"Father Antonius!" Samuel whispered the name and fondled it upon his lips. His best friend and his greatest enemy, the man who lured him from the Talmud to the cloister; from Moses to Jesus. No, he must not come near him again, and yet his heart was drawn to him, even as it held him fast to Suszka who clung to him.

"Suszka," he whispered to her; "if all goes well with me, I'll come to you, and if it does not go well with you, you'll come to me; but I must leave you in New York. I must leave you."

"Suszka, let that boy go!" Pavel said it commandingly. "If he wants to stay in New York let him stay. I don't think he could do much at digging coal, and he wouldn't be no good at tending my bar, for he don't drink nothing himself."

Suszka still clung to her boy. "I can't let you go, you must come with us," she said insistently, while copious tears flowed over her cheeks.

"Now, Suszka," Pavel said brusquely, "I am going to teach you another piece of American language—'Mind your own business!' Now listen, Suszka, and stop blubbering. 'Mind your own business!' The people in America who mind their own business are the people who get rich quick. They don't go around hanging on the necks of men or women they can't make money out of—so, Suszka, you 'mind your own business!' Go down and pack the baggage."

It had grown quiet all around them; for most of the passengers were down-stairs, "minding their own business." The sailors, too, were "minding their own business," scarcely looking at the girls who had helped them to beguile the long journey. The groups of kindred spirits which had once gathered were now scattered, already strangers one to

another. The journey was practically ended, and everybody was "minding his own business."

It had grown dark. The stars were shining and becoming more lustrous every moment.

Suszka felt the power of this parting hour, and she whispered into Samuel's ear, the first of the three sentences of his evening prayer, which night after night in the long ago they had repeated together just before she tucked him into bed. Three times those sentences had to be repeated, and although she often had turned two pages at once of the rest of the prayer, so long for his sleepy eyes, never did he omit these words:

"Behold the guardian of Israel neither slumbereth nor sleepeth!" Suszka said, in her peculiar Hebrew, which she could not pronounce or understand any better than her Latin prayers.

Samuel said it after her three times.

"For Thy salvation do I hope, O Eternal; I hope, O Eternal, for Thy salvation!" Again he said it three times.

Then she repeated the closing sentences, slowly as of yore, when his eyes had been almost closed in sleep, in that far away and long ago.

"On my right hand is Michael and on my left is Gabriel, before me is Ariel, behind me is Raphael; while over my head is the Divine presence. Amen, Amen!"

"Now, step lively, Suszka!" Pavel commanded,

his voice sounding harsh and impatient; and she stepped as lively as her heavy heart would let her.

The night was a restless one for the ship's crew and for the ship's passengers. All through the long hours the hoisting machinery kept up its incessant rattle, which, in addition to the fears and anticipations now reawakened in each steerage passenger's breast, made sleep of short duration, or entirely impossible.

All the things which a sea-journey compels one to forget come back with renewed force when the intoxicating tonic in the air grows weaker, and when the waves have ceased their wild beating against the ship.

Long before the gray of morning touched the sky, Samuel was walking up and down the deck, busy with memories of his unhappy life, which had been buried in his care for others. The past and the future, which had been alike dark, now held one very bright spot, so luminous that it promised to blot out the darkness. He looked constantly at the deserted upper deck, and his imagination ran its sweet riot, as it busied itself with her who had revealed to him what seemed like a new species of humanity, and who, by her proffer of friendship, had cast such a glow upon the uncertain future.

Samuel realized also how selfish he had grown; he had not revisited the hospital, he had paid little attention to Suszka, and none to her daughter, and he

had not yet delivered Miss Bruce's message to Rivka the revolutionist, whose burned hands and face had so appealed to her sympathy.

Still clinging to memories of the hours he had spent in Miss Bruce's company, as a miser might cling to his treasure, he reached the prow of the boat and watched, as it cut its way with diminished power through the water, whose colour had grown gentler than that of the deep sea.

In the distance he could see the far-shooting rays from a lighthouse; other lights began to glow here and there, darting about, and then slowly disappearing in the gray of morning. Suddenly a gentle tremour ran through the ship, the rattling of the anchor chain was heard above the voice of command which came from the bridge, water began to rush and then to trickle from the valves, where it had done its work, and was now returning to the sea; the journey was over and the ship stood still, like a runner who has reached his goal in full breath, glad to have run the race. Slowly, majestically, day dawned, the gray sky grew radiant from a brightness which crept out of the east and then leaped from all corners of the heavens.

Samuel heard a groan, and right before him where he might have stepped on her, lay a woman with her head resting upon a coil of ropes. She lifted herself slowly, and he saw flashing black eyes, like live coals glowing from out a pile of ashes. He immedi-

ately recognized Rivka, whose sad story he had so easily guessed from her debate with the Zionists and her conversation with Yankev.

As she lifted herself from her cramped position, the angular outlines of her body visible through her scant clothing, she tried to shake from her the chill of the night by violently swinging her arms across her breast.

"Take my coat," Samuel said, and he covered her with it without waiting for a reply.

"I haven't made my toilet," she jocularly answered. "My maid is rather slow this morning." Then she looked at her bedraggled gingham skirt and the short worn-out jacket and laughed, as if she were mocking herself.

"To tell the truth, young man," she continued, "I left my wardrobe in Russia; I didn't have time to pack," and again she laughed.

Samuel told her that he knew her plight.

"Yes, I was in a big hurry to get away," she added, growing sober and sad; "but now I don't know just why I was anxious to escape. Freedom is so beautiful when you don't have it, and when you have it,—well, I don't know whether under the present social order there is freedom anywhere. To-morrow, no, to-day, we are to land. Terrible! Terrible!"

"Why is it so terrible to you?" Samuel asked.

"Ah! this is a terrible country over here."

"America is terrible?" Samuel echoed, shocked by her denunciation. "Is it not a free country?"

Rivka's answer was a torrent of words.

"Yes, it is a free country for the strong and the rich, but it is a great prison for the weak and the poor. It is ruled by an autocrat, with even less feeling for humanity than the Czar; it is ruled by the Dollar. I have been told that the first thing they'll ask before we land, is: 'Are you strong?' and the second question is: 'Have you dollars?' If I do not show them muscle and dollars, they will not let me in, in spite of the fact that I have suffered for a country's freedom. I suppose if they knew what you know, they would not let me in even if I could show the dollars.

"I used to love America. My love of my own country was awakened by reading about that great man, George Washington, and I became a revolutionist when I read how one great personality could work the freedom of a whole race. I went among the peasants to lift them and free them, because I read that Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves. In Siberia, in our penal settlement, we had as our only wall-decoration the pictures of two men, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln; but we have been told that their spirit is dead in America, that the Statue of Liberty has been overthrown, that the millionaires rule the country, and so we turned the faces of those great men to the wall."

Samuel listened with a disturbed mind to her loudly and quickly spoken words, to which she gave him no chance to reply.

"To-day I shall be in the land of muscle and of dollars, with sore hands and without a kopek in my pocket, a stranger among strangers!"

Samuel looked at her in great pity as she stood before him; so unattractive, so at variance with the beauty which slowly revealed itself before his bewildered eyes.

The mist which had rested upon the water was lifted by a gentle wind, and land was visible—glorious, beautiful land! Towns nestling in the hillsides, luxurious homes, with far-stretching lawns, farm land cultivated to the edge of the seaside. The ship moved again, slowly through the channel marked out for it, and in the distance was a gigantic city whose great buildings, like mountain-peaks, touched the skies. Far away, far as the eye could see, masts and funnels edged the seemingly endless harbour; a bridge hung in the sky, as if spun by spiders, so graceful did it look and so delicately was it woven; tugs passed by, snorting and puffing, pulling behind them heavy-laden barges, and quickly, almost like lightning, splendidly-equipped yachts moved to the sea with outstretched white sails, like giant birds.

Samuel in his ecstasy caught one of Rivka's burned hands and drew her nearer the edge of the boat, say-

ing: "Rivka, you are going to a strange country, but not among strangers. You are going over with friends; I am your friend, and yonder, look! Do you see that woman in the gray dress, that beautiful woman who looks like a saint? Can't you see her eyes? Oh, look at her! See, she is waving her parasol at us! She said to me, 'Tell that poor girl that I am her friend.' Listen, Rivka!" his eyes rested upon the woman on the upper deck and then swept the matchless harbour. "Listen, Rivka! I, too, am coming out of prison; fourteen years I was there, although I did not know always that it was a prison. I, too, struggled for freedom, although it was only my own freedom I fought for. Listen, Rivka!" he whispered to her; "I, too, have killed a man, to protect poor defenseless men and women. Now, Rivka, look, how broad the harbour is, how wide the gateway into this new country. Over a thousand of us are coming, and see how hospitable America is towards us. Let's not hate it, let's love it! don't condemn it till you know it. Look, look, Rivka! How beautiful it is; look at the sky, how blue it is;—look at that land over there, those villages, those farms, look at that great city! Oh, look at this harbour, isn't it wonderful? And, see, the Goddess of Liberty! She still stands on her pedestal, her spirit alone could have wrought the things our eyes see—she still rules here, the air feels like the air of a free country! Doesn't it make your blood

tingle? Breathe it in, feel it! Ah, how good this free air feels! Oh, Rivka, we both have been sinned against, and we both have sinned. Let us forget our past; let us forget the Czar and the dark dungeons of prison and cloister, let us begin a new life on these new shores! See, how they are waving those flags! Look at them on the shore and on the ships, everywhere the stars and stripes! Oh, what a flag it is, without eagles' talons or the emblems of human rulers! The stars and the rivers, which God alone rules! God rules over here, Rivka, God rules!

"Look at the boats, crowded from stem to stern by human beings! How gay they all look! Listen! They are shouting at us, let us shout back at them! Ai, ai, ai, ai, ai! Now they are waving their hats! Wave at them, wave at them, Rivka!"

She tore his coat from her shoulders and swung it out to the breeze, shouting: "*Vive la Liberté! Vive la Democracie! Vives les peuples!*"

"Oh, look!" Samuel cried, overcome by the joy of it. "Look, how our new friends are welcoming us to America!"

XVI

A JEWISH PHARAOH

A BANG, a thud, and a whack of the hot iron against a heavy coatsleeve not easily pressed into shape; then the iron rattled against the stove and another one came down with the same bang, and thud and whack, against another part of the coat's anatomy.

The three men who stood by the pressing-benches were stripped to their waist of everything but an undervest; yet the perspiration rolled down their cheeks and fell into the hollows of their chests.

The work, which was monotonously alike from morning until night, was performed painfully and in complete silence. If conversation was attempted, it was drowned by the rhythmic thud and bang of the irons, and the more constant, if not more melodious, whir of the sewing machines. Over these, some half-dozen women bent, picking up their work and dropping it mechanically; although evidently they worked in less discomfort than the men. The shop was dingy, flanked on one side by the office, which was partitioned off from it, and in which the "Boss," Mr. Rosenfelt, kept his strong box and his account books. On the other side of the room were two win-

dows, the lower panes pasted over with Yiddish newspapers, for the purpose of obscuring the view into the open, which view consisted of the rear of tenement houses, with their entanglement of wash-lines.

Mr. Rosenfelt, the "Boss" of the sweatshop, boasted of an extended residence in England, of a command of English which was a mixture of Cockney and Yiddish, in which the Cockney was purposely made conspicuous, and of being able to produce a cloak more cheaply than any other "Manufacturer of First Class Ladies' and Misses' Cloaks," as he called himself, on the East Side. He was born in Lithuania, where the necessity of dealing with a rather virile peasantry had sharpened the wits and dulled the morals of the Jews, who were already ethically weakened through an incessant study of the Talmud, with its legal decisions stretching through hundreds of years of Jewish history.

Mr. Rosenfelt's shop-hands were always "greeners," most pliable and exploitable; and when they left him it was generally in a quarrel which he usually provoked, and which almost always left him the richer for a few dollars of unpaid wages.

It was Saturday evening, and the men and women were alike restless. Mr. Rosenfelt was also very much wrought up, for he detected signs of mutiny among his thus-far patient crew. The most aggravating thing which had happened to him that day

was that Bill, his janitor, pack-carrier and general utility man, an habitual drunkard, had come to the shop that morning perfectly sober. During the afternoon he confided to Mr. Rosenfelt that he had "got religion" at the Salvation Army, and that his wages from now on were to be paid altogether in cash, and not in lodging, food and doses of cheap whiskey, by which he was kept just between sobriety and drunkenness. As he was in the habit of doing his heavy work without regard to hours of labour or scale of wages, this "Declaration of Independence" came to Mr. Rosenfelt like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. He had sent Bill away on an errand as soon as he could, that his mutinous spirit might not affect the rest of the force. Bill, however, was swifter afoot than usual, having no alcoholic haze to wade through, and, as he climbed up the stairs, every one in the shop paused for a moment, almost simultaneously, much to the chagrin of Mr. Rosenfelt; for Bill, or "His Majesty Wilhelm the II," as he was called, came up the stairs singing loudly. As he staggered into the room beneath the burden of a huge bundle of cloth, he continued his song:

> "I am washed, I am washed,
> I am washed in the blood of the lamb."

"What's that?" called out one of the pressers; "you're washed? Was you at the police station or in the hospital?"

"No, he fell into the river, that's the only time he gets washed," some one else remarked facetiously; but, undismayed, Bill unpacked the cloth and sang more loudly than before:

"Of the la-amb, I am washed
In the blood of the l-a-a-m-b."

"Oh! Mr. Samuel, I am so happy!" and he looked up to the sympathetic Samuel, who was one of the pressers, and to whom, as to the rest of them, this interruption offered a period of relief. "I am so happy, Mr. Samuel, I've got religion, and I've joined the Salvation Army."

"Ven you don't shtop beink appy und begins your yob uf sweepink, you'll be fired, und can join der harmy uf der hunemployed, Bill."

This was said in a nervous, jerky sort of way by Mr. Rosenfelt, whose tongue continued to move after he finished speaking; for his easily-roused anger cut off his power of speech, while it did not stop the motion of his tongue.

Bill picked up his broom and began to sweep industriously, and Mr. Rosenfelt's tongue found words again.

"Yoost my luck! I picks im hout uf der gutter fen e ad notink, und hevery day I vas afraid e'd get der tremens, und now e goes und gets religion! Yoost my luck!" and his tongue moved excitedly back and forth.

Busily Bill swept, after the wrath of the "Boss" had spent itself and his tongue had stopped wagging; but all at once the joy of his new experience swept over him. He felt as a common sparrow might feel when, after picking the dirt of the gutter during the winter, he suddenly realizes the joy of spring in the air, and embellishes his monotonous chirp with a trill.

So Bill sang, or tried to sing: —

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the la-a-mb?" —

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted the men, keeping time with their hot irons upon the cloaks and filling the already heavy air with a strong suspicion of singed cloth. "Sing that again, Bill, that's fine!"

Mr. Rosenfelt was on his feet, trembling from the tip of his tongue, ready for the speech which had not yet come, down to his foot, which he was lifting ready to kick Bill, who was on the floor sweeping the results of his labour into a dust pan. "I told you vonced halreaty dot you vas not to sing hany more your Christian stuff und nonsense. Dis iss a Jewish sweatshop, und ven you don't shtop right avay already, hoff you goes back to der Bowery."

"Listen, Samuel, this is a Jewish sweatshop! he calls this a Jewish sweatshop," Yankev called out derisively. "If it is, Mr. Rosenfelt, then you are Pharaoh; for if ever there was a slavery for

Jews, it's your shop. Let that poor goy sing; it doesn't hurt you. He has got some religion in the Salvation Army and it makes him happy. When the Jews get religion again, they too will sing."

"Baa! Baa!" mocked Rivka, and she threw aside the heavy cloak she was stitching, and laughed. "Yankev, 'his Majesty Wilhelm the II.,' *alias* Bill, will soon join the Zionist army. He sings about lambs now; later he will sing about sheep—Baa! Baa!" and she continued the whir of her machine, which served as an accompaniment; while she sang in Russian with her peculiarly husky, melancholy voice:

"Remember'st thou the day when we—
Late was the hour—were forced to part?
The night-gun boomed athwart the sea;
In painful silence beat each heart;
The lovely day found cloudy close;
A heavy mist the landscape palled;
And seemed it, when that shot arose,
An echo from the ocean called.

"Alone I wander by the flood;
And when a gun booms in its might,
I think in pain how we once stood
Together on that parting night.
And as the mournful echoes roll
Muffled, along the fluid walls,
From out the caverns of my soul
Death answeringly calls and calls."

"I've done, Mr. Rosenfelt; this is the last cloak I'll sew for you. Fertig—basta—finished!" and she

threw the heavy cloak to the ground. "Samuel, this is a fine country," she continued, "full of friends—behold our friend, Mr. Rosenfelt! Why don't you say 'sometink,' Mr. Rosenfelt? Your tongue has been going without making a sound for fifteen minutes. What a waste of energy! Your mouth looks exactly like a sewing machine running at full speed with nothing to sew.

"Don't be excited, Yankev. Mr. Rosenfelt doesn't like the Salvation Army to-day, because Bill wants his wages; he doesn't like the Zionist Army because you'll want your wages, and he won't like the Anarchist Army because I shall want mine. Mr. Rosenfelt, I want my wages, all my wages, and then I quit ——

"What's the matter, Mr. Rosenfelt?" she said. "Are you going to have a stroke of apoplexy? Don't repress your feelings; say 'sometink.'"

"I—I—say sometink? 'Ave I not been sayink, you ungrateful set? Yoost my luck! I brings dis lot uf greeners from der ship, I gifs dem a yob der next day dot dey lands, dey learns fine Hinglish hin my shop und 'ow to finish gloaks, und now dey 'ave no respect for me; yoost my luck! Bill, you carry hout dot broom und shtay hout. Remember, shut mit yourself der door behint you und shtay hout. Go to your Salvation Harmy; und you, Yankev, can likevise go to your Zionist Harmy, fen you gets done dot yob uf gloaks, und you, Miss Rivka, can go to your

Hanarchist Harmy. I can gets a 'ole lot uf greeners for notink to-morrow. Dree tousand uf dem landed yesterday und dree hundred tousand vill come dis year. It stands hin der newspaper; Russian green 'orns by der East Side vas going to be so tick ass flies haround der soda-vater fountains vere dey geeps der zyrups."

"I will go too, Mr. Rosenfelt," Samuel said. He had kept out of the quarrel, which was simply part of a "continuous performance"; but, evidently, in this instance, the closing part, and he was not sorry for it. Six months he had been here, with Rivka and Yankev, from whom he had not separated himself since their landing. Six brutal months they had been. Unused to manual labour, he had to stand twelve hours a day, lifting the hot iron and moving it to and fro with heavy pressure. He had grown thin, his eyes were circled by dark shadows, and his spirit was depressed; first, because he could find no trace of his father, and then, because the surroundings in which he found himself, grew more and more intolerable.

He had secured lodgings with the barber of Kottowin, the mentor of his youth, who had lost everything that terrible night of the pogrom, and who like himself was hard at work for small wages. The barber scarcely made ends meet, in spite of the fact that his wife worked and two of his children worked also. His youngest daughter, Malke, was gradually

losing her sight, as the result of a brutal blow received the same night, and the care of her had eaten up all possible savings.

Rivka and Yankev also roomed at the barber's home, quarrelled constantly, and then made up, but kept the air electric by their disputes and mutual jealousies.

"I will go, too, Mr. Rosenfelt." That was all Samuel said; but the iron he held in his hand came down upon the cloak with a heavy thud and remained there, for he was wearied to the bone.

"You go too, Samuel? No, you don't needs to, you vas all right; you geeps your mout shut und vorks; it's de odders vat don't do notink but quarrel about Zionism und Anarchism und Socialism und Christianism." Then he stopped but his tongue once set in motion did not stop.

"I will go too;" the other presser brought his iron down with a whack which made Mr. Rosenfelt jump into the air and set his tongue which had now stopped, into motion again.

"You greeners, you fools! Listen, you greeners, listen vat der baper says: 'Tirty tousand Jews killed in Bresnitza.'"

"There are not *three* thousand Jews in Bresnitza," said one of the greeners. "I know well that there are not more than fifteen hundred Jews in that town, for I was one of them. It's all one of your American newspaper lies."

"Iss dis a lie also, hu?" Mr. Rosenfelt said, when his wagging tongue found utterance again. "'Honly dree persons uf hall der Jewish bopulation hin Kottowin escapes mit dere lifes.' Hey, Samuel, you har a Kottowiner; vas dere dree persons hin dat 'oly town, hey? Listen, Samuel: 'Der 'ole Jewish town lately rebuilt iss in hashes again; der 'ole Jewish bopulation gilled except dree persons; der celebrated physician, Dr. Rosnik, his vife und son.'"

No one in the whole room stirred.

"Fife veeks from now der East Side iss going to bulge out mit greeners. My galgulation iss dot dree hundred tousand uf your gind vill gome next year; vages vill go down twenty per cent., und rents vill go up fifty per cent. Samuel, don't you dinks you better shticks to your yob, hey?"

"Mr. Rosenfelt," Samuel said with a tremour in his voice, and unable to control his emotion, "stop talking about my job or your job or anybody's job, when Israel is being slain. You and all of us ought to be on the floor weeping and praying over the misfortunes of our people."

"I gots no objection to your fallink on der grount und veepink all you vants to. Honly remembers dot you began dalking hat 'alf past five o'clock, dot iss your time, remember; now you can veep till six, und ven you don't shtop veepink den, you can go to der zynagogue and makes room for new greeners vat 'avn't gots time to veep. Yoost my luck! I takes in

a lot uf starved greeners, und now dey vants to turn my shop into an 'ouse uf brayer! Yoost my luck!" and his tongue wagged excitedly. "Yoost my luck! Yoost my luck!"

XVII

THE PURSUING CHRIST

"WHAT next, Yankev?" Rivka asked of her devoted lover, who, in company with Samuel, had reached the foot of the stairs which led from Mr. Rosenfelt's sweatshop.

The street was thronged by the usual Saturday night crowd; a pushing, struggling mass which had poured out of the shops, and, little by little, would lose itself in the crowded tenement houses. The air was heavy from moisture. Large flakes of snow fluttered lazily down, and seemed to be met half way by the slush and ooze of the street upon which they fell, with no memory of their crystalline beauty and purity. The elevated railroad trains thundered along, while, beneath the tracks, the dark and the damp had mingled, and hung over the street like impenetrable fog over a dismal cave.

"What next? Another job, of course," Yankev replied.

"Not that kind for me," Rivka said. "Not that kind; I am done with your sweatshop, I am done being a slave. I want to taste some of that American freedom that you, my dear Samuel, said was loose upon the streets. Where is it?"

"Rivka, you must be patient, we have been here only six months, we haven't reached America yet, we are still in a suburb of the Pale. Wait until we reach America," Samuel replied. "At least our lives are safe here, while to-night, in Russia, God knows how many thousands of Jews are in danger of being killed."

"I'd just as soon be crushed by a club in the hands of a mob, Samuel, as to have my blood sucked out little by little by men like Rosenfelt. Anyway, if this isn't America, I am going to find it. I am going to plunge. Good-bye, Yankev, good-bye, Samuel." She turned into Second Avenue, and was almost swallowed by the crowd, while Yankev ran after her and tried to pull her back to the quieter street.

"You must not go, Rivka; you must go home with me; to-morrow I'll look for a job, and you can stay at home and be a lady."

"I must, Yankev? Who said I must? My dear, Zionistic, curly-headed sheep, ta ta, good-bye!"

"Rivka," and he caught her hand, while the passers-by looked curiously at the agitated couple; "you must not go; come, let's go home and to-morrow I'll find a job and you need not work at all. I'll earn enough for both of us."

"You, Yankev, earn enough for both of us? You would have starved already, if I hadn't earned money outside the sweatshop. Now, good-bye, go home and be my good sheep, and I'll bring you a

package of cigarettes. I must go and hustle. Good-bye, Samuel, take care of Yankev." The stream of humanity carried her along, and in a moment she was lost to sight, Yankev plunging after her in the effort to regain possession of her.

Samuel had not strength enough left to follow them; he was almost physically consumed by the work of the week, and too much overcome by the great disasters in Russia to realize quickly the possibilities of peril to Rivka. Just as he was about to turn towards his lodgings, his arm was clutched, and he saw Bill's radiant face.

"Mr. Samuel," he said, "I have five dollars in my pocket, five dollars; he gave me five dollars and they're burning in my pocket like fire. I haven't had five dollars since—I don't remember when, Mr. Samuel. Oh, Samuel! you're not like the others; you never made fun of me and you won't make fun of me now. Mr. Samuel, I am afraid."

"You're afraid? Not of being robbed, Bill?"

"No, no, not of being robbed, Samuel, but I—you'll understand me, Samuel. I smelt it as soon as I struck the street, liquor—liquor! I'm afraid I'll go into a saloon and drink. I promised last night never to drink another drop. Mr. Samuel," his voice grew mellow from tears, "take me to the Salvation Army on the Bowery, hold on to me and don't let me go till we get there. You'll do it, won't you? I knew you would. Take hold of me."

He gripped Samuel's hand as they walked along Houston Street, and when they came to the corner of Second Avenue, Bill's body shook. Every thirsty nerve seemed to tear him, as if to overpower him, and he pled with Samuel.

"Samuel, let me go! For Heaven's sake let me go and get just one drink, just one, and then I'll quit sure! I promise, I swear I'll not drink another drop! Why do you hold me? Let go, I say! Damn you, you sheeney, let me go!"

But Samuel held on to the struggling victim—almost dragging him along.

At length Bill recovered himself and said: "The captain told me to sing when I thought I couldn't resist temptation. I'll sing."

> "Hold the Fort for I am coming,
> Jesus signals back to Heaven,
> By Thy grace I will."

"Jesus is a wonderful Saviour, He is, Samuel! I know you're a Jew and you don't drink; so you don't know; you can't know, but He is, He is a wonderful Saviour," and he began to sing again:

> "What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Jesus,
> What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord."

When they came to the Bowery he quickened his pace and said: "Now let's walk fast, Samuel, and for goodness' sake, don't let me go. This is my hell—this street is. Every step I take here now, looks

like a step down—down—and I can't walk straight. Hold me, Samuel, for Heaven's sake hold me! There she is, Samuel, let me go! she is my friend, let me go and speak to her. I'll be back in a minute. You won't let me go? Oh!" and he gnashed his teeth. "You must let me have my liberty! I must go after her! See how she smiles at me!"

Samuel's clutch was firm. "Bill, she is a fiend and you know it! try to think of God, think of——" how hard it was to pronounce that name, "think of Jesus and He will help you. Sing, Bill, sing something."

"You're right, Samuel, God bless you! She's gone. God bless you, Samuel." He began to sing again:

"What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me pure within?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

The tears rolled down his cheeks as he sang. Samuel was bathed in perspiration from the effort he had made to keep his hold on Bill. It had been no easy task, in his state of physical exhaustion, and the slushy, slimy condition of the street, which made walking very difficult.

"Samuel, I am vile; you ought not to touch me; I am vile, I can't tell you how vile, but 'Jesus is able to save,' to save 'Even me, even me.' There, over there it is! thank God, Samuel! do

you see it there? A great big electric sign and the cross, three squares from here? Samuel, I am not worth it, I am not worth it, but save me! These three blocks are the very bottom, the very bottom of hell! I have committed every iniquity here that a man can commit, and this will be the fight of my life. Samuel, you're a Jew; you don't know, you can't know, how precious Jesus is to me! My father punished me and drove me out of the house, my own father, Samuel! but Jesus, He'll never leave me, nor forsake me, He said so. Hold on to me, hold both my hands! I am afraid. Mr. Samuel, do you want to save me? Then say it, don't be afraid to say it. Say it to me all the time: 'Jesus is able to save, Jesus is able to save.' You don't mind saying it, do you?"

They were underneath the elevated railway. It was dark overhead, and the drippings from the track fell upon them. On each side of them were glaringly-lighted saloons and cheap flaring theatres; the voices of the barkers penetrated the rattle and noises of the streets. Odours of beer and whiskey pervaded the heavy air and racked Bill's nerves; but through it all he walked docile as a lamb, for Samuel repeated again and again:

"Jesus is able to save,
Jesus is able to save."

"Two more blocks, Bill, and all will be well.

There, look at that cross all lighted for you! 'Jesus is able to save.' The next corner, Bill, and it's over—thank God, Bill,—here we are!"

Samuel did not intend to follow his eager companion, who almost leaped through the door which was opened by the doorkeeper, but he was chilled and weary, and the warmth which greeted him from within was seductive; so he entered. He found himself in a long room, lighted by flickering arc lamps; but all he was conscious of, at first, was the brightness of the light and the heaviness of the air.

When his eyes had grown accustomed to the light, he could see that the room was full of men and women, the men predominating. Nearly all of them bore signs of dissipation, while poverty was visible on their faces and in their shabby garments.

In front of him, at what seemed a great distance away, was an elevated platform on which men sat, uniformed like soldiers. Women were there also, and all were either beating tambourines and drums or were singing lustily, while some did both.

When Samuel and Bill entered the room, in spite of the fact that all present were in the midst of a song, the leader called out: "Glory, Hallelujah! here is brother Bill back again! kept by the grace of God!" and she began beating her tambourine and singing:

"What can make us white as snow?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

The soldiers and the entire audience immediately switched to her tune without evident embarrassment, no one seeming to notice the discords.

Everything was strange to Samuel. He had expected a religious meeting, from what Bill had disclosed regarding the nature of the Salvation Army. The unconventionality, the spirit of camaraderie, the plain language used, the weird music—all repelled him at first. Not until from all over the room came testimonies from the lips of men and women who spoke of the saving power of Christ over their lives, did he realize the significance of the place, and the great importance of this form of religious service.

A woman rose and told that she had been a cocaine fiend; another one had been drawn from the lowest level of a life of shame, to realize the magnitude of her sin and the grandeur of her nature; burglars, gamblers, and drunkards testified to the change which had come into their lives—and then that which seemed to Samuel the greatest wonder of all took place.

A young woman, a member of the Army, began to speak; her language was crude, the language of the street; but spoken in the accents of heaven. The burden of her speech was, "Come to Jesus, He is able to save." She called it out a hundred times: "Come, poor sinners, Jesus loves you, come and be saved!" And from all parts of the room men and women came to her; she bade them kneel, and

all of them knelt as if impelled by a command. Then she prayed, and her prayer seemed to open to them the very windows of heaven. They groaned, as if oppressed by some burden; but after a time one and then another rose, their faces aglow from joy, testifying that they had found forgiveness for their sins, and that they were determined to lead a new life.

Some spiritual magic seemed to be woven around Samuel. He felt the old hunger for God, he yearned to be able to pray. The spiritual exaltation in which he had so long lived, and from which he had been cast so suddenly, lured him again, and he looked enviously at the woman, so passionate in her prayer. The long-quenched desire to save, awoke in him, and he felt that he must rise and speak; must ask men to come with him into the presence of the Divine. He knew that he could not long resist the impelling force, which seemed to grow greater and greater.

When the woman at last rose from her knees, with her face transfigured by spiritual passion, she went from seat to seat, speaking a word of admonition or encouragement to each man and woman. Samuel dreaded to have her come to him, for he felt that she represented his other life, the broken life, the life crushed out of him by the foes of his race—and now he must live for his own people, for his own faith.

Nearer and nearer she came, and the more he struggled to free himself from the power of her presence, the more he felt it. At last she stood before him, and looking straight into his face, with the boldness which the saving passion gave her, she asked: "My brother, do you love Jesus?"

He looked into her face, afraid, as a child might be afraid when the teacher asks a question hard to answer—then he said: "Yes."

Hardly had the word escaped his lips when he felt that it was treason which he had spoken—a lie—that he must take the word back and leave the place. Something seemed to grip his heart, his breathing became heavy, the air grew dark, and with one supreme effort he rose, rushed to the door, and then out into the slush, the damp and the dark.

He was not conscious of the crowd and the noises; he simply felt that he must run as fast as he could, away from this pursuing influence. He shook himself, muttered strange words, and recalled incidents of long ago to blot out that "yes," which had escaped his lips. He did not, he could not love this Christ, this pursuing Christ, who had lured him away from home and friends and who had plunged his peaceful life into a remorseless struggle.

Often he would stop and cry out: "Leave me alone! Leave me alone!" and those who heard, looked suspiciously at him, thinking him drunk or

insane. When he reached the Ghetto, he breathed more easily and slackened his pace. At last, hungry, and worn in body and spirit, he climbed the five flights of stairs which led to his lodgings.

XVIII

HIS NAME WAS LOVE

"IS that you, Samuel?" Malke, the eight-year-old daughter of the barber of Kottowin, called through the darkness, as Samuel came stumbling into the kitchen, breathless from the haste with which he had tried to escape his experience of the evening.

"Yes, little one; but why are you not asleep?" he asked, in a voice which betrayed his weariness and inner tumult, rather than his anxiety over Malke's sleeplessness; for she was awake at all hours of the night. Day and night were alike full of pain and darkness to her.

"I couldn't go to sleep, Samuel; but what is the matter? Your voice trembles, as if something had happened to you. Have you found out anything about your father?"

"No, dearie, I haven't; but we had some trouble in the shop and we have had bad news from Russia. Think of it, Malke, they have killed hundreds and thousands of people in Russia. and in Kottowin, too. Everybody there was killed except Dr. Rosnik and his family - that's what the paper says. You remember the doctor, don't you, dear?"

"Indeed, I do. He was so funny and rough, but awfully good. I wish he was my doctor instead of Dr. Mandelstein. I hate him, I just hate him! He calls me his little monkey. You know, Samuel, he has a monkey in his house; my, but that's a fine house! He has five rooms, and a cook and a piano. I wish I had a piano. It's so lonesome here all day. If I had a piano, this is the way I would play." Her fingers moved along the edge of the kitchen stove, close to which her bed stood. "My! I wish I could play like Rivka! She took me with her last Sunday to Mr. Rosenfelt's house and she played for me, after she gave Rosalie her lesson. My, but she played! My heart just jumped, and I had to cry, and Rivka cried too. I could feel the tears on her cheeks. Mr. Rosenfelt was so funny. He said to Rivka: 'Har you goink to heat up mine piano? You'll break him all to pieces. You vas not vorkink on a sewink machine.' Then Rivka gave such a bang on the piano that Mr. Rosenfelt jumped up and down as if he was crazy." Malke laughed as she recalled Mr. Rosenfelt.

Samuel sighed deeply, for his thoughts were elsewhere. The little girl's fingers moved over his face, and she said: "Dear Samuel, I didn't mean to laugh when you are sad. Tell me, what makes you so unhappy?"

"I have told you already," he replied.

"Is it that the Jews are being killed? I didn't

know; but, Samuel, papa said that that always has been so, and always will be so. He says that we are cursed by God. Is that true?"

Samuel did not answer, and she continued: "Samuel, are we cursed? Tell me! It must be so; for I hadn't done anything to anybody when they struck me over the head, had I, Samuel? It must be that God wanted it that way."

"No, Malke," and he spoke in a voice harsh and tense. "It isn't true. God had nothing to do with it. Oh! Malke dear, don't bother me to-night. I am just full of pain. Go to sleep, dearest!"

He paced the small kitchen which also served as bedroom for Malke, Yankev, and himself. Malke was quiet as long as he walked. He stopped beside her bed and looked down upon the poor, pale child, whose eyes were bandaged, and who was growing blind at the age of eight years. The mob had beaten her innocent head; therefore, the beautiful world must be shut from her before she had quite caught a glimpse of it. Samuel thought of the thousands and thousands of sufferers, the homeless, beaten wanderers who were leaving Poland and Russia, and he felt all their pain and agony, just as he felt the child's pain and suffering.

"God! God!" he whispered, and the words came from his lips passionately, "God? There is no God!" Then came to him those same monitions which he had so often felt, the same visitant which

had knocked at his child heart, seemed knocking still, and the same exalted yearnings filled his soul. He could not shake himself loose from the thought that there *was* a God, and that He was then in the room. He felt a pressure and a presence, from which he could not free himself.

Malke spoke again. "Samuel, my head aches, and I feel as if they were pulling my eyes out. Won't you take me on your lap and stroke my head?"

He lifted the child out of her bed. Her long, angular body was pitiably thin. The nose and mouth, the only features visible under the bandage, looked delicate, sensitive, and as if used to pain.

She snuggled close to Samuel when he sat down, and after freeing himself from her eager embrace he began to stroke her head. "Samuel, dear, your fingers feel to my head as if I was eating ice cream. It is so hot inside my head! just stroke it; my, how good it feels! Tell me a story, Samuel."

"Not to-night, little one, you must go to sleep."

"Please do; if you will tell me a story, then I will tell you something," she said coaxingly.

"Not to-night, Malke, it's late, and if papa should hear us he would scold."

Malke laughed. "Only listen," she said, and her father's rhythmic snore was just then interrupted by one of peculiar violence which made both of them laugh.

"It sounded as if he had caught something with

his mouth, didn't it?" she said. "Please tell me a story, just a little story, and then I'll go to sleep."

"Now you go into your bed," and Samuel lifted her back, covered her and tucked her in—"Now, go to sleep."

"Just one story, Samuel," she pleaded. "Tell me just one story and don't take your hand away from my head, it feels so good. It's so dark and lonesome in myself, tell me a story"—and she clung to him until he moved his chair beside her bed, put his hand upon her head, and said: "All right, sweetheart, I'll tell you a story.

"Long, long ago there was a man who came into a country where there were many sick people. Some of them couldn't walk, some of them couldn't hear, and some of them couldn't see."

"Samuel, which is worse? not to hear or not to see?" she interrupted him.

"Malke, you must be still and go to sleep. It hurt the man very much to see the people suffer."

"Didn't they have any doctors?" Malke interrupted again.

"Yes, dear, they did, but they couldn't help everybody; and besides, these people were very poor and couldn't pay them."

"Like poor papa," Malke spoke again. "He told me it costs an awful lot of money. Samuel, tell me again. Did He really make the blind see?" and

she sat up straight in her bed and her hand caught his. "Is that truly true, Samuel, dear?"

"Yes, Malke, it is written in a book which I have read ever so many times. It tells of one man who was born blind, and he stood by the wayside, and when this man came by, he cried out: 'Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.'"

"Was He a Jew?" she interrupted.

"Yes, dear, and some of His disciples told the blind man that he should not make such a noise; but he called out again: 'Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' Then this good man asked him what he wanted, and he said: 'That I might receive my sight,' and He touched the man's eyes and he could see."

Again Malke clutched his hand, and repeated: "He could see! Oh! Samuel, if I had lived at that time I would have waited a whole year for Him. Samuel, Dr. Mandelstein told papa to-day, I heard him say it: 'It's no use, she is blind.' Oh, it's terrible!" and she began to cry.

"Don't cry, sweetheart," and he stroked her head soothingly, "don't cry!" He tried to speak to her; but what he wished to say was locked in his heart—so deep that he could not say it. As he looked at the poor helpless child again, he said: "Don't cry, dearie; we will send for Dr. Rosnik and he will make you see."

The child held both his hands, gripping them

nervously as she asked: "Samuel, didn't that man tell anybody how He healed the blind people?"

"Yes, Malke, He did. He told all His disciples to go out and do the same thing; but they have forgotten now, it's so long ago. Instead, they have been making those who have eyes blind, just as they made you. They have been making the well sick, they have made prisoners of the free. You don't understand, Malke; but they have forgotten. Now go to sleep, little one."

"Samuel," the child said, as he once more tucked her in between the scant and flimsy quilts, "what was that man's name?"

"Go to sleep, Malke," he tried to evade her question.

"Tell me, Samuel, and then I will go to sleep."

He sat down beside her, and, stroking her forehead, he whispered in her ear: "His name was Love."

"That's a beautiful name," she replied.

"Yes, dearie, it is beautiful. Love, just Love, that was His name. Now go to sleep, my little one."

"His name was Love—a beautiful name"—she whispered softly, half-asleep. "His name was Love, Love, just Love."

"Yes, dear," Samuel said. "He made the lame walk, the deaf hear, and the blind see; His name was Love—go to sleep—sleep—sweet sleep. His

name, dear, was Love—just Love—Love." As he stroked her head, his hot tears fell upon her face; but she did not move, she was sound asleep.

XIX

RIVKA DISCOVERS AMERICA

WITHOUT undressing, Samuel flung himself upon the plush couch which served as his bed, and waited for the sleep which came but slowly. His overwrought brain was busy, and the events of the day passed through it in swift and wearying succession. The barber's snoring did not tend to soothe his nerves; but, little by little, his senses seemed to be slipping from him, and he felt himself being borne away upon the tranquil wings of sleep. Then he heard some one feel for the key-hole of the kitchen door, which was quietly opened, and Rivka entered. By the light of the little flickering night-lamp, she seemed to him beautiful; her face was radiant, and her gown, of some brilliant colour, glistened as it swept the kitchen floor. She went at once to Malke's bed and looked at her; then as she turned and saw Samuel's eyes following her, she walked over to him and sat down on the edge of the couch.

He opened his eyes wide now and noticed again how handsome she looked. A new fire shone in her black eyes, the gleam of battle which always lurked in them was gone, and, instead, he saw a light there

which was tender and mellow, yet exultant. He had never noticed before that her cheeks were red, yet they certainly were now; while her complexion was unnaturally fair. The dress she wore was gaudily trimmed, and its colour was garish, as he saw it more closely.

"Rivka," he said, as he took her outstretched hand, "I must be dreaming, you look like a princess,—what has happened to you? Has your wardrobe come from Russia?" he added with a smile.

Her voice had a strange quaver in it as she replied: "No, Samuel, my wardrobe is still in Russia, but I have been in America, and it is wonderful, beautiful, and full of friends, full of friends, Samuel. You were right, old boy, it's full of friends." She laughed, and even her laugh sounded unnatural.

"Tell me where you have been, Rivka!" he demanded somewhat harshly.

"I told you, you stupid boy. I was in America, right in it. I have found it. Mirrors, waxed floors, beautiful women, and men—oh! the men, Samuel, the men! They made me play for them. I played Liszt's 'Rhapsodie Hungroise,' and then they called for rag-time, and I gave them American rag-time in Russian style, and they liked it and asked for more. One of them said that the way I played rag-time reminded him of apple pie with caviare. Isn't that funny? And, Samuel, there was champagne! piff, paff, puff! How the corks flew! My head is just

going round and round. Samuel, my fortune is made! See these clothes, they are mine, and I am to come to-morrow night and every night and play for them in apple pie and caviare style. Isn't that great? No more cloaks for me, no more Mr. Rosenfelt, no more music lessons for his Rosalie! —'Yoost my luck!'" and she wagged her tongue between her lips, imitating her former "Boss." "Why don't you congratulate me, Samuel? Why do you stare at me that way?"

He had lifted his head from the couch and looked at her intently. His own face had flushed, and he felt as if he were shaken by a fever. "Rivka," he said, horror almost freezing the words upon his lips; "go to bed; I can't stand anything more to-night. Go to bed, this is terrible!"

"What is terrible?" she said rising from the couch.

"Nothing, Rivka. Go to bed, and to-morrow I'll talk to you."

"I want to know what you think is terrible. That I have left the sweatshop, and the sewing machine, and Mr. Rosenfelt, and that I have given up my chance of earning four dollars and fifty cents a week? That's what I got from our friend, Mr. Rosenfelt. What is terrible? tell me," and she gripped his arm and held him down to the couch. "Tell me, Samuel, what you are thinking."

"That can't matter to you," he said.

"It can't matter? It matters everything—what you think about me, Samuel, everything." The light which had glowed in her eyes died out and the gleam of battle appeared.

"I have been thinking of Yankev, Rivka, what he will say," Samuel replied, trying to delay the disclosure of his own thoughts.

"Listen, Samuel. It does not matter one bit to me what Yankev will think; but it matters everything to me what you believe."

"Why what I believe, Rivka?"

"Because, Samuel, what you believe of me I shall be. Oh! Samuel!" and her voice grew tender as he had never heard it before. "What you think of me, I shall be"—she was going to say something more; but quickly changed her words, if not her thought. "Listen to me, Samuel. You are the only man I know who has made me feel that I wanted to do just what he wished me to do. You have held me here six months in this place, worse than a prison, when I wanted to go out and beat down the prison walls of all these poor slaves that I know. You have told me to be patient, and I have been patient till to-night, when Rosenfelt doled out to us our pitiable wage. Then I rebelled, and I went out to see for myself. I wanted to taste the American life, and, Samuel, I have tasted it. It's still like fire in my veins. I like it, I love it, it was wonderful! To play once more as I used to, to play myself

out, to give vent to the stored-up fire in my heart, and burn away for a night my prison bars!

"Now tell me, Samuel, what you think. I want to know just what is this minute in your mind; tell me!" She threw herself down beside him and took his hands in hers. They did not know that the door had opened and that Yankev stood behind them almost petrified by the sight before him.

"I am intruding, am I?" he said sarcastically. Then measuring with his blazing gray eyes the gorgeous gown that Rivka wore, and looking into her face, the rouge upon it now streaked by tears, he asked: "Were you rehearsing for a Purim play?"

Rivka had risen and confronted him in silence; but her face had hardened, her mouth was firmly set, and she met his contemptuous glance undisturbed.

"You look like Queen Esther," he said, pausing long enough between words to make his insinuation plain.

"You look like a fool!" she replied without hesitation.

"Where did you get those clothes?"

"That's none of your business," she replied.

"It is my business, Rivka," and his voice rose to an alarming pitch.

"Then, if it is your business, I will tell you. I got this dress from Mr. Moskowsky, the proprietor of the Alhambra Café."

Yankev laughed loudly and derisively. "The Al-

hambra? I suppose you were the Moorish princess in the harem. I know now what you are."

"It does not matter to me what you think I am—not one bit," Rivka replied coolly.

"It does not matter what I think, who have sacrificed myself for you? I, who have given my life for you? It does not matter to me that you have gone to the Alhambra and wear Moskowsky's trademark on your back?"

"What do you mean?" she said coming close to him.

"What do I mean? I mean that you are a bad woman, bad, bad! that you are as the dust under my feet, that this is no place for you, this home where there are innocent girls sleeping, that you are polluting the air. Leave the house, leave it, I say!"

Malke moved uneasily in her sleep. Yankev caught Rivka's arm and began to push her towards the door.

"Where am I to go, Yankev? Tell me, where am I to go?" she said facing him.

"Go on the street where you came from. Go, I say, or I shall wake the whole house. I shall call the police. Go, I say—on the street!"

"Very well," she said, "if you say so I shall go on the street," and she passed out of the door, with a tender look towards Malke, who had wakened and did not understand what the noise meant. Yankev, in his blind rage, threw himself upon the floor; but

Samuel followed Rivka through the door which she had left open.

When he reached the street, he caught a glimpse of her as she disappeared in the throng which still filled the Bowery ; he followed her quickly, although with little hope of overtaking her. His steps led him towards Fourteenth Street, which was brilliantly illuminated, and thronged by people just coming from the theatres. He passed crowds of well-dressed and seemingly happy men and women. At the intersection of Broadway, carriages, automobiles, and vehicles of all sorts crowded each other ; while the street cars swerved with amazing swiftness around the corners which led from Broadway to Union Square.

He had seen Broadway full of shoppers and workers in eager haste ; but this leisurely, happy throng was new to him, and a sense of real wonder filled him as for a moment he faced the giddy stream, then was caught by it and carried along in its alluring current.

The music which came floating through the curtained windows of the magnificent restaurants, the swift beat of horses' hoofs upon the asphalt pavement, the opening and shutting of carriage doors, the throb and beat of automobiles, accompanied by the sudden blast of their horns, the laughter of the gay crowd, the dancing and gliding letters of flame which caught his vision with new surprise every moment,

drew him along fascinated. He forgot the weariness of his body and the import of his quest.

Little by little his eyes grew accustomed to the sights and sounds, and he began to feel himself related to the crowd and part of it, this solid stream of life; gay, happy, and thoughtless.

He wandered as far as Forty-second Street and then back again, carried along as by a flood. Gradually he became conscious of the units which composed this mass.

Men and women walked together, most of them young or trying to appear young, and seeing in each other's eyes more light and life than the street revealed to them. Men in groups or sauntering on alone, and women alone, attracted his attention, especially the women. They had smiles for everybody. They did not speak a word to him or to any man, and yet he understood, immediately. One after the other they passed him, as weary as he, yet moving along gaily. Heavy-hearted, no doubt, yet smiling at every man, whether he smiled back or not. They came and went, casting their spell around him, and he felt himself borne along, his brain benumbed, his soul dumb from the longing for love. Nothing seemed to matter. Rivka, Malke, the terror in Russia, even his father—all faded, and he was conscious of nothing but his desire for love. Suddenly one woman, bolder than the others, came close to him, leering up into his face. Her glance stung him like the bite of an

adder—and the spell cast over him was broken. His benumbed brain woke to action. Again he felt his physical weariness, and the wings of forgetfulness which had carried him, were broken.

Just where Twenty-third Street crosses Broadway, he leaned wearily against a huge building and looked towards the mass of humanity still pouring itself through that great chasm with its glowing lights. They came and went, the men and the women; the men who walked alone, who were lured and who were luring; and then the women—the women, who walked the street alone.

There at the edge of the crowd stood one of them, not knowing whether to cast herself into it or not. She stood upon the curbing, then she moved towards the crossing, and, passing over it, was full in the glare of the electric light. "Rivka, Rivka!" Samuel called; for he recognized her at once. The clang of the street-cars and the other noises drowned his words. His tired limbs responded to the effort he made, as he pushed through the gay throng to the curb which she had now reached. "Rivka! Rivka!" he called again, and again she did not hear; but, looking up, saw him running towards her with hands outstretched as if to keep her from advancing. She stepped backwards, just one step over the curbing. At the same instant, an automobile whizzed past with a rush, which sounded to her like the roar of thunder; then came a flash of light,

filling her eyes, penetrating her brain, and seeming to set it on fire. Then it grew silent and dark, and although Samuel cried: "Rivka! Oh, Rivka!" although the crowd surged around them both, and although the gong of the ambulance came nearer and nearer, all remained dark and silent for Rivka, who lay bruised and bleeding in Samuel's arms.

XX

INCENSE AND CHLOROFORM

OVER the white cots which lined the women's ward of the hospital hovered the light of early dawn, revealing in ghastly distinctness the wreckage wrought upon humanity by those ills to which "the flesh is heir." White-capped Sisters of Charity glided to and fro, sanctifying and glorifying by their self-forgetful ministry the menial tasks which they performed.

The room seemed silent; yet it was full of suppressed groans and heavy sighs, which the patient nurses tried to soothe into quiet. The noises of the city came muffled through the windows, partially closed to the dampness of the night; but when the sunlight mingled with the dawn they were opened, and the spring air came floating in buoyantly, joyfully almost, eager to drive out the "winter of discontent," which had been so firmly established in many a heart, dead to courage and hope.

A strange new odour permeated the atmosphere, heavy from ether and iodoform—an odour which was a perfume, and which grew richer and stronger each moment. When the shielding screens were withdrawn from the cots, the sufferers saw banks of graceful and spotlessly white lilies arranged in the form

of a huge cross at one side of the room. Among these were pots of delicately tinted, pink azaleas and roses, exquisite in their colours of love and life.

Sister Beatrice was busy with the tasks of the morning at the bedside of her patient, Rivka, who lay there, haggard and worn, her large eyes shining from out her emaciated face, and following the movements of the Sister with a searching glance.

"Good-morning," said the kindly nurse, when she noticed that Rivka was awake.

"Good-morning," murmured Rivka, who found it no easy task to summon her senses from the entanglement into which they had fallen through the delirium which followed her accident—and also through the frequent use of opiates, made necessary by her acute suffering.

The nurse took her temperature, administered medicine, smoothed the linen of her bed, and then brought to the little table which stood by it a tall lily with half-a-dozen flowers in full bloom. Rivka's eyes rested intently upon the flowers, and she asked: "Why is this?"

"It's Easter," the Sister answered. "Don't you know? Easter. Christus voskresheni," (Christ is risen) she said in Russian.

"You are a Russian, Sister?"

"No, I am a Pole," the Sister replied.

"Then we are enemies!" said Rivka with a bitter smile.

"Why?" asked the nurse.

"You are a Pole and I am a Russian—enemies. You are a Christian, I am a Jewess—enemies—we are all enemies."

"No, my dear child," Sister Beatrice said tenderly, "we are friends; He made us friends."

"Who made us friends?" Rivka asked.

"Jesus made us friends."

A cynical smile moved over Rivka's face, and she muttered: "Enemies, He made us enemies, we are all enemies."

"No, dear child," the Sister said again, tenderly, "we are all friends. This is our Father's house—no one will harm you here. You are a Russian Jewess and I am a Polish Catholic; but I am your friend and your servant for His sake,"—and she pointed to the crucifix which hung from her girdle. "Now be courageous and hopeful; because this is the day ——"

"The day," Rivka interrupted, and her pale face flushed for a moment, "the day in which I am to die?"

"No, we hope you are to live, the doctor will make you live. A doctor of your own faith, brought to you by your friend who has been here every day." A knowing smile flitted over the unworldly face of the Sister.

Rivka's wan face lighted. "Has he really come? How happy Samuel must be," she said to herself.

The bells of the hospital-chapel rang out clearly, and from below came floating through the vast room the solemn but joyous strains of the morning Mass. Through the silent corridor, Samuel came with his long-looked for friend, Dr. Rosnik. Yankev was with them. He had haunted the hospital the four weeks during which Rivka had hovered between life and death, awaiting the day when an operation would shift the weight of the balances one way or the other. Dr. Rosnik, who had come to America as the others had come, driven by the tempest of hate, was to assist the hospital physicians, adding his skill and experience to theirs.

"Smell that! Smell that!" Dr. Rosnik said in his old-time cynical way, "incense and chloroform! With incense the Church has amputated the heads of humanity, and with chloroform she amputates its legs. She saves the belly."

"Is that worth saving?" Samuel asked.

"Yes, Samuel, it is, if they would keep it filled. I tell you, Samuel, an empty stomach is worse than none. I know something about it now. I would have given I don't know what, if I could have had a good piece of stewed meat and some soup on board ship. Samuel, when our forefathers went out of Egypt, the first thing they missed was the fleshpots —the leeks and the garlics. We Jews have an historic appetite. Now they want to go back to Zion because—Yankev, shall I tell you why? Because

they think it is 'flowing with milk and honey,'—tra la la la—milk and honey? Fiddlesticks! Yankev, when you go back to Zion you'd better take over a can of condensed milk and a loaf of sugar, or else you'll drink your tea without them. Tra la la la! A nice job you have kept for me, Samuel, a Jewish sweatshop girl, poor as a mouse. Whose sweetheart is she anyway?" and he looked teasingly at Yankev. "I tell you what, boys, you don't need to quarrel about who is going to get her. From what I've seen of her and from what I know must be done to her, you may each have a part. Now one of you go upstairs and tell the Sister that I am ready. I'll be over in the operating-room with the other doctors. Tra la la la," and he left them at the foot of the stairs.

Both the men went up to the women's ward, both passed the cross of lilies which flanked the white-sheeted cots, and both stood by Rivka's bed—one at one side and one at the other. They looked at her drawn face, so full of pain and suffering, and tears filled their eyes. Yankev, unable to control his emotion, sobbed aloud. Rivka heard him, and, opening her eyes, said: "I am going on the street, Yankev—as you told me to. It is a muddy street; the mud is very deep, and I am sinking in it. Good-bye, Yankev—it is a muddy street, the mud is very deep—the lights are like little dancing glowworms and I don't know which way to go—go home,

Yankev, to your clean, respectable home on Rivington Street; while I go on the muddy street."

"Rivka," Yankev cried and grasped her hands, "forgive me, forgive me! Don't send me away! I want to stay here, I want to be with you. Forgive me! I was mad from jealousy and I didn't know what I was saying. Rivka, I have suffered, oh, how I have suffered!" and groaning he fell upon his knees by the cot.

Sister Beatrice, who had heard Yankev's outcry, came protectingly between her patient and the excited man.

Rivka's eyes turned towards Samuel, who, seated by her side, was looking intently into her face, as if trying to penetrate the depths of her suffering, that he might heal her.

"Samuel," she said, her hand seeking his, "I was on the muddy street."

"Yes, Rivka, I know you were, and so was I."

"Samuel, I fell in the mud and the slush, and was bruised."

"Yes, Rivka, you fell in the mud; but you were not soiled."

"You believe that I was not soiled, Samuel?" A bright and grateful smile lighted her face.

"Yes, Rivka, I believe it, I know it. I know, too, how slippery it is, for I also nearly fell; but oh! Rivka, you are hurt, and it is my fault!"

"Yes, Samuel, it is your fault that I am hurt, but

it is also your fault that I was not soiled by the mud. Samuel," and her hands pressed his, "Samuel, I am going to die; but it is better to die here than in the mud. Oh! there is just one place where I'd rather die than on this white bed, just one place, and that is St. Petersburg, on the banks of the Neva. There, where the soil is red from the blood of the patriots, there I should love to die. Have you any news from Russia, Samuel?"

"Yes, Rivka, Kulchovsky is dead."

The blood mounted to her face, joy flushed her cheeks as she cried: "Killed by Sasha Federovna?"

"Yes."

"I knew she would do it! I knew she would do it! She will die on the banks of the Neva! Oh, what a glorious death! Yankev," and she turned to her sorrowing lover, "go home. Good-bye, Yankev, I thank you for your love and your sacrifice, but go. I must go on the street."

She sank back, her face as white as the pillow upon which it rested. "I must go on the muddy street. Go, Yankev." Yankev still knelt by her cot, clutching the iron rail with both hands as if to resist forcible removal.

Sister Beatrice came and whispered to Rivka.

"Yes, Sister, yes, Sister, tell them to go, make me ready; we are not enemies, we are friends. Yes, make me ready. Samuel, I am to be made ready for death. I wanted to die—for Russia—now I want to

live. Oh! it's cruel, fearfully cruel! the pain! the agony! the death! It all looks so dark, so terrible!"

"No, Rivka," Samuel said, "it is not terrible, it is beautiful. I have been near it, as near as one can be and yet live. Rivka, it is not terrible, it is sublime."

"Is it a land of friends, Samuel? Like Rosenfelt and the Bowery and Broadway? Samuel, is it a land of friends? Yes, I know, Samuel. I was only at the edge of it, just at the edge of it. One night, Samuel, I was in America and it was terrible as death, ah —ah—ah—terrible as death," she groaned aloud. "Ah! terrible as death! When you found me, Samuel, it was more awful than death."

Noiselessly a chair was wheeled to the cot, and, when Rivka saw it, she said in a startled voice, "Look, Samuel, the ship which is to carry me to the land of friends. Oh! Samuel, I am afraid. Hold me, hold me in your arms, Samuel, you are good. Oh! I wanted to be good, but I hadn't time to think about it. I have been getting ready for death these ten years, and never thought about being good. I was so busy, there was so much to do. The people were so ignorant, so poor—so ignorant, so poor," she repeated. "Oh! Samuel, you make me feel that I want to be good. Hold me, hold me tight, keep death away! Tell me, how do you know that death isn't terrible? Tell me, Samuel!" Her eyes were fixed on him pleadingly.

"Rivka, I'll tell you. There was once a man who was always busy, as busy as you were—helping the people who were ignorant and poor and sick. The rulers condemned Him and crucified Him, and then they buried Him; but He rose from the grave."

From the chapel below came the vibrant notes of the organ and the sweet voices of the choir. *Christus Resurrector—Christus* ——

"Oh, pshaw!" said Rivka. "An old woman's tale." She sank back upon her pillow. "Some more 'land of friends.' Now go, both of you! I am ready, sister. Good-bye, Yankev, good-bye, my Zionistic sheep."

Yankev rose, crying: "Rivka, forgive me, forgive me!"

"Nothing to forgive, Yankev. Remember me when you drink the milk and suck the honey of Zion. A prosperous journey to you. Good-bye, Samuel," and her hands went out to him. "I am going to the land of friends."

"Rivka, you are not going to die. Dr. Rosnik will make you well."

"Samuel, do you remember when we came into New York harbour?"

"Yes, Rivka, how beautiful it was!"

"For you, but not for me. I knew better. 'The land of friends,' ha, ha! Mr. Rosenfelt. 'Yoost my luck!' 'Yoost my luck!' Now you must both go—good-bye."

Yankev rushed down the stairs, in piteous desperation; while Samuel lingered in the corridor where the odours of incense and chloroform mingled. He was drawn by the incense, and following it to the chapel below, stood by the open door, looking longingly in at the officiating priest, who was elevating the Host. Like a flash, there came to him the vision of an Easter day in the long ago, when he had stood beside the open door of the chapel in Kunova, watching Father Antonius with longing eyes.

"*Hoc est enim corpus meim.*"

Unnoticed he stole into the chapel and fell upon his knees. The nuns had prostrated themselves in adoration before the uplifted Host; incense and chloroform mingled in the air, soothing Samuel's overtaxed nerves. He sank into a wearied stupor, and when he awoke, the notes of the organ were echoing in his ears, and the Sisters were silently passing from their mountain-top of vision to their tasks in the valley of suffering. Then came the priest. Samuel started; was he dreaming? Could it be possible that he was really back in Kunova, and was this the long ecstasy of childhood? Was the pain which he felt only a reaction? This priest, in the garb of a Dominican monk, bowed by the heaviness of years, his face still radiant and sweet, was like that priest of long ago, who had opened the gates of heaven or unbarred the depths of hell—Samuel knew not which.

He could think nothing more; for scarcely had he cried: "Father Antonius!" than they were clasped in one another's arms and were looking into each other's tear-dimmed eyes.

XXI

MORE "MACKES"

"OY! Oy! Oy! What a place, what a place!" an old man groaned as he turned from the avenue into one of the most crowded streets of the Ghetto. "Mine enemies should have to find a number in a street as long as the whole district of Kottowin!" Wearily he turned to the right and to the left, crossing and recrossing the street, searching every doorway for its number; while he slowly moved from block to block. The burden of years was heavy upon him, he was bent nearly double, his large head shook as from palsy and he lifted his feet wearily, groaning at every step.

His presence in the street excited no comment and his groans elicited no sympathy; for that locality was full of his kind. These aged ones were like uprooted oaks transplanted to an uncongenial climate, and fast losing their remaining vigour in the strange soil of this new continent.

At last the old man, after having searched six long blocks for it, found the number: 617. He entered the dark hall and began climbing the stairs to the topmost storey, groaning continually, and often stopping to draw his scant measure of breath.

It was Sunday morning, two weeks after Easter, and the dwellers in the tenements had not yet stirred. This Christian Sunday was to them the Sabbath—their own seventh day being nearly blotted out of the calendar of these East-side Jews as well as from that of all Jewry in America.

"Reb Abraham! That can't be you! Well, well, well! Glad to see you! Nu, nu! Did you ever!"

The barber called out one ejaculation after the other, as he opened the door in answer to the old man's knock.

"Sit down, Reb Abraham, sit down! Nu, how glad I am to see you! Put down that bag. Tell me how are you, and where have you been?"

"Oy, oy! Mine enemies should get along the way I did! Ts, ts! An old man like me, such an old man as I am they send to Chicago! When I came there they put me to work in a sweat-shop—could you believe it? In a sweat-shop! I could no more run a sewing-machine than I could run a locomotive! Oy, oy! I didn't see a page of the Talmud all the time I was in Chicago! A trepha (unclean) trepha town! They kill more swine there in a day than they have killed in Kottowin from the time of the great Cholera until now."

While he spoke, his eyes were nervously searching for something, and he listened intently to the sounds of deep breathing which came from an adjoining room. He only half heard, when the barber said:

"Reb Abraham, in this country the Talmud has as much chance as a tallow candle. Who wants tallow candles when you need only to touch a button and you have more light than ever shone out of all the tallow candles in creation? Your Talmud is a back number, a tallow candle."

"You were always a heathen," replied the old man. "What have your books and your novels done? They weaned my son from his faith, they corrupted our whole community, and you are here like the rest of the Jews, making clothes. What comfort do you get out of your poetry and your philosophy?"

"Reb Abraham," replied the barber; "if you weren't such an old man I would say what I said to you a great many years ago. You are an old fogy! Forgive me, will you? It wasn't my novels or my poetry that drove your son from you. It was your musty old Talmud. That son of yours is the finest boy who ever grew up in Kottowin, and he might now be a light in Israel if you hadn't crammed his head so full of dead, dull stuff and nonsense, that his brain rebelled against it, just as the stomach rebels if you feed it on rubbish! As for my poetry, Reb Abraham, I wouldn't sell you what I have in my heart for all the money of the Rothschilds. Reb Abraham, when I sit by my sewing-machine and it goes whirr! whirr! It sounds to me like music—sweet music! Do you hear those elevated trains—bang, bang, bang? I don't hear the bang—to me

it's music, while to you it is only noise. Listen, Reb Abraham, what my machine told me yesterday afternoon. Now, listen! This is not trepha poetry, it's kosher.

"'You are mine, oh! servant of flesh and bone,
Though I am but wood and steel;
I own you my servant of mind and soul,
Though I am but a rod and a wheel.'

Then, Reb Abraham, while I was stitching away, I talked to my machine, and I said:

"'You own me? Oh! master of wood and steel?
You may own my flesh and my bone,
You own not my feelings, you own not my heart,
For master *I* am and servant *thou* art.'

Reb Abraham, America without poetry is like hell without a visit from Dante. You don't know who Dante was, do you, Reb Abraham? So much the worse for you!"

"Oy, oy!" The old man groaned. "America! I wish I had never seen America! Here every Jew is an apostate, every child turns against its father's faith; they grow up like the heathen! I asked a boy in Chicago where I boarded, what we do on the Day of Atonement, and he said: 'We eat unleavened bread!' Don't laugh, man, don't laugh! The Day of Atonement—I have had a long day of it! Since my sainted wife died till now it has been one long Day of Atonement!" Sighing deeply, he looked longingly at the closed door on the other side

of the room, and asked hesitatingly—"Is he there—my apostate son?"

"No, Reb Abraham, he left here about ten minutes before you came. He went to the hospital to see a sick girl."

"A girl!" The old man cried; great anxiety in his voice. "Is she one of us?"

"Yes, indeed!" The barber replied. "She is a Russian girl."

"Thank God!" Abraham exclaimed, almost joyfully. "Then my son is not worshipping the images any more; thank God! Now tell me all about him."

"Yes, Reb Abraham; but you are tired and hungry. Lie down on the sofa first, and I'll bring you a cup of coffee. Then you'll see some more Kottowiners! There are several of them right here. Dr. Rosnik is getting up now. 'How are the mighty fallen!' Reb Abraham. To think that I should be boarding Dr. Rosnik! A man who lived in a palace. And his son, Sigismund—the Herr Von Sigismund! —He boards here too."

From the next room they could hear Dr. Rosnik's "Tra la la," while he noisily performed his ablutions. After a short time he appeared and cordially greeted his old acquaintance.

"It's good to see you, Reb Abraham! Nu, you have travelled far in your old days, and suffered much; but, Reb Abraham, you have one great

blessing left you in your son. Such a boy can't be found in all New York. He is like gold. My Sigismund, compared with your son, is like—what shall I say? Like unbuttered potatoes compared with Sabbath beans. Yes, he is a great boy. He is hungry to see you, Reb Abraham; he is eating his heart out to see you. When he comes, love him, love him! The boy is almost dying from the want of your love. Don't let a few drops of baptismal water keep you two apart."

"But, Dr. Rosnik," the old man asked anxiously, "does he look like a priest? Is his head shaved? Does he wear a cross?"

"Nonsense!" replied the doctor, sipping his coffee and smoking his cigarette. "Nonsense! Reb Abraham. He looks like Joseph the son of Jacob, when he was in prison in Egypt; just such a boy and just as kosher. Now, no more nonsense"—as the old man began to groan. "Let bygones be bygones. You have nobody in the world but this son. I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll surprise him. I am going to the hospital after dinner and you must come too. Sigismund will come also. You know Sigismund, don't you?"

Although the Ghetto did not observe the Sabbath from any religious motive, it imitated in external things the great Christian world across the Bowery. It brought out its fineries and its spring millinery,

which it flaunted on Houston Street, even as the more fashionable world displayed its purple and fine linen on Fifth Avenue, across the great financial chasm. Its streets and avenues were full of men and women, warming themselves in the mellow sunshine, and critically surveying each other's costumes. In this last respect the Ghetto could give Fifth Avenue valuable instruction; for it knew the wholesale price of the goods displayed, it knew the shoddy article from the genuine, and it had an eye keen enough to distinguish paste diamonds from real ones.

Reb Abraham, Dr. Rosnik and his son, Sigismund, walked on Avenue B, away from the squalor of the Ghetto, and uptown towards the hospital on Eleventh Street. Dr. Rosnik still bore marks of the old world in his dress, to which he clung somewhat tenaciously. His manner also was unchanged. He was smoking a cigarette, and every few minutes he would stop in his walk and rap nervously with his gold-headed cane against an iron railing, which led into some basement or cellar; while his tantalizing tra la la was in continual evidence. His son, now twenty-four years of age, was fresh from the University of Vienna, where he had gone to finish his medical education. He had failed in his examinations, and had returned to Kottowin just before the fatal pogrom, the brutalities of which had caused the death of his mother, and sent him and his father to America. He possessed none of his father's ruggedness, but he

had great suavity of manner. His dress, down to the yellow, broad-soled shoes, was already adjusted to the spring styles of New York. Life and its burdens rested lightly upon him, for he had early learned to cast them upon the broad shoulders of his father. He quickly penetrated into the mysteries of American life, knew where to buy imported Russian cigarettes, where the best vaudeville performances were given, and already preferred poker to clabrias, the game of the Vienna coffee-houses.

"Papa," Sigismund drawled sarcastically; he had inherited his father's talent for biting speech. "This is your Palestine that your eyes wanted to behold. Now behold."

"Sigismund," his father answered, imitating his drawl, "if you knew anything about the Bible you would know that you really are in Palestine. Even in Jerusalem there couldn't have been any more Jews together than there are in New York. And King Solomon and all his wives could not have been arrayed any more gorgeously than are Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Isaacson of Houston Street. I have seen more diamonds in the last five minutes than King Solomon saw in all his life. The Queen of Sheba would have turned up her nose at him, I am sure, if he had looked half as vulgar as Mr. Solomon Isaacson looks." Then the doctor beat his cane against a lamp-post, and, puffing at his cigarette, said: "Nu, Reb Abraham, where are your thoughts? With your

son? So I supposed. Nu, he is worth thinking about. He is a golden son, yes, a golden son—but he is working his fingers off. He will yet be something great. He isn't like my Sigismund, who cares only to play the gentleman and never wants to work." Sigismund removed his eyes for a moment from the young women on whom they had been fastened.

"Work, that's all they think about, these Americans! They want me to work too—me, a graduate of the Vienna University!"

"My son, you are a graduate of Vienna; but not of the University," his father interrupted him. "You know all that the city of Vienna could teach you; but of medicine you know only enough to keep yourself from going to the devil too quickly. You're going there, eins, zwei, drei!" and he beat the time on an iron lamp-post. "A somewhat slow *tempo*, but growing faster all the time. Only, my son, remember, that over here you'll have to go to hell at your own expense. Your father is nearly bankrupt. The only case I have had besides Rivka and Malke is Mr. Rosenfelt's precious Rosalie, who is suffering from—nervousness, they call it over here; in Poland we would call it stomach-ache. She devours candy by the pound; she doesn't chew it, she just swallows it as a boa-constrictor swallows rabbits. Mr. Rosenfelt paid me fifty cents for three visits. He said: 'I gets eferytink at 'olesale brice.' Oy, oy, oy! That's the way with the Jews. Look at those push-

cart peddlers; they have a tough job, I tell you; they too have to sell everything at wholesale. Oy, oy, oy! A Jewish customer—the Lord deliver us from him!"

In the meantime, Samuel had been at the hospital, where he found Rivka recovering very quickly, and in even less danger of being permanently crippled than Dr. Rosnik had anticipated. What had drawn him there so frequently, however, was not Rivka, for whom he had only the loyal feeling of a comrade —but Father Antonius, who was chaplain of the hospital, and the one link which bound him to a tragic and an eventful past.

"My son," said Father Antonius to Samuel as they sat together in the father's room after Mass. "The girl is recovering; but you give me great cause for anxiety. You look worn and sad, and no wonder. You are here early in the morning and late at night, after working like a slave all day. You will have to take care."

"Don't worry, Father Antonius, I am in no danger. My body is all right; it's tough. As for the early rising and the hard work, you know I am used to those things. What wears me out, is not the hard work, but this continual conflict within me, this fighting in the dark against these giants struggling for my soul. Oh, Father Antonius! I envy you your peace! If I but had my peace again! My peace!"

"My dear son," the monk said tenderly; "my dear son, I wish I could bestow it upon you—but conflict is the lot of some of us. I too have my struggles, which God alone witnesses. He helps. Oh, my son! 'Cast your burden on the Lord.'"

"On the Lord, Father?" Samuel repeated, doubt in every tone. "I am doubly orphaned. I am cast off in heaven and on earth. I can't pray any more—it sounds like mockery to me. I come here hungry for peace, and I go away with the contest still raging. The Mass! Oh, Father!" He leaned his head upon the monk's shoulder. "Oh, Father, the Mass! How its mysteries used to soothe me—how near to God I felt! Now, every time I see the elevated Host, I hear myself accused, my whole race damned by Him who long ago cried: 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.' To-day I came here so weary, I thought I should find rest and peace. What a comfort the old Psalms were—and the hymns—but the Gospel! Father Antonius, who put all that hatred of the Jews into the Gospel? Who did it? It's horrible! I hate those that crucified Him, I hate my own flesh and blood, and then I hate Him, the cause of it all!—That Christ!"

Unstrung and wretched as Samuel was, he sobbed like a little child; while Father Antonius vainly tried to comfort him.

"If I could only really hate that Christ!" Samuel cried. "If I could but forget His loveliness! If I

could persuade myself that He is dead, a dead traitor to His people! But, Father Antonius, I feel Him every moment, in every breath I breathe! I can't think of God, of life, of love, of anything good, without Him! He is the source of everything that is pure and holy within me! When I think evil thoughts it is He who chides me and keeps me from temptation! If there were only a way back! If I could only flee from His spirit, I'd go to the uttermost parts of the earth! If I could only hate Him and forget Him, and forget my past as well!"

Great, heart-breaking sobs wrung themselves from Samuel's breast; for he did not weep easily. The fourteen years in the monastery had sealed the fountains of emotion—and each tear, as it fell upon the white robe of Father Antonius, was like a blood-drop drawn from some deep, hidden vein.

Then, as if ashamed of his weakness, Samuel rose, and, repressing his unwonted agitation, said: "I must forget—I will forget—for my father's sake. Let me go, Father Antonius! Let me go!" He unwound himself from the restraining arms of his spiritual father, who, alas! could not comfort him; for he, too, was in the midst of a great struggle, whose end was not yet.

When Samuel left the hospital he turned his face towards the East Side. He walked along the monotonous stretches of streets, pushing his way mechanically through the crowds; while in his soul a battle

raged, in which the flesh fought the spirit; in which an entire race struggled with one lonely individual, and in which six thousand years of history were beating against the experience of one young soul. Suddenly, Samuel became conscious of an unusual commotion in the street. A great crowd had congregated at the corner of Avenue A, where the walls of brick and stones ended, and an oasis of grass and trees gave breathing space to these dwellers in tenements.

At the edge of the park he saw a curious looking vehicle upon which were numerous posters bearing verses from the Bible, written in Hebrew letters. On one flaunting banner he read: "This is He of whom Moses and the prophets did write," and on another one: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." Still another bore the words: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins."

Two men stood in the waggon. One, a small, dark-haired, nervous-looking Jew, in a sort of semi-clerical dress. He was nervously biting his moustache, evidently trying hard to compose himself. The other man was large and portly; his features were firm, and he looked at the crowd smilingly, as if wishing to make friends with it. His eyes were large, and of that peculiar dark gray, which borders on blue. They were kind eyes and recalled to Samuel the beautiful

woman on shipboard—the woman who now came to him in his dreams, but who had passed completely from his waking hours; the woman who had made his entrance into America so beautiful. This certainly was her father—Bruce, that was his name, and hers was Jane Bruce.

Samuel could not come close to the waggon, for it was surrounded by the angry crowd which was fast growing into a mob. The missionary, still viciously biting his moustache, lifted up his voice, which was but faintly heard by the excited people.

"We have come here, my friends, to tell you that the Messiah of whom the prophets did write, has come——"

"We don't want to hear about Him," the crowd called out, as if it were the voice of one man. "He is no Messiah, He was a traitor to His people!"

"His name was——" the missionary began, and again the crowd roared its displeasure in an inarticulate wave of sound, through which Samuel distinguished the words: "Get out of this!" "Come off," "You're a traitor," "How much did you get for being baptized?"

Closer and closer, with menacing gestures the crowd, taking Samuel with it, pressed and surged around the waggon. Then the man whom he recognized as Mr. Bruce, came to the front, and, standing between the missionary and the crowd, called out: "I am an American, and this is a free country,

and I want you to hear what this man has to say."

Slowly the tumult subsided and although the murmurs did not cease, it was quiet enough for Mr. Bruce to proceed, and he said: "My friends, children of the covenant, the chosen people of God," and even the murmur abated somewhat. "Your father Abraham was led by Jehovah, out of Ur into Chaldea, into a larger possession; and the promise was made to him that in his seed the ends of the earth should be blessed. Now you can't all of you understand me, so just let this man translate it for you." The crowd suffered the missionary to echo the speech of this American, for whom it evidently had more respect than for him.

"Your fathers rebelled against God," the American continued. "They sinned, and became a prey to the nations, even as you are now." The crowd listened attentively.

"God sent prophets among them, who warned them of their doom and promised that if they would turn to Him, He would send them a deliverer. "Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call His name Immanuel.' 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given.' 'And his name shall be called: Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.' 'In the fullness of time God sent into the world that Messiah, His only begotten Son,' "—when

the missionary translated that, the listeners howled again.

"God's Son! That's blasphemy, He was Joseph's son, Joseph's son!"

"He was crucified, dead and buried and the third day He rose from the dead." Derisive laughter greeted this declaration.

"My friends, that's Scripture, and you can't go back on your own Scripture. It's history, and you can't go back on history; He is the Messiah, the Prince of Peace, and His name is Jesus."

They allowed the missionary to interpret without interruption until he came to the last word; then Yankev, who was among the listeners, coming close to the waggon cried: "If He is the Everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace, why do His followers kill us and hate us? Why do they persecute us? Tell us why, you missionary traitor, tell us why!"

His angry words were immediately followed by the cries of the newsboys: "Extra! Schournal! Extra! A new pogrom in Russia! Fifteen hundred Jews killed in Kishinef! Extra! Extra! Extra edition! Fifteen hundred Jews killed!"

"Do you hear that?" Yankev turned to the mob. "Do you hear that? That's what this 'Prince of Peace' is doing! What do you want here, you traitor? Do you want to convert us, convert us to become like you, a man who peddles religion for money? a man who peddles the religion which has

brought more misery upon us than the captivity in Babylon? Get out of here, you traitor!" He pulled one of the banners from the waggon and, in his fury, tore it into shreds with his teeth, then spat the shreds into the face of the missionary. The mob followed his example, while from its outskirts, potatoes and carrots were hurled at the missionary. Yankev and a few other men mounted the waggon and threw bundles of tracts among the people, who received them with howls of derision; then they turned upon the frightened missionary.

Samuel had been at the edge of the mob; but Mr. Bruce's voice had drawn him nearer and nearer. He pressed forward, until he stood close to the waggon. All he desired was to see Mr. Bruce, to be close to the man who had been kind to him, and whose daughter had displaced in his silent worship, the Virgin of Nazareth.

The enraged mob was now beginning to throw stones at the occupants of the waggon, and, when Samuel saw it, the passion of his life, long beaten back, began to flame again. Yankev was attacking Mr. Bruce, seeing which, all Samuel's sense of loyalty to the weak and sympathy with the persecuted stirred within him—and, mounting the waggon, he hurled Yankev to the ground and faced the crowd.

The slight droop of his shoulders, induced by long years of study and the hard labour of the last seven months—disappeared. He stood erect as he felt

courage and power surging through him ; his delicate features seemed momentarily to gain strength, and he looked as Amos might have looked, when at Bethel he accused the mob of its sins. His pale, dark skin showed a faint colour ; for the blood had mounted to his head.

"I am a Jew," he cried in his clear voice which carried to the far corners of the mob. A cry of joy was heard in the throng ; but it did not reach Samuel's ears. "I protest against your treatment of these peaceful men who have come here, and told us of our history."

"It's a lie," some one cried. "The way they tell it, it's a lie!"

"It is not a lie ; it's the solemn truth, and even if it were a lie, a Jew has no right to silence lies by blows."

"He says it's not a lie!" Yankev had again mounted the waggon. "He says it's not a lie, because he is a baptized Jew. That's what he is!" and he pointed an accusing finger at Samuel. "He is worse than the missionary ; he goes around trying to convert people, by telling them that the name of that Messiah is Love. He told it to a little girl I know. He is a traitor and a liar ; for the name of that Messiah is Hate! Hate! Hate!"

Again Samuel faced the mob which was beginning to shower missiles at the waggon—missiles which grew more dangerous as they multiplied. Dr. Rosnik,

who had been separated from Reb Abraham, struggled to reach the waggon, and succeeded. Then he tried to pull Samuel away; in that, however, he did not succeed. Samuel stood his ground and began to speak; but his voice was drowned by Yankev, who shrieked: "Don't believe him! He lies! He is a Christian, he is a Christian of the worst kind! Don't believe him!" Then he faced Samuel and said: "Tell us now, do you believe that Jesus is the Messiah?"

Samuel waved his hand in an emphatic gesture, and all remained silent to listen to him.

"It's not a question of what I believe; it's a question of whether you are doing the right thing in mobbing these innocent men. You will bring the 'pogroms' to America—God forbid!—if you carry on in the manner of the Russian Hooligans."

Yankev again became the spokesman of the crowd. "We don't want this religion thrust upon us here by traitors. Down with the traitors of Israel, the peddlers of this hypocritical religion, this religion of hate, this religion of the devil! You are a traitor, you are a Christian, you believe that Jesus is the Messiah!"

"I am not a Christian," Samuel called to the mob, which was again flinging vegetables and stones into the waggon.

Mr. Bruce now put himself shelteringly in front of Samuel, who at once pushed him aside.

"I am not a Christian," he called out again; and again a cry of joy was heard not far away.

"He is my son! Let me come to my son!" an old man implored, and the angry people slowly made way for him. "My own son, he is not a Christian!"

"I am not a Christian," Samuel called out again.

"You lie," cried Yankev. "Didn't you say that God sent His Son upon the earth? Don't you believe that Jesus is the Messiah?"

Again Samuel faced the crowd and this time with a desperate courage. Tearing himself loose from Dr. Rosnik's grasp, he said: "I am a Jew! In every fibre of my soul a Jew! But, men of Israel, I believe that Jesus is the Messiah. I believe that Jesus is the Redeemer of Israel!"

A great, heart-rending cry rose, and fell upon his ear. An old man struggled away from the waggon which he had just reached. "He is Elisa ben Abuja, Elisa ben Abuja! Cursed of God. Not my son! Elisa ben Abuja!"

Samuel tried to leap from the waggon but the air grew thick from flying missiles, one of which struck his temple, and he would have fallen, had not Dr. Rosnik caught him, crying as he did so, "Mackes gedeuloh! Mackes gedeuloh! Oy, oy, oy!"

Mr. Bruce reached for his horses' reins and drove away through the passage made by the police,

which had tardily reached the scene. The waggon was still menaced by the crowd, which did not see the unconscious form of Samuel, whose bruised head rested upon the remnants of the banner, which bore the inscription :

"Without the shedding of blood
There is no remission of sins."

XXII

DR. ROSNIK PRESCRIBES AGAIN

"YES, Fraulein, he is badly hurt, outside and inside; outside by Judaism and inside by Christianity, it's the same disease." Jane Bruce looked puzzled as she listened to Dr. Rosnik, who had so skillfully dressed Samuel's wounds and now watched over his unconscious patient with the greatest solicitude.

It was twilight, in mind and heart; although outside the sun was beating against the palisades, those silent sentinels of the boundaries of the Hudson, which, majestically calm, glided into the sea. The sunlight danced upon its bosom, and from the shore sloped a magnificently shaded lawn, which rose in splendid terraces to the hilltop, on which stood the Bruce homestead, Peniel Heights.

The room in which Samuel lay was one of a suite of three; large and exquisitely appointed. The view from the windows commanded the river on one side, and, on the other, the far-rolling stretches of hills, dotted here and there by stately mansions. In these the merchant princes of New York lived, during that fraction of time when the climate could not be surpassed in any other portion of the world.

"Your father likes the Jews, does he?" the doc-

tor asked quizzically, keeping his finger on Samuel's pulse.

"Yes, doctor," Jane replied, "I have seldom known this house to be without a Jewish guest, and I have been brought up with the idea that the Jews have to be converted, before the Lord can do much with the rest of humanity."

"Yes, Fraulein. That's on the principle of the toughest job first; if God succeeds in making Christians of the Jews, He will have an easy task with the rest of humanity. The biggest job He has, though, is making Christians of the Christians."

Miss Bruce translated the doctor's speech to her father, who stood at the other side of the patient's bed. He simply pointed his finger at Samuel and said: "What's the matter with him? What was the matter with Paul, who was converted in a jiffy? What was the matter with the crowd at Pentecost?"

"I don't know about Paul. I hadn't the pleasure of his acquaintance," the doctor replied; "but I know this boy through and through. He was born of a mother who carried suppressed in her heart all the unsatisfied longings for the beautiful that could be crowded there. She longed for music, and all she ever heard was the synagogue leader's voice, which was as raspy as a file; even the sparrows on the roof grew nervous when they heard him. She wanted pictures, and all she ever saw were the faded portraits of her father and mother, of which there was nothing

left but two big spots of oil paint. She was hungry for love, and her husband, pardon me, Fraulein, her husband hugged the Talmud day and night. Samuel was born of that mother, who gave up her last breath that he might live. Nu, nu, don't cry, Fraulein. Ah! your mother too gave her life for you—nu, there are thousands of Jewish women who have lived that way and who have died that way, glad to give birth to a son who would say the prayers for the dead over them. A little more cracked ice, please." Jane handed it to him.

"So, plenty of ice for his head; if only we could put ice on his heart! Yes, Fraulein," he continued, placing the ice-bag at the base of his patient's brain; "Samuel was born with all that hunger for beauty and love—born into Judaism, which is hopelessly ugly. An orthodox Jewish synagogue, Fraulein, is as ugly as a barn, and its prayers are a babel of sounds. Well, he looked into a Roman Catholic church once, and, presto, change. He was converted, because there was music that went to his soul, pictures that delighted his eyes, and a priest who talked of Love. Then he ran away from home and went into a monastery. Fraulein, I went the same course in exactly the way that he went; only I had ice put on my brain very early, by my professors; they taught me Philosophy, and then I had ice put on my heart, by what I saw of Christian people. Tra, la, la. That's the reason the Lord will have such a hard time with

the Jews. I don't wish to offend your father, Fraulein. I have never seen his kind. A Christian who is called Abraham, who names his estate Peniel, who takes poor Jews to his home as guests,—that kind I have never seen."

"To tell the truth, doctor," Jane said to him, "I have never seen your kind of Jews. You do not look like a Jew, neither does Mr. Gregory, and you don't act like Jews. Even your names are not Jewish."

"I suppose you intend that for a compliment, Fraulein, that we don't look like Jews. That's all a matter of taste. A long nose in the Orient was a sign of distinction; here in America—nu, Fraulein, you have put an idea into my head. I have been wondering how to make money here. I am going to abbreviate the noses of the Jews. If I can do that without disfiguring them, I shall be a millionaire in a month; in a month, Fraulein, even if I have to do it at wholesale prices. As for our names, Fraulein, my name was Rosenzweig before I changed it into Rosnik, and Samuel's was—don't be shocked, Fraulein, prepare for the worst—his name was Cohen. That name, which has become a byword, means Priest. Your Jesus was a Cohen; the Pope is a Cohen; yet you think of Cohen as a name which applies only to pawnbrokers and rag-pickers."

"I did not mean to offend you," Jane said apologetically. "You know what I mean."

"Yes, Fraulein, I know what you mean. You think that when a Jew looks like his people and is called by their name, he must be ashamed of himself. No, no, no, don't bother to explain. I know all about it, I feel the same way; we all do. You say I don't act like a Jew. Did you expect me to ask you immediately, what is the least you will take for that Louis XIV. clock on the mantelpiece, or for the diamond pin you have on? More ice, please, so—a whole lot of ice. Fraulein, I act differently from other Jews, because I have ice on both brain and heart. I am cooled down. The Orient has been frozen out of me, and if I stay in America long enough I shall be as proper and quiet as a lamp-post."

Dr. Rosnik's long and earnest conversation with Jane aroused Mr. Bruce's curiosity, for he understood just enough of it to make him very anxious to hear more. Now, as the doctor busied himself with Samuel's comfort, Jane told her father all that had been said.

"I knew as soon as I saw him on the steamer," said Mr. Bruce, "that he was no common man. Look at that face!"

Together they stood, looking at Samuel. Against the white pillow, his face looked as if it had been chiselled in purest marble and mellowed by long exposure. His features, although now sharp and drawn, bore the impress of a noble soul, a soul in battle; it was the face of a spiritual captain.

"Ya, ya, Fraulein;" the doctor had watched them gazing at Samuel. "He looks like a prince of Israel; but see his hands," and he drew them from beneath the coverlid. "Look at them, so callous and rough. He has had just seven months in America. The other day I passed a dime museum on the Bowery, and a man was yelling at the top of his voice: 'She eats 'em alive, she eats 'em alive!' America eats them alive too."

"That was good for him, Jane," said Mr. Bruce. "It took the softness out of him, that's the stuff. I say, Jane, that doctor has done a lot of talking, but he doesn't say what I want to hear. Ask him whether the boy is going to get well. That's what I'd like to know."

Dr. Rosnik looked long at Samuel, and then, turning to Jane, said: "Tell your father that it will be months before he is well. He was in poor condition to receive such a blow. His nerves are badly shaken, and he is physically depleted. Would it not be best to remove him to a hospital at once, while it can be done without risk?"

"Remove him to an hospital?" cried Mr. Bruce. "Does the man take me for a priest or a Levite? Does he think I'll 'pass by on the other side'? Not if it takes years instead of months! Wasn't the boy trying to protect me when he was struck? Ask the doctor if he will be unconscious very long."

"His head will clear up in about forty-eight

hours," replied Dr. Rosnik. "But his heart never will. He's suffering from *Affectionitis Judaica*, an old disease, as old as Abraham, and there is no cure for it."

"We don't want him cured of it, that's the stuff! That will convert the world to Jesus!" Mr. Bruce said, smiling enthusiastically at the doctor. "It's the love of God, in the heart of a man like this, that's going to do the business; when a Jew gets that he gets it bad."

"Tell your father that he is right, Fraulein; and tell him also that the Jews originated that idea of the love of God; but the Christians have taken out a patent on it," said the doctor, when Mr. Bruce's remark was translated to him. "Ya, ya, Fraulein—a good many of us have had ice put on our heads and on our hearts also. A man like Samuel, who isn't packed in ice, is always in hot water. The Jew is either a Rationalist or a Mystic, and very often both; because he is like Samuel now. Ice on his brain but not on his heart.

"I must go now to my patient in the hospital. Yes, Fraulein, I have an hospital practice; nu, I had my troubles with the medical board, I tell you. No, not an extensive practice; just a Russian Jewess, Samuel's friend, run over by an automobile. How is she? All right, I think. She is going to be lame, but she will recover."

"Wait, doctor; let me give you a cup of tea, from

a samovar, just as if you were in Russia." Jane rang the bell, and, while they waited for the tea to be brought, the doctor toyed with an unlighted cigarette.

"Just light that," Jane said. "I don't allow papa to smoke; but you may."

Dr. Rosnik lighted his cigarette, and, inhaling the smoke, blew rings into the air while he watched Jane brew the tea.

"How do you like America, Dr. Rosnik?" she asked, waking him out of his dreams, into which the smoke of the cigarette had wafted him.

"It's a wonder to me, Fraulein, that you didn't ask me that immediately. The medical board which examined me asked that question before looking at my diplomas; the first man who shaved me asked the same question, and the first young American lady I meet is just as original. Tra, la, la."

Jane laughed heartily, saying: "But do you like it?"

"I'll tell you, Fraulein. I like it, much as a man likes a lion which swallows him. He has no choice in the matter. I have been here, nu, I don't know how long—it already seems years. I begin to speak English, I eat raw beefsteak, and even oysters. In the old country, a man couldn't have bribed me by a million dollars to swallow an oyster; I wouldn't have done it. Here I swallow a dozen, when I can afford them."

Dr. Rosnik sipped his tea with a relish; puffed at his cigarette, blowing the smoke-rings into the air, and then tapping his signet ring against the tumbler in which Jane had served his tea, said: "Ya, ya, ya, Fraulein—they eat them alive in this country; they crush them and grind them, and then they eat them up. Poor Rivka!"

"Won't you tell me about her, doctor?" Jane asked, refilling his glass.

"There isn't much to tell about her, Fraulein. In Russia the Cossacks burned her breast and her hands with cigarettes; in the prison her lungs were nearly eaten up by the foul air; and here, in America, she was crushed by your hurry and rush."

"Oh! Is she that girl with the burned hands?" Jane interrupted him. "We saw her on the steamer. She was a wonderfully interesting girl. She looked so distinguished, and she walked the deck like a queen."

"You mean like a king, Fraulein; she is more king than queen. Now I must be going."

"Have another glass of tea, doctor," Jane urged.

"No, thank you, enough is enough."

"Please take these roses to Miss Rivka, and remember me to her. Tell her that a friend sent them. Will you tell her—an American friend? I wonder how her suitor is—the ardent Zionist."

"What, Fraulein!" the doctor cried in astonishment, "you know Yankev too? Wonderful! Well,

well, you know the whole menagerie of us. Yankev is still in love with Zion and with Rivka, and, from present appearances, he is as far from the heavenly bride Jerusalem, as he is from the earthly one. Tra, la, la. Yes, Fraulein, he is pretty far from Palestine. If I had my way, he'd be in jail to-night. It is he who brought the 'mackes' upon our friend, Mr. Gregory. Poor boy! Thank you, Fraulein, for the roses—and the tea."

"How did you like my tea?" Jane asked. "Was it anything like Russian tea?"

"Ya, Fraulein, exactly as we make it in Russia, only we put tea into it."

Jane laughed good-naturedly. "The next time you come I shall put a pound of tea into your cup."

"Ask him what we are to do for Mr. Gregory," said Mr. Bruce.

"Nu, I'll come again to-morrow morning. In the meanwhile, ice, ice all the time, on his head. I had hoped that the nurse would arrive before I left. Tell her that he will regain consciousness in about forty-eight hours, and he must have a stimulant every hour. When he becomes conscious he'll be down, way down. That wound in his head will heal well and give him no trouble; but to lose his father again —that will hurt. He should have something to stimulate his spirit, something to cheer his troubled heart. I have it! The best medicine in the world

for him—we'll send for his old nurse, the only mother he ever knew."

"Is she in this country, doctor?"

"Yes; she and Samuel came over on the same steamer. She went to a place called Pennsylvania. She told me so herself."

"But, doctor, that is the name of a State. We could never reach her unless you can tell the name of the city. Can you not remember any other name besides Pennsylvania?"

"Nu, let me think. I remember now there was a name before Pennsylvania; it was a place where they dig coal—tra, la, la," and he tapped on the rail of the bed with his big signet ring; "I have it! Coalville, Coalville, Pennsylvania; and her name is Suszka Schafranek. No, that isn't it either. She was about to be married to Pavel Martinsky. She'll come in a moment if she knows that her boy needs her."

"We'll wire her at once," said Mr. Bruce.

"Now remember, Fraulein; ice, ice all the time for his head, and when he wakes let him see his old nurse sitting by him. Be good to him! He is a prince among men, a prince."

"Don't forget the flowers, doctor," said Jane. "Tell Miss Rivka that they are from a friend and that I'll come to see her. Poor, poor girl!"

Just as Dr. Rosnik was leaving the room the nurse arrived, and he repeated to her his direc-

tions. Mr. Bruce and his daughter followed him down-stairs.

"Doctor," said Jane, "my father says that as you are coming to-morrow he will not ask for your bill yet."

"Bill, bill! no, no, not a cent, not a cent! Is he not my friend?" Nervously he felt in all his pockets while he moved slowly towards the door. "But, Fraulein, I have left my purse at home. Will you please lend me twenty-five cents for my car fare to the hospital? Thank you, Fraulein. Nu, that's a rather large twenty-five cent piece. Good-bye, good-night! Remember, ice, plenty of ice for his head, and kindness, lots of it, for his heart. Good-night, Mr. Bruce."

"No, I won't shake," Mr. Bruce said, emphatically; "I am going mit you, verstehn? Mit you, to the hospital, to see the mädchen. Drat it! Why can't you talk United States, anyway?" to which unintelligible remarks Dr. Rosnik replied with his usual "tra, la, la."

As the two men walked towards the station, Jane could hear him rapping his cane against the iron fence which separated the roadway from the park surrounding Peniel Heights. She returned to Samuel's bedside, and stood for a long time looking into his face, growing more and more conscious of its spiritual beauty.

His lips began to move, and his speech came as

from great depths, as from far away. The broken sentences which he whispered indicated what thoughts were floating in his brain.

"Tateleben Tate, my father, my father! I am a Jew, yes, I am a Jew! Forgive me, father, Christ forgive me! Oh! Mother of God, pray for me! No, no!" An expression of distress settled upon his face, and his arms began to beat the air, so that the nurse had difficulty in quieting him.

"No, no," he cried again. "It's a lie, it's a lie! I am a Jew! Oh, father, take me to your heart, I am a Jew!"

Jane left the room, while his cry sank into a murmur. "Forgive me, father, dear, I am a Jew! I am a Jew!"

XXIII

THE STRUGGLE FOR A SOUL

TWICE forty-eight hours had passed, and Samuel was gradually climbing out of the darkness into which he had been beaten by the mob. Slowly, the reluctant blood went back to its appointed channels, bringing to the pallid face a look of returning life.

When Samuel grew fully conscious, his first feeling was a sense of supreme pleasure in the mere physical joy of lying in a soft, dainty bed, which was so great a contrast to the hard sofa in the barber's home. When he opened his eyes, the luxury and beauty of the rooms appalled him. Dainty chairs and couches, rare bric-à-brac, books and pictures were there. Everything was harmonious, and so satisfying to his beauty-hungry soul. His eyes wandered out through the broad windows, and down the slope of the lawn to the river—brilliant in the sunlight, and just then battling with the advancing tide and busy with the traffic which struggled towards the near harbour.

Instinctively his thoughts went back to his childhood, when he read fairy tales by the light of stolen candle-ends. When, falling asleep over the story of the banished prince, he dreamed that he, too, was a

king's son held in banishment by a wicked witch, whose power over him could be destroyed only by a beautiful princess, who would come to save him.

As he lay thus, half-awake, half-dreaming, a peculiar song struck his ear—sweet, simple and solemn. The voices, a man's and a woman's, came to him distinctly through the open door. They were singing :

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high !
Hide me, oh ! my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven, guide,
Oh ! receive my soul at last."

As the song continued, it opened the floodgate of suffering which was pent up in Samuel's heart, and a dry sob escaped him.

The nurse came quickly to his side, and seeing that he was fully conscious, said : "I must tell them that you are awake." She went towards the door, but stopped ; for clear and strong, floating up the stairway, came words of prayer—an unusual prayer it was to Samuel—in which a man talked to God familiarly, in his own words. To Samuel, the prayer was both eloquent and uplifting ; for such a prayer he had never heard before. It seemed to him, as he listened, as if God were in the room, face to face with the man who prayed. This was what he heard :

"Bless the stranger within our gates, heal his

body, bring him back to life and strength; heal his broken spirit and comfort his heart. Make his suffering a means of sanctification to his soul, that it may be purified, and that he may be fitted to lead his people from the bonds of the law into the freedom of the Gospel. Bless the Jews, Thine ancient people, gather them once more within the walls of Zion, that the Son of man may come again in His glory to rule this earth, and destroy the power of Satan."

Then the woman's voice, with the man's, repeated the Lord's prayer, in which Samuel also joined. His thoughts were thus momentarily diverted from his grief; and his sore heart was soothed by the power of the prayer and its expressed solicitude for him.

Before he realized it, he felt his hand grasped by Mr. Bruce, and heard his hearty voice saying: "Good boy, glad you've come out of it O. K. and glad you're here. You see I had to go and bring you. Well, the Lord's hand is in all this. How are you feeling?" Samuel tried to express his gratitude.

"Never you mind, don't you thank me. This is the Lord's business. Let's thank God for it. That was a pretty tight box out of which He led us.

"Now, now, my boy, you mustn't think of it again," he said tenderly; for a look of deep pain was on Samuel's face and his mind evidently was on his father, whom he had lost after searching for him so long.

"The Good Book says: 'When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord thy God shall take thee up.' My boy, there is nothing like the promises of God to cling to. The Lord has a great work for you to do, He has laid His hand on you and has ordained you from your mother's womb. 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee'; these are precious words; there is nothing like God's word, nothing like God's word, to cling to when you're in a tight place.

"Here is Jane. You remember my daughter? She is just as saucy as ever; but you have learned to talk United States well enough, so she can't have things quite so much her own way as she had on the steamer."

Jane took Samuel's outstretched hand and uttered the usual commonplaces; but her heart was deeply stirred as she saw the happy light in his large dark eyes, and his fine face full of a strange gladness.

"Oh! Miss Bruce, this is just a fairy tale, is it not? I used to dream of it all when I was a small boy. I would read at night about Aladdin's lamp, and follow him in his adventures. It seems to me that I saw just such a palace as this, and such a princess."

"And such a cross old king?" Jane asked, laughing, as she put her arm affectionately around her father.

"No, Miss Bruce, your father—oh! how kind he

is, how shall I thank him? I don't know what all this means. I mustn't stay to be taken care of."

"Now, young man," said Mr. Bruce, "you behave yourself. You're in the hands of friends, who are just doing the Lord's business, and you mustn't worry nor fret; we are going to take care of you until the Lord opens the way and leads you out."

Samuel had nearly exhausted his new-found strength, and was silenced, for the moment. Then he said, evidently with great effort: "But, Mr. Bruce, I have a friend in the hospital, she needs me. I must go to work as soon as possible. And there are Malke, and my poor father, and Father Antonius."

"You needn't worry about that girl," Mr. Bruce replied. "I have been at the hospital twice, and she was well enough to argue with me about religion, and to call me an old fogy. She told Jane, who was with me yesterday, that she belongs to the bourgeois, that she is a parasite, and other complimentary things. You don't have to scratch that Russian long to find the Tartar."

"Don't be disturbed by what papa says, Mr. Gregory, he exaggerates. Rivka wasn't half as bad as that. She is a little extreme, but wonderfully interesting. She seems to belong to another world than mine. Ever since I was a child I have been taught to tell lies,—not quite that," she said, seeing her father's astonished look—"but to hide my real

thoughts behind words which were a sort of screen to truth. Your Rivka is so different. She tells you just what she thinks, whether it is good or bad. It's a new experience, I can assure you."

"What are you talking about anyway, Jane?"

"You know, papa. For instance, I go calling, and they say: 'How charming of you to come to see me,' or 'How well you look!' when they probably think just the opposite; and I say the same things to others. Rivka, as soon as she saw me said: 'I don't like you, you look bourgeois.'"

Samuel could not help smiling as he said: "You must forgive her, Miss Bruce. Her world was so real, so hard, so terrible. To a Russian revolutionist, all the rest of the world is bourgeois. Poor girl! Poor Rivka! What will she do? A cripple!"

"Don't you worry, my boy," Mr. Bruce said stepping between Jane and Samuel. "We'll look after her. Just you lay all your burdens on the Lord.

"Jane, you and I would better get out of here, or Dr. Rosnik will scold us when he comes. It's just about his time. By the way, Mr. Gregory, he recommended a special nurse for you. She ought to have been here long ago."

Just then there came a vigorous knocking at the front door, followed by the ringing of the electric bell, and, a few minutes later, Samuel, who had been left alone with the nurse, heard heavy footsteps on the stairs. After some shuffling of feet in the hall, a

woman appeared in the doorway—a woman whom he ought to have known instantly. The face was very familiar, but the dress and the hat were new and strange.

The woman's florid complexion and ample proportions were accentuated by the green and red shirt-waist of large plaid, which she wore. Her magenta skirt had failed to make connection with the waist, and trailed dustily after her. A broad hat was tilted forward over the dizzy height of a pompadour—the crown of the hat a mass of highly-coloured flowers and foliage, in which yellow and blue predominated. Over one side of this creation, a long white plume (which had weathered many storms), swept defiantly. Holding her bag in her hand, this apparition moved cautiously over the waxed floor to the bed, and then dropping to her knees, fell upon Samuel's neck crying: "Schma Jsrael! my boy! my Samuel!" while her resounding kisses could be heard in the adjoining room, where the nurse sat and smiled.

"My own boy! What has happened to my golden boy?" Not until then could Samuel believe that the apparition was really Suszka, and his greeting was no less affectionate than her own.

"How are you, Suszka dear?" he asked.

"Not good," she replied; "not good," and she pointed to her heart. "My heart is crying for the old Fatherland. This is good for young people like

Anka. She has thirty lovers; every man in the camp wants to marry her, and runs after her, but an old woman like me has nobody to talk to. Pavel is in his saloon day and night, and I am all by myself. Give me the old Fatherland. Oh! my boy, I am so homesick for my little cottage and my garden! But now I am happy because I can be with you."

She turned in all directions, looking wonderingly at Samuel's surroundings. "But, my boy," she said, "this is a king's palace! How do you come here? It's a wonderful place. There is a whole village pasture in front of the house and so much grass going to waste. I didn't see a single cow on it."

"Yes, Suszka, this is a king's palace," Samuel answered. "And the lady coming in at that door is the princess. I can't tell you about it now—some other time." He sank back again, dizzy from the joy of seeing his old nurse.

"Come," said the maid who accompanied Miss Bruce, "and I'll show you your room, and you can change your dress." Suszka did not understand, and remained, bag in hand looking at the maid, who beckoned to her. Suszka followed, walking very carefully over the waxed floor, muttering under her breath: "Schma Jsrael! this is a palace, a palace! Floors of glass, and a bed of gold." When she reached the door she turned abruptly and asked: "But, Samuel, why haven't they a single feather-bed?"

Evidently Suszka had not come alone, for footsteps were heard again. This time it was Mr. Bruce, followed by a priestly looking man of rotund form and sanctimonious bearing. As he entered the room he bestowed gracious smiles upon Jane. "Mr. Gregory," Mr. Bruce said to Samuel, who lay with closed eyes, "this gentleman came with your Suszka, and insists that he must see you ; that he is an old friend."

"*Pax vobiscum,*" said the priest in an oily voice.

Samuel shuddered at the sound ; for it was familiar, too familiar. It instantly awakened memories of the cloister, of an older monk whom nobody liked, whose eyes saw everything, and who reported everything. The monks called him Judas, among themselves.

"*Pax vobiscum,*" he said again, and then continued in Latin : "Brother Gregorius, I come in the name of the prior of your Order and in the name of the Holy Catholic Church, to remind you that your vows hold you to her, in absolute obedience. It has come to our ears that you have repudiated those vows, and that you have consorted with worldly people and unbelievers. If you will return to the bosom of our Holy Church she will be lenient, and forgive ; if you do not return, you will be to her anathema, like any unbeliever."

Stiff, cold and formal, like an accusing judge, he stood beside Samuel's bed, unmoved by those eyes that so wistfully looked at him as if to say : "Leave me in peace."

Summoning all his strength, Samuel said in English: "I have not violated the vows which I made, but the church has violated hers. I have cast her aside because she encouraged pillage, theft, and the death of my people. Her priests laughed at me in my agony for my own flesh and blood." He fell back exhausted.

"Ah!" said Mr. Bruce. "That's it! You are a priest, an emissary of the Pope! You obtained this interview under false pretenses! I have just one thing to say to you—leave the house at once!"

"I am here," the priest said unctiously, "on a sacred errand for a Brotherhood of the Holy Catholic Church, the Church against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. I am going to state my errand once more, as I have been commanded to do. Here in the presence of this Roman Catholic witness" (Suszka had reëntered the room, bowing before the priest and crossing herself), "I adjure you, Brother Gregorius, to return to the bosom of Holy Mother Church, or else be to her anathema, forever. No priest will ever hear your confession, or administer to you any of her sacred ordinances, in life or in death; nor let your body rest in consecrated ground."

"See here," Mr. Bruce said, "that man has more religion to the square inch than the whole Dominican order put together, and he doesn't need your ordinances. We have a dozen Bibles in this house, and when we have the Word of God we don't need

your Latin hocus pocus. He doesn't need any priest or Pope, for Jesus is our High Priest. He was both priest and sacrifice, as it is written. As for any sacred ordinances at death, or resting in consecrated ground, thank God we don't need such services just now, and, when we do, we know where we can get them. You will oblige me now by leaving this man, who is still dangerously ill."

"I will go," said the priest turning to Samuel, "when you tell me to; but remember that you are building upon sand, if you build on the faith of these heretics. The Church will prevail, because it is the only true Church, the Church founded by the Lord and by St. Peter. These meeting houses of yours, my dear sir," turning to Mr. Bruce, "are built on sand, and each one of them on a different bank of sand. They are separated from, jealous of, and at strife with one another; while the true Church is one and indivisible, like the garment of the Lord. Brother Gregorius, which do you choose for the salvation of your soul—a rock or a sand-bank?"

"Listen, Brother Aloysius," Samuel said painfully and slowly; "I am not much concerned about the salvation of my soul; but this is the first place where I have found revealed the Divine love. I am going to rest my soul on the faith which these people represent, and cast in my lot with them. I can say nothing more only go! Go!"

The gracious smile had passed from the face of the

priest; with a wrathful look at Samuel he turned from the bedside and confronted Suszka, who was standing behind him, jealously watching her precious boy. She looked now, like her old self, whom Samuel knew and loved. She had changed her ill-fitting, modern attire, for the familiar and picturesque peasant garb to which she was accustomed.

"Come along, child," said Brother Aloysius, "get your things and we'll go."

"My things, holy Father! I have just taken them off! And glad I am to be in my own clothes again! It was a terrible job to get those others off. They belong to Anka; she squeezed me into them, and I can't put them on without her. And why must I leave my sick boy, holy Father?"

"Because this is the house of heretics, and your sick boy is now anathema—cursed by the Church; you will load this curse upon your own soul, and burn in hell-fire if you remain with him." Suszka knelt beside her boy and embraced him, weeping loudly.

"Go, Suszka! But why did you bring him?"

"I told him about you, and that I was going to see you, and he said he would come with me."

"Come, my child, daughter of the Church, come!" Suszka rose and stood, not knowing what to do.

"This woman must go with me," Father Aloysius said to Mr. Bruce. "I could not leave one of my children here, in peril of her soul."

Mr. Bruce and Jane watched Suszka, as she stood

undecided, wincing under the sharp glance of her spiritual Father. Slowly and reluctantly, crying like a child, she left the room, and they could hear her sobbing as she mounted the stairs: "My boy! My golden boy!"

In a few minutes she returned, her broad hat on her head, the ostrich plume drooping dejectedly as she advanced. Her wonderful gown with all its accessories hung over her arm.

"I can't put them on without Anka. I don't know how to fasten these American clothes!" she cried.

"Come, come, my child!" The priest turned away from all that display of vanity, in the shape of woman's apparel.

Then Suszka heard Samuel moan, the deep, heart-broken moan of a man wounded to the core of his being. She dropped her bag and her clothes, defiantly faced her priest and said: "Pavel says: 'In this country everybody does as he damn please,'—I am going to stay with my boy and nurse him, even if I do go to hell for it."

Slowly, majestically, and muttering curses in the name of the only true Church, Father Aloysius descended the staircase and left the house—quite unconscious of the fact that he had led two souls through a great battle, which for them had been victorious.

XXIV

THE MEDIATOR CHOSEN

THE worshipping congregation had just been dismissed from the church which served as the place of spiritual refreshment for the residents of the little village on the Hudson, where Peniel Heights was situated. Small and select groups of people were entering their waiting carriages and automobiles, after having lingered long enough to exchange the customary greetings, and to indulge in the small talk which usually finds expression when the reaction comes after spiritual struggle.

Did not Jacob discuss with Esau, the women and the children, and the he asses and the she asses which were in his company, and that, immediately after he had wrestled with the angel until daybreak? Was it not therefore perfectly proper for Mabel Cartwright (the daughter of the deacon who passed the plate that morning), to say to Sue Pitkin (the Sunday-school superintendent's daughter): "Did you see Jane's gallant knight? Isn't he a 'beaut'? I wonder whether he, too, is a son of Abraham?"

To which Sue replied: "I don't think he is; you can usually tell them by the odour of garlic, or by their obtrusive piety, or some other Orientalism. This man emits the true flavour of the old world, and

a suggestion of violet-water. Gee! but aren't his eyes fetching?"

"I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts," said young Pitkin, who was winding up his automobile, "that he is a 'Sheeny.'"

"I am ashamed of you, Bob; can't you talk more respectfully of the chosen people?" Mabel exclaimed, with more enjoyment than displeasure in the voicing of her protest. "How can you tell anyway?"

"There are two infallible signs," he said, watching the refractory machine. "Firstly, they have bow-legs ——"

"Bob!" his sister and Mabel laughingly exclaimed.

"And secondly, as far as the memory of man runneth back, Jane Bruce never went to church with any other man than a converted Jew, or a Jew just about to be converted. She has 'led them like sheep to the slaughter'—lo, these many years! and her good looks, and her father's dollars, had more to do with their conversion than"—once more he gave the machine a vigorous turn—"than—well, let her go! So long, Mabel; this afternoon at four, did you say? I am going to bring my six-cylinder and give her a try out, and your nerves, too. I guess you're plucky enough though. So long, then," and the horn tooted the way clear for Bob's machine and for Mabel's electric brougham. Her father was a Quaker by birth and training, and he regarded this

as a more orthodox vehicle for church-going than a heavy touring car.

Mr. Bruce never used the carriage or motor car on Sunday, he alone, among all his neighbours, clinging to the old fashioned notion that the Decalogue was still in force. Jane was quite rebellious and vainly tried to persuade him that there were no automobiles in the wilderness, and that Moses did not legislate for a gasoline age.

The Bruce party took the steep footpath which led from the church. Down the hillside the three went, one following the other; for the path was rather narrow. They reached the roadway ahead of the other members of the congregation, who used the swifter mode of travel, but had to circle the crest of the hill before they reached the lower level.

"What did you think of the sermon?" Mr. Bruce asked Samuel, breaking the solemn silence which still lingered over them.

"To tell the truth," was the reply, "I didn't go beyond the text with the minister, and then I had thoughts of my own. It was a wonderful text."

"Yes, indeed, a great text," Jane said, "but the sermon reminded me of a man climbing to the top of the Matterhorn, to deposit a snow-flake."

"Jane, you are hard on Dr. Wright. He does the best he can."

"No doubt, papa; but he ought to choose a more appropriate text for our church than: 'If any man

will come after Me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me.' Last Sunday he was in his element when he preached on 'He leadeth me beside the still waters.' He sailed us up and down the Hudson in our private yachts, and when we weren't on the water we walked beneath shading elms, or rode in a Pullman coach, observation car, private compartment, and all—but to-day he was out of his element."

Just then Bob Pitkin's automobile came limping along. It breathed irregularly, and suddenly stopped at a short rise in the hill ahead of them. Leaving the car, Bob pulled off his coat, lifted various portions of the machine to the ground, and began to hammer and screw. When Mr. Bruce's party reached him, Jane called out: "Hello, Bob, what's the matter?"

"Everything is the matter. The blamed thing is all out of gear. I had no business to take it out; but mamma said I ought not to take my six-cylinder to-day; she thought it too showy to go to church in. Mamma has old-fashioned notions."

Mr. Bruce and Samuel had stopped with Jane, who now entered into conversation with Bob's sister, while Mr. Bruce introduced the men to each other.

"I have never seen the works of one of these machines before," Samuel said coming closer.

"It's more complicated than a sewing machine," Bob replied sarcastically; for he knew the usual trade of Mr. Bruce's Jewish guests.

Samuel made no reply, not catching the meaning of the remark, and walked on with Mr. Bruce. Jane lingered, and, turning to Bob, said: "I am ashamed of you, Bob, to talk that way to Mr. Gregory."

"Mr. Gregory, Jane! What was his name before he came to Peniel Heights? Samuel Jacobson? I say, Jane, I am just catching on to why your father calls his place Peniel. The preacher told us once, that that was where Jacob's name was changed. Am I right? By the way, do you know what's become of our baptized friend, Jacob Rosenberg, *alias* Jacques Rouseau? We had him arrested the other day because he burned down his dry goods store. Being sprinkled in our church, doesn't reduce the risk of the fire insurance companies; neither does that kind of sprinkled risk reduce our damages. We know by bitter experience that the Jews fire their stock even after they are converted."

"Well, Bob, the Gentiles water their stock even after they are converted. How about Mr. Cartwright, who is a deacon of our own church? What's the difference between him and Jacob Rosenberg?"

"I'll tell you the difference, Jane. A Jew is a Jew, and you can't make anything else out of him; and I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts that some day your father will exchange you for the soul of one of those Jews, and one of the chosen children will be a chosen son-in-law."

"Don't mind him, Jane, dear," Sue said sweetly

to Jane, who was about to follow her father. "Bob is just jealous. You know he'd marry you to-morrow if you'd let him, with all your Jewish impedimenta. Don't mind him."

"Don't be uneasy, dear. I don't mind him at all," said Jane as she walked away, not looking back; although she heard Bob say: "Damn the Jews, anyway!"

Jane went slowly towards the great gates leading into her father's estate, feeling more keenly than Bob knew, the edge of his stupid remarks; for it is with words as with tools—the dull edge makes the sorest wound.

She was not anxious to overtake the men, who were deeply engaged in conversation. She was busy with her own thoughts, which, lately, had been anything but comfortable ones.

Four months this Jew had been a guest at Peniel Heights; nothing unusual, as far as the length of his stay was concerned. She knew some converts who stayed longer, and would have continued to stay, had not the spirit, personified by her father, moved them to a broader, and a more or less useful, field of labour. This man, however, was different. He was so simple-minded, so eager to learn, so sanely enthusiastic in his love for men, that his spirit became a contagion and she caught it.

Her father's narrow theological outlook had broadened somewhat since he had been brought in touch

with Samuel's deep, spiritual experience; but what pleased Jane most, and caused her to admire the young Jew beyond her own consciousness, was the fact that he had stoutly refused to accede to her father's desire that he should become a missionary to the Jews.

To both Mr. Bruce and Jane, Samuel had opened larger windows into life; into its darkness as well as into its light. The East-side was no longer a field to be exploited for souls; but a vast acreage in which to plant new ideals and higher ones, and from which to garner, at last, the harvest of the kingdom. Jane had become acquainted with Malke, and had learned to love her. Into her thoughts now there came memories of the caresses of the child's soft little hand, every nerve of it like eyes searching her innermost being, wherever the little girl's fingers touched her.

"Lady Love," Malke called her. "Lady Love." How sweetly it sounded from the lips of the affectionate and grateful child. Could she ever forget, Jane wondered—when together, she and Samuel stole softly into the barber's home the morning after she sent the piano to Malke? It was an old one, bought for a trifle. She had often spent twice the cost of it for a hat; but never before had she felt such unutterable joy as when she saw Malke's white, delicate fingers move over the keys, and heard her play out her little soul in the jubilance of wandering

notes. Unconscious of their presence, she sang: "My Lady Love, my own dear Lady Love."

Then there was Rivka, whom they often met on these expeditions together—poor, lame, and still weak from the effects of her long illness; yet almost to be envied, Jane thought. Rivka had a fixed and consuming object in life; while her own was barren, except where, here and there, it touched her father's purposes, which often seemed to her ludicrous and shallow.

She saw everything through Samuel's eyes, and he had involuntarily created within her a loathing for herself, and a strong desire to make amends for the meaningless leisure of her existence. What to do, or how to give her life direction, was still an undecided question; but she knew that she could no longer live the kind of life which her social station demanded.

Unfortunately, Samuel had not only come between Jane and her manner of life, he had unconsciously stepped between her and her lover. Bob Pitkin and she had been playmates and friends, as long as she could remember, and that they were not engaged was no fault of Bob's. All their friends expected them to marry each other, and as Jane was "getting on in years," being twenty-six, they thought that the marriage must soon take place. It would, in all probability, have been a case of marriage by public opinion, had not Samuel been brought, bruised and unconscious, to Peniel Heights.

It was stupid of Bob to be jealous of this Jew; and yet Jane realized that she cared for Samuel more than she ever had cared for any of her father's protégés. She also realized that she had bestowed more thought upon him than she ever had upon any other man, not excepting Bob.

To-day was Samuel's last day at Peniel Heights. He was to go back to the East-side, to plant there a new Peniel, where rich and poor might meet, and where Gentile and Jew should serve one another. Some spot there must be, in that great desert of the East-side, which his genius and his passion might re-create into an oasis that should prove a unifying centre for Jew and Gentile,—where, in short, a new race might be born, which should know nothing of the ancient hate and the ancient wrongs.

Mr. Bruce had many misgivings regarding these plans, and, when Jane reached the house, she heard the men in the library in animated discussion. Samuel was speaking earnestly.

"I am a Jew, Mr. Bruce, in my innermost soul a Jew; and never so truly one as now, since I have known you. You have made me proud of my heritage. I am no longer ashamed to be branded by a Jewish name. I shall return to my people and endeavour to bring them back to Israel's God and to His ——"

Mr. Bruce interrupted him. "To His what?"

"To His Christ, Mr. Bruce—to Israel's Messiah."

"That's right, my boy! That's just what I want you to do, and I'll stand by you through thick and thin."

"Ah! Mr. Bruce, that is where I fear you will not; for my Christ is not like the Christ of your theology. I doubt, Mr. Bruce, that my preaching, if I do preach, will please you; and I doubt still more that you will be satisfied by the result of my labours. I can't go after the souls of my people, as our Pany used to go after rabbits. I have no scheme of salvation; nor shall I elucidate to men the doctrine of the Trinity. Oh! Mr. Bruce, I can't wipe out of my own soul Israel's ancient battle-cry: 'Hear! Oh, Israel! The Lord thy God is one God!' And I will not, and cannot, wipe it out of Israel's consciousness."

"You are not a Unitarian, are you?" Mr. Bruce asked; deep displeasure in his voice.

"I don't know what I am, Mr. Bruce. I only know that I love this Christ, born of my race, and that I cannot think of my life without Him. I shall preach Christ. I shall live Him if I can—and as I can, and take upon myself the consequences. I am going to be a brother to my people and make of them, by God's help, brothers to the human race. Oh! Mr. Bruce! I am a Jew—but I am more than that—I am a human being! Christ has made me that!"

"Now don't begin with your Brotherhood doc-

trine!" said Mr. Bruce. "That won't save men! It's the blood of Christ that saves!"

"Yes, Mr. Bruce. It's the blood of Christ, shed anew each day. Your blood, and my blood, which is His. I believe that, and you believe that. There are just words between us; but we can't understand each other. I think your daughter understands me better than you do. Perhaps she can interpret us to each other."

"Jane is a heretic!" Mr. Bruce said disgustedly; "and I am afraid she has corrupted you by her Higher Criticism and her Browning."

"Oh! Mr. Bruce! You are very much like my dear father. Between him and me there are just words; yet he has rolled a world between us. Don't let us quarrel, Mr. Bruce. Here in your home I have found Christianity, without the barriers of Church and priest; don't put the barrier of words between me and my faith! I do long, as never before, to preach—not by words only, nor by symbols—I am weary of both. I want to preach by my life, by your life, by your daughter's life. If you cannot help me in this, as you thought you could, I shall do it at the presser's bench;—anywhere; but somewhere and somehow."

"No, my boy, we shan't quarrel. You shall go with my blessing, if only you go in Christ's name. And you shall have my help and Jane's help."

Jane could listen in silence no longer. She opened

the door and threw herself into her father's arms, crying: "Oh! You dear old papa; you make me so happy!"

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon, and they sat silently upon the broad piazza, watching the sparkling river in its battle with the advancing tide, which vainly tried to keep it from the sea—and each was busy with his own deep thoughts.

It was a great Sabbath; quiet and happy. All the ancient prophecies seemed to ripen into fulfillment, and Samuel's childhood's dreams almost became realities. He drew his Browning from his pocket, and read aloud from "Saul." How truly the David spirit spoke out of this, his kinsman. How magnificently Samuel's soul responded to that great line which closes this most wonderful poem: "See the Christ stand!" These three could see the Christ; and, inwardly, they all thanked God that they could.

Then Samuel read from "Pippa Passes" —

> "'—— each only as God wills can work.
> God's puppets, best and worst, are we.'

"What a great Calvinist Browning was, Miss Bruce," Samuel said, dropping the book and watching the tide still beating against the river; while the boats slowly floated with the stream. "That is true, so true," he continued. "The river will find the ocean—must find the ocean—we all can but do His will ——

"'—— each only as God wills can work.
God's puppets, best and worst, are we.'"

"I believe all that," Jane Bruce said; her face beaming from pleasure, and her pride in him. "I believe all that, except that you are 'God's puppet.' You are the 'captain of your soul,' and of other souls."

"Do you believe that, Miss Bruce? Do you believe that I shall lead men into the kingdom—from earth to heaven?"

"I do believe in you—Mr. Gregory—you will 'Be to men a star ——'"

"No, no!" he cried. "Don't say that, Miss Bruce! Not a star! It's dangerous—that is how Paracelsus fell—that is how angels fall from heaven. Paul is safer. Let me but be 'less than the least among all the saints'! I have no desire to shine; but I do long to serve. How I shall accomplish it I do not know; but, as God wills—as God wills," he repeated.

"I trust you to do the will of God," Jane said emphatically; her beautiful eyes clouded by tears. "But to know the will of God!"

"Ah, me! Miss Bruce. I wish I might be your Providence as you and your father have been mine; but you do not need me. I trust you to do God's will as He wills it. Now I must go."

The carriage, with his scanty luggage, was waiting for him at the foot of the steps. He looked back upon the house—his soul's birthplace; then at the

palisades—those mighty cathedral walls, which helped him to voice his new-won faith—and last, the river—which, in imagination, had carried him to the great sea of humanity on the East-side. Then he looked long at his friends, and pressed Mr. Bruce's hand, vainly trying to thank him.

"No, don't you thank me, my boy!" his genial host repeated over and over again. "Thank God, and I thank Him for you. Go and preach 'The unsearchable riches' of God—in Christ Jesus; go and break down 'the middle wall of' prejudice between Jew and Gentile. We'll be with you. Only preach Christ. Remember that He alone can save!"

Then Samuel turned to Jane. As he looked into her eyes, full of the sunlight, and of the deeper, richer light within—and as he saw her face, reflecting the nobility of her soul—he felt again, as he had felt on the steamer, that this was his Madonna—saintly, and pure and true!

The warm pressure of her hand-clasp, as she returned his, caused the blood to surge through his heart, like a fire—pure as any which ever glowed on sacred altar; nevertheless, it burned—and burned the deeper, because it was Divine.

"Are there not—Miss Bruce—two points in the adventure of the diver? One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge——"

There Samuel hesitated, and Jane continued: "One—when a prince he rises with his pearl?"

Then, in a voice ringing from courage and hope, Samuel added: "Festus, I plunge!"

"We wait you when you rise!" responded Jane; and Samuel bent reverently over her outstretched hand, and kissed it.

XXV

JANE

MR. BRUCE did not like Samuel's plan for the redemption of the people of the East-side. He called it "bread and butter salvation"; and long and heated were the arguments between the two men, concerning the respective merits of their widely divergent methods. Mr. Bruce believed that salvation for the Jews meant, primarily, the acceptance of Jesus Christ as a Saviour from sin; while the younger man contended that the Jews must first have the chance to know a Christ worth accepting, and that Christian people must so exemplify Christ in their lives that the Jews would think Him worthy of imitation.

Single-handed, Samuel plunged into the mazes of the Ghetto, where poverty and vice were thickest. Patiently he toiled, earning his daily bread, first at the presser's bench, later by his pen, with which he was very successful. Gradually, he gathered about him a group of followers and helpers, who understood his motives and shared his faith in the redeeming power of the teachings of Jesus. It is doubtful that Samuel could have successfully passed an examination in Protestant theology; but it is certain that his love for the Christ, and his passion to redeem men

from sin and its consequences, recommended him to those Christians who had caught the social passion of the disciples of Jesus.

To Samuel, Christ was the Messiah, his own Redeemer. Through Christ, his life had received meaning, his purposes direction; and the words of Jesus became to him the law of social conduct. Through his study of Tolstoy's writings, his ideas became more firmly established, and, in sharing them with Jane Bruce, the two had come into complete harmony upon this subject, to the great chagrin of Mr. Bruce. His orthodoxy, however, never interfered with his supporting the East-side work, especially as more and more he recognized the breadth of Samuel's plans and the largeness of his vision.

Just as the work began to show tangible results, Mr. Bruce died suddenly, on the way to his office. According to his will, the burden of administering his large estate fell upon his daughter. As Mr. Bruce left the bulk of his great wealth for "the salvation of the Jews," Jane decided to broaden the scope of the down-town work, in which Samuel was so successful, and to augment it by making Peniel Heights part of it—in reality, sharing her home with those unfortunates whose lives Samuel touched, and who were in need of fresh air, good food, and sympathizing friends.

A few weeks after Mr. Bruce's death, when Jane was still crushed by the heaviness of her grief,

visitors were announced. They were her pastor, Mr. Cartwright the senior deacon of Peniel church, and one or two other members of it, intimate friends of her father, who were not only concerned in Jane's welfare, but were anxious to be helpful in the proper disposal of her trust.

"Good afternoon, Dr. Wright," Jane said, greeting her pastor. "How do you do, Mr. Cartwright?" Then, seeing Bob Pitkin, "and you too, Bob?" A smile passed over her pale face, as she asked: "Is Saul also among the prophets? I am glad you have come. I do need my friends. It is good to see you all. Won't you sit down?"

When they were seated, a solemn silence fell. It was broken by Dr. Wright, who, by virtue of his office, became the spokesman of the party.

"You know, Jane," he said very tenderly, "that we are all interested in your plans for properly executing your father's will, and we just wondered if we could advise you and be of some help to you. You know, I was very close to your father."

"Indeed, Dr. Wright," Jane replied, "I should be glad to listen to advice, if I had not already made my plans; but I shall be very grateful for any help which my friends will give me."

"We have heard about your plans, Jane," Bob interposed, "and it is about those very plans that we want to talk to you. We are afraid that you are being imposed upon."

"Thank you very much, Bob, for coming to me at this time of need. I didn't know that you were especially interested in missionary work. How do you think I am being imposed upon?"

"You are being imposed upon by that socialistic anarchist, on whom you are throwing your father's money away, Jane."

Miss Bruce rose quickly, her pale cheeks glowing. "Mr. Pitkin," she said sharply, "whom do you mean? What do you mean?"

Mr. Cartwright laid his hand gently on Jane's arm, saying: "See here, Jane, don't get excited. Let's talk this matter over calmly. Your father left his money for the salvation of the Jews; from what we have heard, you are proposing to endow a sort of settlement on the East-side with that converted Jew, who was ill here so long, in charge. Do you expect to save the Jews by kindergartens and soup-kitchens and hospitals, and the other things you are proposing to put in? Moreover, Jane, that young man has flown the track completely; he is a socialist. I have even heard that he is an anarchist."

"Mr. Cartwright," Jane replied, making a visible effort to be calm, "I am in no mood for argument; but let me assure you that the man to whom I am entrusting so much of my father's fortune is neither a socialist nor an anarchist, but a Christian—a true follower of Jesus. I can wish for myself no greater blessing than to have such faith as he has,

and to have the power to do the work that he is doing."

"How many souls has he saved, Jane?" her pastor asked.

"My dear Dr. Wright, I don't know, and I don't think I care. I can tell you though how many children he has rescued from the enslavement of labour, how many boys he has saved from certain business interests which made an assault upon their appetites; I can tell you how many druggists he has had arrested for selling cocaine to those boys, and how many saloon-keepers he has had fined for selling them liquor. I can tell you exactly, Dr. Wright, how many girls he has saved from shame and disgrace; but how many souls he has saved will be known only when the book that is 'sealed with seven seals' is opened. Their names are written in that book."

"That's not religion, Jane, that's not religion. That's philanthropy!" exclaimed Mr. Cartwright. "Your father left his money for the salvation of the Jews, to save their souls, to make them believe in Jesus; that's what your father's money was left for."

"Mr. Cartwright," Jane replied, "the Jews will never believe in Jesus until we can convince them that He is the Messiah—the deliverer. The reason that the work of the 'Society for the Conversion of the Jews' has been at all effective, is, that my father, who founded it, was a sincere friend of the Jews—

that he became their deliverer in Jesus' name. This home, as you know, was rarely without a Jewish guest, and, through my father's love and kindness, many Jews learned to believe in the love of the Son of God.

"Gentlemen," Jane continued, "I am willing to make you a committee to dispose of my father's fortune, if you will open your homes to poor, neglected and wretched Jews, as my father did, and as I intend to. How many Jewish guests should you like for next Sunday, Mr. Cartwright? Dr. Wright, how many Jewish children do we want in Peniel Sunday-school? Bob, how many—but I forget; you are a drone in the hive. I mustn't ask anything of you."

"Jane," Bob spoke again. "That isn't common sense. You've gone daft on this whole subject. You are an extremist, just like that crazy socialist."

"Am I an extremist, Dr. Wright?" Jane turned inquiring eyes upon her pastor. "Have you not taught me these same things? How many times have I heard you say that true Christianity is to accept all men as brothers, and to treat them as such; and I believe it, every word of it. Christianity without brotherhood is not true Christianity. Take that away from it, and you take out its core; yet now, Dr. Wright, when I am ready to act upon your preaching, you come to save me from my folly. I want to build, in the heart of Jewish misery, a memorial to my father, a settlement, if you choose to

call it so. That, I shall build with my own money. I want to fill the place just as full of human love as I can fill it—to interpret to the Jews the Divine love. When they pass that building, and are touched by its ministry, they will know that Christianity is not an idle dogma, not something to hate, or to be hated by."

"Hm!—hm!"—Dr. Wright stammered: "I must confess, Jane, your project sounds well; yet it staggers me. You know we have not been idle at Peniel; we have always supported the Jewish Mission, and we give liberally to home missions."

"Do you know, Dr. Wright, how much your missionary accomplishes on the East-side? Do you realize that he is like a 'needle in a hay stack'? And a pretty dull, stupid needle, I often think. What does the East-side care for Mr. Razinsky's sermons on the 'Trinity,' or on 'the Fulfillment of Prophecy'? Nothing!"

"And yet, daughter, it is by the 'foolishness of preaching' that the people are to be converted."

"That is true, Dr. Wright; by 'the foolishness of preaching,' but not by foolish preaching. I think I heard you say that once, and that's what Mr. Razinsky's preaching is. It insults the intellect of those who hear it—it is meaningless to most of them, and, at best, but few listen; for he is distrusted and hated by the Jews. We'll never convert people to Christianity unless they see it at work. These people come

from countries where the cross has been not only a stumbling-block, but a club to knock them down. The name of Jesus has been to them what the name of the 'Bogeyman' is to a frightened child. I want to try a new way, and see if it works. If it doesn't work, then the Home Missionary Society may have every cent of my father's money. Does that satisfy you, gentlemen?"

"Ye-es, ye-es," Mr. Cartwright replied, half-heartedly. "Of course, you have a right to do exactly as you please with your father's money, Jane; but—e—we—think—e—that there is—a—an uncommon lot of Jews coming out here to see you."

"Is that the trouble, Mr. Cartwright? are you concerned about the society I am in? Are you afraid that I shall be contaminated by these Jews? You needn't worry; I am proof against Jewish microbes. My father made me immune."

Just then, Bob burst out, in his old familiar way:

"Jane, this business is going too far—you'll have to stop it. You'll run us out of Peniel. Honest, Jane, you can't take a train from the city now, without its being full of Jews; men, women and children, dozens of them and all getting off at Peniel Station. We had grown reconciled to seeing your father bring out a specimen every few weeks; but you're bringing all the twelve tribes!"

"Only eleven, Bob. Don't you know that one of the twelve tribes was lost?"

"Well, Jane, I wish the other eleven had been lost too. Anyway, why do you want to saddle them on to us? They don't need much encouragement to come. They'll get here fast enough without your assistance. They are in Harlem, ready to cross the bridge, and they have invaded Brooklyn, so that the churches are being turned into synagogues. Peniel is the only edge of this town that is Jew free, and here you come with your crazy, new fangled plans for converting the Jews; and they just swarm out here."

"I regret, gentlemen," Jane said, ignoring Bob's tirade, "that my plans are distasteful to you; yet I do not think that I can change them. I wish Peniel Heights to remain what it has always been—a consecrated place—consecrated to human need, to human suffering, and free, perfectly free from hate of either race or class. Yet I do not wish to be stubborn in this matter; and as you all dislike the Jews, I'll give up my plan of bringing Jews here as my guests——"

"Good for you, Jane!" Bob interrupted.

"Don't be in a hurry, Bob, I have not finished. I'll give up my plan of bringing Jews to Peniel Heights. I'll bring Italians. They are picturesque, Dr. Wright, and you do so love Italy. How about the Italians? I'll trade the Jews for the Italians. I have no race prejudice. They are all the same to me—what do you say, Bob?"

"No, Jane, no dagos—for heaven's sake, no dagos!"

Mr. Cartwright shook his head vigorously and negatively; Dr. Wright said nothing.

"Well, let's drop the 'dagos,' as you call them, Bob. I am not especially fond of them. How about the Polanders? Polanders, Mr. Cartwright, are among the most industrious of our citizens. They do occasionally get drunk; but then, so do some of the residents of our Peniel. How about the Polanders, Mr. Cartwright? No? Then, as you are not in a trading mood, I fear that I shall have to carry out my original plan.

"I am sorry, Dr. Wright, that you came too late. You should have come two generations ago. You know, my father inherited his love for the Jews from his father. It is a passion of the Bruce family—and, as Dr. Rosnik would say: 'It is incurable.'"

Bob lingered after the others had gone.

"Why don't you go, Bob?"

"Because I don't want to."

"That's a pretty good reason. It's supposed to be a woman's reason, isn't it?"

"And a man's."

"A man's reason, Bob?" Jane asked, with her fine sarcasm.

"Well, Jane, I did think you'd listen to me! This plan of yours is not only foolish, it's crazy! I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts, that it will break you up, if it doesn't break you down."

"Thank you very much for your solicitude, Bob;

but I am coming on finely. I miss dear papa dreadfully; although I am growing more self-reliant than I ever thought I could be. You know I always leaned on papa and thought that I couldn't do anything alone; but I seem to have the strength of a giant."

"You'll need it, Jane, you'll need it."

"I suppose I shall, Bob; with all my old friends against me. I shall 'fight it out on this line' though, if it does 'break me up, or break me down.'"

"You'll call on me, won't you, Jane, when you need help? Of course, you know I'll not help you in this crazy scheme—but anything else, Jane—anything else."

"I shall never ask you to come to me, Bob."

"Do you mean to say, Jane, that you don't want me to come? You can't be so cruel."

"Don't do the pathetic, Bob. It isn't becoming. It wouldn't break your heart if you never saw me again. You'll be welcome here, of course, whenever you choose to come. You know I have no race prejudice."

"Jane, I want to tell you here and now, for the last time, that I shan't step through your gate if you persist in your foolish purpose. I mustn't! I can't! I owe something to my self-respect!"

"How your self-respect must suffer when you go to the Café Alhambra, Bob. But you'll find some of the same people here—some of the same women who have been bought and sold at Moskowsky's—only,

they'll not be for sale here, Bob, not here! Your self-respect will be in no danger here!

"Don't think, Bob, that I am urging you to come. I don't want you. If things go well with me, I shan't need you, and, if things go wrong with me, I know where to get comfort."

"Yes, that confounded Hebrew ——"

"Yes, Bob; that same Hebrew who comforts your mother, when she needs comfort and help; that same Hebrew who inspires all those who are trying to bring back the joy of life to the joyless city; that same Hebrew whose words were the first sacred words you uttered when a child. Some day, when you crawl back into manhood again, as I hope some day you will—you'll be on your knees, asking mercy and pardon in the name of that same Hebrew."

"You are crazy, Jane, crazy as a loon!"

"Thank you, Bob. Thank you for the compliment. I shan't dispute you. I shan't bear you any malice; only leave me, leave me, and don't come back.

"No, no, Bob! You mustn't!" and she pushed aside the hand that would have grasped hers. "No, not another word; I can't stand anything more—good-bye."

She turned, and left the room; while Bob, under his breath, said: "Darn that troublesome Hebrew!"

* * * * * *

Alone, on the veranda, Jane sat through the dusk

and the dark; until from the park and the shore of the river her wards came to say good-night.

Malke was among them, walking unaided; although still walking in the shadow. A green shade protected her sensitive eyes, which had so improved, that she could see her Lady Love's face, and that made the child happy.

"Lady Love," Malke called, when she was ready for bed, "come, kiss me good-night, and help me say my prayers."

Jane went; but although she was sad and depressed, and sorely needed comfort, she could not pray—for the Christ's face, and the face of him for whom her heart yearned—were one.

XXVI

THE ANARCHIST NUN

"OY, oy, oy!" Reb Abraham lamented, as he threw himself upon the couch, which had served as his son's bed, a little more than two years before.

"Mine enemies should reach such an old age as I have reached!" he continued. "Who wants an old man in America? Who cares for anything I write in the holy tongue? Who wants it written on the door-posts of his house, that he is a Jew, as God, blessed be His holy name, has commanded? Nobody! Oy, oy, oy!" The broken springs of the sofa creaked and groaned beneath him, as he tried to find that part of it which had reluctantly adjusted itself to his body; then he groaned again.

"And such a son! Ach! Ach! Such a son!"

The barber, in an adjoining room, was still awake; although he, too, had sought the place of least resistance on his bed, and found it.

"No, Reb Abraham," he called out, into the thick of the old man's groaning; "no, Reb Abraham, nobody cares for your words, written in the holy tongue; because they are dry, and dull, and have no life in them. They are not poetry ——"

"And who cares for your poetry?" the old man

interrupted, tartly. "I get something out of my writing in the holy tongue, and I am doing an act well-pleasing to God—but you and your poetry—no one cares for poetry in America, and to God it is an abomination. You are an abomination also. You live like a heathen, your children don't know the Sabbath from any other day, and you eat with unwashen hands."

"Reb Abraham," the barber asked, with a sleepy chuckle, "what does the Talmud say? Shall a man wash his hands before, or after, eating a ham sandwich?"

"Don't blaspheme!" cried Reb Abraham, dislodging himself from the depression in the sofa. "You'll die of apoplexy some day; the ham sandwich will stick in your throat, and choke you—that's what the Talmud says."

"Reb Abraham," the barber replied, turning in his bed, while the springs protested loudly; "if all the New York Jews who eat ham sandwiches would die of apoplexy, there wouldn't be enough Jews left to fill the Rivington Street synagogue.

"It's not the trepha meat that's going to choke them, it's the trepha money they make. Reb Abraham, if you only knew! You don't know—you don't know! Your son knows. He is a golden son, Reb Abraham, a golden son! He knows what we suffer from the Rosenfelts, and the Rosenbaums and the Rosenheims, and the rest of them, that drink our

blood, and eat our flesh, and grow fat, so fat they can't breathe. They are going to be struck by apoplexy, but not from eating pork!"

"Don't mention my son!" Reb Abraham cried. "Such a son! Such a son!"

"Such a son! Such a son!" the barber echoed excitedly. "A prince, a captain he is!" Then the barber sang a synagogue tune, to which he fitted his own words, as they passed through his half-asleep brain.

> "Arise, my beloved, and sing a song,
> Of Judah's hurt, of Judah's wrong,
> Of Judah's poor, of Judah's slain,
> Of Judah's rich, with the mark of Cain.
> Arise, my beloved, and sing a song ——"

There, the fire of genius, having consumed itself, the poet just hummed the Sabbath tune, until his loud snoring changed the sweet melody into hideous discord.

Reb Abraham still groaned, for sleep came reluctantly to him. He could not forget his son. The world around him would not allow him to forget. His son's name was upon the lips of the poorest of the Ghetto dwellers. A Jewish apostate had become their champion. A baptized Jew, who had not forsaken his people—who had not ceased to love them—who was saving their daughters from shame, and who was helping to redeem the Ghetto from its ills, and from its ill-repute—this was his son. All day long,

the old man had heard about this son. He hoped now, that he had heard the last of it all; for the barber was sound asleep. Malke, too, strangely enough, was silent; but hardly had her father's snoring begun than she sat up in her bed, and asked:

"Uncle Abraham, why do men snore?"

"Child," the old man cried, complainingly, "how shall I know? I suppose, because God has made men so. Now lie down and go to sleep. You always ask questions—just like my little Samuel—oy, oy! Just like my golden boy!" The springs of the old couch shook, as he tossed miserably about.

"Oy! Oy! Mine enemies should reach such an old age as I have reached! My enemies, my worst enemies! No home—no son—but, as God wills!" And he lay still, forcibly composing himself to sleep.

"Uncle Abraham!" Malke was calling again.

"Go to sleep, I say!"

"Uncle Abraham, I don't believe it is God's will that you should have such an old age. You could live with Samuel, and get young again, if you would. He makes everybody happy. Everybody talks about him and the good he does."

"Malke," the old man cried angrily; "shall I live in the house of a Goy? A house which is also a church, where they baptize people? Never will I step through the door of that house! Oy, oy, oy! That I should see the day when my son is a missionary!"

Again the old man tried to forget his pain in sleep; but again Malke called through the dark:

"Uncle Abraham, why do you hate the Christians?"

"Child, you will kill me to-night with your questions! Why do I hate them? Because they hate me. I have got nothing but 'mackes' from the Christians. They have taken my son away from me! They have burned down my house, and now I must live in exile! Go to sleep, Malke, and don't torment me!"

"Uncle Abraham?" Malke called again, "do you know who gave me my piano?"

"What do I care for your piano? Let me sleep!"

"Uncle Abraham, it was the Lady Love who gave it to me; and she built the hospital, and the house for Samuel."

"Be still I say! You are making me crazy! Let me sleep!"

"Uncle Abraham, you know my eyes are getting better and that the Lady Love says some day I can see as well as she does. You know she is paying the great doctor for curing my eyes; and Uncle Abraham, the Lady Love is a Christian, and you love her; you told me so. Why can't you love Samuel?"

"Malke!" Reb Abraham almost shrieked, "for Heaven's sake, be still! What have I done, that God—blessed be His holy name!—should so afflict me?"

Silence fell; but it lasted only a few moments; for

the child, undismayed by the old man's anger, called again:

"Uncle Abraham!"

There was no answer.

"Uncle Abraham!" The child sat upright in bed. "Why did the Jews kill the Christians' God?"

The question, so like Samuel's, in the far away past, aroused all Reb Abraham's brooding wrath. He rose hastily, and went to the child's bed, crying: "If you don't stop, Malke, I'll punish you. I'll whip you! Oy, oy, oy!"

Then he stood still in the dark; for the child was sobbing. A door opened, and Rivka, lamp in hand, entered the room. She looked out of place in the poor little kitchen. Her gown, of some gauzy fabric, fell in shimmering waves about her, and her bare arms and shoulders shone white, in the lamplight.

"Can't you be patient with the child, Reb Abraham? Answer her, if you can. You can't? That's it, none of us can answer. If I were to ask the Czar the same questions he couldn't answer them either. He is crucifying God's son every day.

"You don't understand, Reb Abraham. You're a blind child, like Malke. Some day the Czar's children and his children's children are going to ask the same questions—'Why did you kill those Revolutionists, those sons of God? Why did you hate them?' Reb Abraham, they are going to ask those same questions, in heaven and hell, if there are such

places. Now you go back to bed. If you weren't a child, I'd tell you that you are a fool for behaving towards your son as you do, because he is a Christian. He is a better Jew than I am, Reb Abraham. I never enter a synagogue and I eat pork ; I don't believe in anything. Not in God, nor in His angels, nor in the Talmud, nor in your Bible ; yet you don't run from me as if I had smallpox. Because Samuel believes, not only in God and in the Bible, but believes in that Messiah, you go crazy over it, and act as if he had committed a crime.

"Reb Abraham, where is there another boy, born as he was born, who is doing what he is doing, here in New York? He is a voice in the city's wilderness. Like a prophet he speaks, and they tear down the dirty rat-holes of houses, and build better ; he lifted up his voice, and the law-makers heard it, and made laws to protect the children. What hasn't he done in the last year, Reb Abraham? And for the Jews—yes, for the Jews, who hate him because he has been baptized!

"Reb Abraham, some day, when it is too late, you'll want to go to your son, you'll want to crawl into the shelter of his house."

"Not as long as I live! Not as long as I live!" reiterated the old man. "The worms shall eat my body while I am alive if I ever go to his house—where they baptize!"

"Reb Abraham, you're a child, just a child!

Some day you'll see what a fool you have been. Now, go to sleep; and you, Malke, go to sleep, too. Leave the poor old man alone."

"Rivka, dear," Malke cried, extending her delicate fingers, "let me feel you."

"Not to-night, dear. Go to sleep!"

"Rivka, I can smell that same dress that I don't like. It smells like wine and cigars, it goes to my lungs so. Rivka, don't wear that dress."

"Hush, childy dear. It's the only nice dress that I have to wear, when I go to play for the ladies and gentlemen. It's my work dress, sweetheart; good-night. No, don't kiss me, Malke—not to-night. Now go to sleep, my poor blind children. Good-night, Reb Abraham."

Down the stairs she went, and out into the dark, towards the Bowery and Grand Street—and in her shadow walked a man who, hungry for a glimpse of his father, had watched the windows of the barber's home all the evening. A man, whose noble face and purposeful bearing, marked him everywhere, the peer of other men—a man, whom the fallen knew as their friend, and whom their traducers knew as their enemy.

The Café Alhambra in Grand Street, on the East Side—"Moskowsky's Place," as it was more often called—was a feature of the Ghetto, and an objective point for slumming expeditions.

It was not native to the Ghetto, and had been transplanted from the West Side, because the proprietor discovered that American people loosen their purse strings, and stretch their morals most quickly, when they can blame the foreigner for the iniquities which they commit.

Moskowsky was a Russian Jew, who had graduated from all the schools of vice in Europe, and, consequently, based his venture on past experience. He had learned that certain forms of wickedness in Paris were maintained especially for Americans, who wish to see the deplorably low moral condition of the French people. Being a keen observer, he had noted that while they were duly shocked by what they saw, they almost always enjoyed the experience.

There were two parts to the Moskowsky establishment: one down-stairs, and one upstairs. The room upstairs, reserved for Americans, was gorgeously furnished, *à la Russe*, and the walls were decorated in scenes from Russian history. There were numerous small, curtained recesses for champagne suppers, and other questionable and expensive diversions.

The basement was for the accommodation of Moskowsky's frugal Russian guests, who drank cheap tea, smoked cheap cigarettes, and were quite satisfied with the dilapidated room, void as it was of either beauty or comfort.

Upstairs it was usually crowded, particularly on Sunday nights, when the foreigner is supposed to be

especially happy in destroying the Sabbath of the Puritanical American, who comes in large numbers to see how it is done.

Moskowsky surrounded his American guests, not only by all the tawdry luxuries of Russia, he also prepared for them Russian entertainments, with a strong American flavour. The shrewd Jew knew that the American is not long satisfied by pleasures which he cannot understand; so Moskowsky's singers and dancers mixed their native *repertoire* with jigs, and the latest tunes from vaudeville land, and these selections were always the most appreciated on the programme.

The Sunday night dinners at the Café Alhambra were famous; for they were composed of all the most tempting dishes, which, by their superior merit, had won places of honour in the culinary calendars of different nations; and although they were alien to each other, "one touch of"—garlic—made "the whole world kin."

Rivka had drifted back to this life, because her unrestrained nature ill-adapted itself to social conventions. She was a failure as a music teacher, a career in which the Bruces had tried to be helpful to her. At the Café Alhambra, she could sit each night at the piano, beating out her wild spirit in Tschaikowsky's and Chopin's passionate Slavic music. Then she could make merry until daybreak with men and women, many of whom, like herself, had abandoned

themselves to pleasure that they might forget their pain.

When Samuel followed Rivka into the Café Alhambra dinner was being served. The room was full of elegantly attired Americans, many of them chaperoned by Jewish manufacturers, who were showing their Gentile customers the sorest spot of Judaism. The odour of deliciously cooked food, and the pungent fragrance of fine wines filled the air. Young women of various nationalities, but all in Russian peasant costume, waited upon the guests, who often chatted and joked with a favourite waitress. Above the clatter of dishes, the clink of glasses, the laughter, the loud conversation, and the coming and going of guests, Rivka's music rose, plaintively beautiful—the only harmonious sound in this bedlam of noises. A varied musical programme of remarkable excellence was given; but the Americans ate the food, evidently unconscious of the artistic treat, and drank in the wines more eagerly than they "drank in" the music.

Samuel found a place in a secluded corner, and watched the gay crowd; while he ate as modest a meal as could be purchased. Moskowsky kept up prices in this part of his establishment, in order to keep out the Russian Jews, who found the same dishes, less artistically garnished and less fancifully named, at lower prices down-stairs.

Wistfully and anxiously Samuel watched Rivka, who sat with her face towards him,—that strong, al-

most masculine, face, somewhat softened by her long illness. Her hair had grown, and the soft, auburn mass, caught loosely and low, made her look more womanly. As she played, she mirrored in her face the passing emotions which the music awoke in her soul, and Samuel's heart went out to her in something more than pity ; for he knew that she loved him.

With the ending of the programme, the revelry began. Bottles of champagne, that heavy artillery which so quickly levels the barriers of conventionality—were uncorked ; the women began to laugh loudly, and, when the first scream was heard, the abandonment to pleasure was complete.

The noise, the laughter, the scent of the wines, and the perfume-laden air—awoke for a moment, in Samuel, those terrific forces with which he had grappled, and which so nearly conquered him that night on Broadway,—forces which even yet swept over him more often than he liked to think.

Rivka was as merry as any of the guests, and seemingly as abandoned to pleasure ; and he yearned to go after her, to plunge in, and pull her out of the mire.

He glanced towards her again, just as a man, whom he recognized as Dr. Rosnik's son, Sigismund, led her to a table, around which sat a group of Americans. They were all more or less under the influence of champagne, and among them Samuel saw Bob Pitkin. Sigismund's business was to lead young Ameri-

cans through the labyrinths of foreign New York, pointing out its various features; and he introduced Rivka as one of them.

When Samuel saw her sit down with the drunken men, he felt the shame of it all crushing him. He longed to run away, but could not. He wanted to cry out, as he did on Broadway that awful night; but his voice had gone from him. Then he heard an exclamation, as of alarm. Rivka had risen from her chair, and faced the man opposite her. Samuel could hear her words plainly, above the subsiding noise.

"What do you mean? Who do you think I am? I am an artist!"

"A piano-pounder! and she calls herself an artist! Great Scott! what airs!" cried one of the Americans.

"She must be a spring chicken, strayed into the wrong coop," another one remarked.

Sigismund arose, and tried to put his arm around Rivka; but she gave him a resounding slap in the face. By this time the room was in an uproar. The guests, having been rudely disturbed, were not in a forgiving mood, and uncomplimentary comments upon Rivka flew about.

"Pretty lame duck, ain't she?"

"Madder than a lame coon!"

"Those Sheeny girls, when they get mad, are the worst ever!"

Rivka seated herself sullenly at the piano, and be-

gan to play, trying to forget herself in the violence of the sounds which she produced.

"Get out of here!" screamed one half-drunk American youth.

"This isn't a boiler factory!"

"Cut it out!"

"Give us a rest!" The chorus of voices grew louder and harsher.

"Let up!"

"Dry up!"

"Shut up!"

Sigismund sprang to the piano, and removed the prop from the lid, which brought it crashing down upon the instrument. Rivka stopped playing, while the notes she had struck vibrated on the air until they were silenced at last by the laughing crowd, which jeered at her. No one seemed to pity her; she did not expect it, she was not used to it; yet her eyes searched the room, looking for some one who might understand her. Then she saw Samuel, and, wheeling towards the piano again, she bowed her head in grief and shame.

"Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" the drunken men surrounded the piano and mocked her in her grief.

Some one laid a hand on her shoulder, and she knew that it was *he*, even before he called her name.

Sigismund recognized Samuel, and cried: "A priest and his sweetheart, a nun! A Jew priest and an Anarchist nun! Ladies and gentlemen," he

shouted, mounting a chair, "let me introduce to you the Jew priest and the Anarchist nun. The Jew priest who wants to shut up the town, and the Anarchist nun who wants to burn it up."

Samuel had taken Rivka's hand and was leading her out of the place. As the door closed behind them, they could hear Sigismund's parting gibe: "The priest, the priest, the Jew priest, and the Anarchist nun!"

XXVII

RIVKA'S GOD

NOT a word was spoken by either Samuel or Rivka, as they walked through the terrible glare of the Bowery. They did not hear its blatant noises, nor were they conscious of the crowds which jostled them, as they mechanically went towards the river, where at every step squalor and vice, the grey twin sisters, met their wandering daughters in scarlet.

Without resistance Rivka followed Samuel, until they came to his house, in the densest and oldest part of the East-side, where the Ghetto, Little Italy, and Old Ireland met in hopeless confusion. There stood the citadel of Samuel's faith—home, church, and hospital in one. Those who knew the place best, knew not where one began and the other ended; for, here, no one discriminated against race or faith, against ills of body or ills of soul.

Here, Father Antonius, loyal to his Church, administered to the living and the dying the means of grace; here, Dr. Rosnik healed and helped, asking neither reward for his skill, nor wage for his labour. Here Samuel preached—and practiced—the broad faith inspired in his soul by a living Christ; and here he planned his battles against the corruption which

begat vice, and against the vice which brought forth death. Here, too, old Bill fervently preached and sang the gospel of salvation.

Samuel led Rivka, strangely docile, to the very door-steps of his home. Then they heard, floating through an open window, the deep, sweet tones of an organ, and Bill's voice, singing a hymn of which he never wearied: "I am washed in the blood of the Lamb." Samuel drew Rivka towards the door; but the movement seemed to bring back her old, rebellious self.

"No, no!" she cried. "This is not for me! Moskowsky's and Peniel? No, no! Musk and incense won't mix! Don't try it, Samuel." And she drew him on.

"Come, Rivka," he pleaded; "come home with me. We need you in this fight—come," and he vainly tried to persuade her to retrace her steps.

"No, Samuel, it is not for me; this child's play of being saved." And her voice grew hard. "If it really were a fight! Ah! Samuel, if you were Moses and could plague Pharaoh! Ah! if you were Moses, I'd be Miriam and beat the tambourine and sing, while the Egyptians sank into the sea; but this thing of washing—and lambs—Baa! Baa! I've no use for it, I want to fight! if I could only fight! Samuel, why can't you be our Moses? I'll be Miriam for you, and we will lead these wretched children of Israel out of their captivity."

"Rivka," Samuel replied, "the Jews have nobody, no Messiah, to lead them into a spiritual and moral fight. Rivka, they have no Christ. It is He who gives hope to these unfortunates, and gives them strength to fight their battles."

"Ah, Samuel, I can't understand it; that a Jew, dead now 2,000 years, should make Himself felt in the Bowery, down at the very bottom. That He should give people strength nearly two thousand years after His death, to fight their sins! It's grand! It's wonderful! But oh! If He would only give us strength to fight tyrants, to roll off the yoke of economic slavery, to crush the Rosenfelts and their kind! There, this Jew is helpless, ah! He is dead! But other Jews have thrown out the challenge to that brood! Marx and La Salle! Samuel, if you would lead us on in that fight, I'd be the Miriam! I'd play the tambourine and sing: 'I'm washed in the blood of the tiger!' Oh! the trouble with that Nazarene is, He was a Lamb! We need the strength of lions and tigers! All priests are alike, all Christians are alike, all religious systems are alike. They are here to subject the poor to the rich. It's not for me, Samuel! I believe nothing—nothing—nothing! I don't believe in anybody but you! Samuel, if I ever have a God—oh! Samuel, if I ever have a God, He will look like you—be like you!"

Through her tense body ran a tremour, which communicated itself to Samuel. She clung to him, and

he could feel the beating of her heart and the heaving of her bosom.

"Rivka," he whispered, "I can't be your God, but I'll lead you to God; let me lead you. Rivka, let me lead you to my God! There is a God, I know Him—He moves in my heart, He breathes His breath into my life! Rivka, listen to me." He took her hand in his. "Come with me, let me take you out of this dreadful life you are living. Let me take you home with me, let me ——"

"Where?" Rivka interrupted him.

"To Peniel House, to share the work with me, to share this love ——"

"Love? What love? Whose love?" Rivka again interrupted, stopping short; (for they were nearing the barber's home), and looking at Samuel with hungry eyes.

"The Divine love, Rivka, the saving love ——"

"Ah! I see, Samuel," and she caught her breath sharply. "You want to save me. You are very kind. Divine love! Saving love! Faugh! Samuel, even you smack of theology and incense.

"You want to save me, do you? What about the twenty thousand girls who walk the streets of New York—who are bought and sold—and sold and bought; whom your rich merchants underpay,—and your rich merchants' sons corrupt? Who will save them from the Rosenfelts and all that clan? You'd better go to Rosenfelt, and preach to him the Divine

love. Go out to-morrow, and cry to the tyrants to loosen their chains, to liberate their slaves, to stop dragging thousands of women in the mire! Oh! Samuel, go out and be my God! Hurl dynamite at them and be my Jove!"

"Rivka, I am not Jove, nor his disciple. I have no thunderbolts, I have only love; but I have unbound that love from conventionalities, and it's a force, an element, not a sentiment——"

"Samuel!" Rivka cried, "keep still! That is very beautiful for Malke, for blind children—I am not blind—oh! but I wish I were! Good-night! No, don't come upstairs—your father may be awake." But Samuel followed her.

They entered the kitchen, lighted by Rivka's lamp, and Samuel looked once more into his father's face. Uneasily the old man slept on his uncomfortable bed. Samuel knelt by his side, tempted to embrace him.

"Not my son!—Such an old age!—Mine enemies should live this way!—You don't understand, Malke, he is a traitor to his faith!—Ach!—Elisa ben Abuja!"

Samuel's frame shook convulsively. Gently pressing his lips to the old man's forehead, he was about to leave the room.

"Rivka," Malke, awake as usual, was calling. "Rivka, what did you bring me?"

"Nothing, dearest. I left in a hurry. I forgot——"

"Rivka," and Malke sat up in alarm. "There is some one else in the room! Oh! It can't be Samuel!"

Rivka quieted her; for she feared that Abraham would waken.

"Samuel," Malke cried joyously, "how glad I am that you have come! How is Lady Love?"

"Lady Love sends you much love, little sweetheart! How are you?"

"Better, when you are here. Can't you stay? Oh, please stay, Samuel! Stay and tell me a story; I always sleep so well when you tell me a story. Won't you stay?"

"No, dear child, I dare not stay. I wish I might; but I must go. Now give me a big hug. Be good to my papa, Malke; be good to him. Good-night!"

Rivka followed Samuel into the dark, little hall.

"Samuel, that is very beautiful for blind children, about your Divine love, and your Lady Love! How I wish I were blind! Come to me, Samuel! Give me one kiss, just one! Samuel, if I ever have a God, He will love me as you do. Now go—go—Samuel—go!" And the door closed quickly behind her.

XXVIII

THE FEAST OF BROTHERS

"MISS BRUCE!" It was the barber's excited voice calling, as he waved a roll of note paper over his head. He stepped in among the group of ardent workers, busily engaged in decorating the beautiful rooms of Peniel House, for a most joyous occasion; its third anniversary, and the dedication of an unusually well-equipped and commodious emergency hospital, just completed.

"Take care, take care!" A dozen feminine voices cried; but it was too late. The barber's feet had been caught in garlands of woodbine and clematis, which were lying about the floor, and he fell among them. When he lifted himself from his humiliating posture, he was greeted by loud laughter, in which he recognized the voice of his materialistic antagonist, Dr. Rosnik. Under ordinary circumstances the two were good friends; but when the barber began to read his verses aloud, the doctor would invariably feel the poet's pulse, and ask him to show his tongue.

"Making verses," Dr. Rosnik said, "is as distinct a disease as whooping-cough, and there is no cure for either."

The doctor was on a stepladder, tacking festoons of vines across the windows, and Suszka, her face beaming, was assisting him. Pavel's death, a few months previous to this occasion, had given her the long desired opportunity to come to her "golden boy," and she made herself so useful that Jane and Samuel often wondered how they had carried on the work of Peniel House without her.

When Suszka saw the barber prone upon the floor, entangled in the vines and flowers which she had helped gather at Peniel Heights, with great expenditure of time and strength, she gave vent to her feelings by her usual exclamation, "Schma Jsrael!"

"No, no, Suszka," Dr. Rosnik cried, with a grunt and a chuckle. "Don't say: 'Hear, oh, Israel!' say stop your ears, oh, Israel; for the barber is around with some poetry."

The barber contemptuously eyed his enemy, safely astride the stepladder; then, turning to Jane, said: "Miss Bruce, I want to read some poetry to-night in honour of the occasion, my first English poetry. I want you to hear it before the others, just you alone. These people, with ears of flesh and hearts of stone, can't appreciate poetry. Won't you send them away?"

At this, every one crowded around the poet, and after some very mild urging, he mounted a window seat, and, clearing his throat, read from his manuscript:

Crushed, like the grapes in the wine-press,
Torn, like the leaf from the tree,
Scattered, like chaff, by the storm-wind,
Discouraged, like armies that flee,—

"Discouraged like armies of fleas?" Dr. Rosnik called down from his perch. "Barber, that's very good, very good; only fleas are never discouraged. A man who comes from Kottowin ought to know that."

"If you want to make poetry for the great feast to-night," the barber retorted fiercely, swinging defiant arms at the doctor, so tantalizingly out of reach —"you may do so, and I'll go back to my cloak-making." He was about to step down from his improvised platform; but Jane, in pity, urged him to ignore the doctor, and continue his reading, which he did with added emphasis and gesture.

Over mountains of hate and derision,
Through oceans of slanderous mire,
Columbia, our hope and our refuge,
We come to thee, saved as by fire.

"Fire?" Dr. Rosnik cried, derisively. "Don't you mention fire to-night, or some of the Goyim will say: 'How much insurance did they get?'"

The barber's face grew crimson from anger, as he cried: "You pessimist! You 'fly in the ointment!' Do you think that, to-night, any one will care what we are? Nobody will think about the difference between Jew and Gentile—that's all swallowed up in brotherhood."

"Don't get excited, barberleben," the doctor answered, coolly tacking a garland over one of the windows. "Let me tell you something. Do you know what the mayor and the judges and the rest of the Gentiles will say, when they leave your 'Feast of Brothers' to-night?"

"What they will say," the barber vociferated at the top of his voice. "They will say: 'the millennium has come'; 'the middle wall of separation is broken down'; that's what they will say."

"I'll tell you what they will say," Dr. Rosnik began, taking the carpet tacks from his mouth. "They will say when they are among themselves, 'a pretty decent lot of Sheenies,' tra, la, la, la;" and, with each of his tantalizing notes, he struck the carpet tacks vicious blows.

"Oh, Dr. Rosnik! you don't mean that!" came in tones of protest from Jane.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Bruce. I didn't mean you. You are one in a million—you are a miracle—you were born without prejudice. The rest can't help it; it's born in them—it's somewhere near the liver. Perhaps, some day, I may discover the microbe of race-hate, and destroy it. Until then, all your settlements and 'Feasts of Brothers' will be like a puff of air. It's the same with the Jews, Miss Bruce. They will go home and say: 'What a fine lot of Goyim we have met.' You take Samuel's father, and

ten times ten thousand other Jews; this place is an eye-sore to them—they would be happier if you had built here a pork-packing establishment. Go ahead with your poetry, barberleben, that's in the blood too, and can't be cured; go ahead."

"Poetry a disease, the divine fire a disease!" the barber expostulated, swinging himself back into his window seat. "Everything is a disease with you. You materialist, you pessimist, you rationalist, you burnt-out Vesuvius, you—you—you—leave us alone! You're out of your element here, in this place of harmony. If you come to-night, it won't be a 'Feast of Brothers!'"

"Yes, barberleben, it will be a 'Feast of Brothers'; for, if we could, we would eat each other up—but go ahead with your poetry!"

Jane waded through the garlands and the flowers which strewed the floor, and standing by the doctor's ladder, asked: "Really, doctor, what makes you so skeptical about our work? Isn't it glorious? Only think what has been accomplished here. And to-night, Dr. Rosnik, many of my old friends, who scoffed at the idea of my having a share in this work, are coming to our celebration. You *are* a pessimist," she said, shaking her finger at the doctor, who had smiled in his most sarcastic manner while she was speaking.

"That's all very well, Miss Bruce; but it is like the barber's writings—poetry. When you come to

look into it, you find it just words. Pardon me, Miss Bruce," and he dropped his hammer; "what would your old friends say if you asked them to call on us and our families? How would that strike them? Ya, ya, Fräulein; this is going to be beautiful poetry to-night; but when your 'Feast of Brothers' is over, it will be the same prose that it was before"—and, putting a handful of tacks into his mouth, the doctor continued his task.

Jane's face clouded; for she knew that the doctor spoke the truth. Her old associates did ridicule her work, and always looked askance when they met any of her Jewish friends at Peniel Heights.

When Dr. Rosnik saw the effect of his sharp words, he regretted them, and said: "Don't mind me, Fräulein, don't mind me; I am just an old pill-box, without sentiment or poetry. Go ahead with your 'Feast of Brothers'! It will be fine for your Yankee friends to see that there are Jews like our barber, who will waste their lives in making poetry; it will be lovely for them to see Jewish children who have good manners and talent. Oy, oy! Israel has 'talent to burn,' as they say. Go on, Fräulein, I am with you in your 'Feast of Brothers.' I will wave the Star-Spangled Banner, I will sing the new Marseillaise that you are all practicing"—and, taking one of the flags which he was about to fasten to the wall, he waved it wildly; while he sang in a quavering voice:

"We are the myriads named and nameless,
From every age and every clime,
Who in the fight for freedom, blameless,
Won immortality in time.
One struggle more, supreme endeavour,
Then peace, not war, shall rule the earth,
And brotherhood shall come to birth,
And every chain be loosed forever."

"Now the chorus; everybody sing!" And, waving his tack hammer, Dr. Rosnik, by his own enthusiasm, compelled every one in the room to join in the chorus:

"Ye mountains clap your hands,
Exult, oh! sky and sea,
March on, march on,
The morning breaks, the dawn of liberty."

"Now, barber," the doctor cried exultingly, as he wiped the perspiration from his face, "don't you think I am in tune for your 'Feast of Brothers' to-night? Now go on and give us some more poetry."

The barber, however, had disappeared. Jane had taken him to her private office, where, without interruption, he unburdened himself of his poetry. Still he seemed unhappy about something, and, after much coaxing on Jane's part, he told his trouble.

"Miss Bruce, just one thing will be lacking to make the anniversary perfect; that is, Samuel's father. Won't you go after him and bring him? You alone can do it, no one else can do anything with him; he is as stubborn as a mule. You can bring him, I am sure. You brought Rivka."

"I am not so sure," Jane replied, "that I brought Rivka; because I brought Yankev first, and the two are inseparable now, and working together beautifully. I don't know what to say, or do, to bring Reb Abraham; I have tried so often; but I will go now, and make one more effort."

The barber's request seemed to Jane like a response to her own thoughts; for all the morning her mind had been with Samuel, in his unhappiness because of the separation from his father.

Jane and Samuel met constantly, for she had taken upon herself the supervision of many of the activities of Peniel House, and had watched with him the development of the hospital; so that their lives touched each other at many points. Jane's life, indeed, centred in Samuel, with great pride in his achievement, and with ever-increasing love for him.

Now, as her carriage took her towards the barber's home, she gave herself up to thoughts of Samuel and his work, and all that his having come into her life meant to her. How he had grown, mentally and spiritually, during the few years since he was the involuntary guest in her father's home; how strong and handsome his face had become, and how well he carried himself; how perfectly he adapted himself to all conditions and to all people, and,—that which called forth her greatest admiration—how humble he had remained in the many successes which had

crowned his efforts. Praise had not spoiled him, even as threats had not affrighted him; and of both he had received more than falls to the lot of common mortals.

When Jane reached the barber's home, she found Reb Abraham alone, bending over a piece of parchment. He was writing upon it the sacred sentences, which were to be nailed at the doors of those faithful ones in Israel who still remained loyal to the Rabbinic teachings.

He lifted his head and looked at Jane indifferently. After she had greeted him, he said: "I am growing blind in my old days, Lady Love; I didn't know you. Will you forgive me? How good of you to come to see me. Oy, oy, oy! Mine enemies should have such eyes as I have!"

Jane sat beside him, and, taking his hand in hers, stroked it tenderly. The old man's face relaxed, and the old-time smile strove with the furrows of sorrow and age.

"It is good of you to remember me, Lady Love. An old man, in America, is like an orphan in the woods—nobody to talk to. Everybody is busy, busy. Ach, ach! Mine enemies should have such an old age!"

"Reb Abraham," Jane began, in German, which she tried to make as Yiddish as possible, "will you do me a great favour?"

"I, to you, a favour? ts, ts! Wonderful!" he

said. "That I should do you a favour! What shall I do for you, Lady Love?"

"Reb Abraham, I want you to come with me to see your son."

"I have no son! I have no son!" he replied, the tears trickling down his cheeks. "My son died many years ago. On Yom Kipur; you know, that is the day when we fast for our sins. I don't know how many years it is now, I don't count the years any more; it is all one long Yom Kipur.

"I am fasting and praying, and praying and fasting, all the time; only on Yom Kipur,—oy, oy, oy, Lady Love—when the real Yom Kipur comes, then I pray to die that day. It is a terrible day, and it's coming again, the day after to-morrow. Oy, oy, oy! I hope I'll not live to see that day!"

Jane pressed his hand in tender sympathy, and wiped away his tears; while she had difficulty in keeping back her own. "Reb Abraham," she said, "you know that your son isn't dead. He is alive, and everybody loves him—you are the only one who doesn't, and he is very unhappy because you don't love him. Tell me, why won't you go to see him, or let him come to see you?"

"Lady Love," the old man said, withdrawing his hand from hers; "he is baptized, he is a traitor, he has brought shame and disgrace upon my gray head!" His voice grew harsh from anger, which so

agitated him that he coughed, and could not stop, until Jane brought him a glass of water.

"Reb Abraham," she said, "to-day the great men of New York are coming to see the wonderful things which your son has accomplished. If you were there, you would be proud of him, I know."

"Proud? Oh, no! If he were a beggar, I would be proud to share my last crust with him; if he were a leper, I would be proud to nurse him; but a man who is baptized, and who baptizes others, a man who will marry a Gentile! Oy, oy, oy! Mine enemies should have such a son!"

"Who told you he would marry a Gentile?" Jane asked; while her heart almost stood still from fear, and she realized, as never before, how great was the joy of living in Samuel's presence, and how empty her life would be without him.

"Of course, he will marry a Gentile," the old man continued plaintively, not noticing Jane's question. "Oy, oy! I hoped he would marry Rivka; but she is all taken up with that man Yankev. Ach, what a kosher Jew he is! A Zionist! A lover of Israel! If only my son were like him!"

Jane stroked the old man's forehead, trying to soothe him, and unable to find words of comfort.

"You have such a good hand, Lady Love; so soft and smooth. It feels like my wife's hand. When my head ached from study, she used to sit by me and stroke my forehead; it soothed me so. Ach, ach!

My wife, my son! Do you think my son will marry a Gentile?"

"Reb Abraham," Jane replied, "I am sure that your son will not do anything to displease you; for I know that he loves you very deeply. Now I must go. How I wish you would promise to come to see your son to-night."

"Never, while I live!" was Reb Abraham's reply.

When Jane reached Peniel House, she found her corps of workers with idle hands, but busy tongues; because Rivka and Yankev had come in a few moments before and announced that their marriage had just taken place.

Samuel came in, and as he pressed Rivka's hand while heartily offering his good wishes, her face was overcast by a momentary cloud of pain; but, when it passed, she looked serene and determined.

"Mazel tov," Dr. Rosnik cried, climbing down from his ladder. "Where are you going to live? In Zion or St. Petersburg?"

"In St. Petersburg," Rivka replied, proudly. "Zion has capitulated, and Russia is triumphant."

"Poor Zion, and poor Yankev!" the doctor said, shaking his head dolefully. "So Yankev is a prisoner of war. Nu, God have mercy on him!"

"No, doctor," Rivka assured him, with a fond look at Yankev. "He is the victor. He has laid siege for ever and ever so many years. It's an age,

isn't it, Yankev, an age. I am only a woman after all, and I capitulated ; but I have made the terms of peace. Next week we sail for St. Petersburg. We go to fight for a free Russia. Hurrah, hurrah for a free Russia !" she cried ; and all but Yankev joined her.

"Why don't you cheer, Yankev?"

"Rivka, you know why. My heart is still sore for Zion, sore for Hertzl. His death was a great blow to me. Israel could not spare him ; but that is Israel's fate. It either breaks the heart of its leader, or it drives him over to the enemy. It makes him either a traitor or a martyr. Pardon me, Samuel. I can't get over it ; you ought to be a captain of Zion's host. Ah, well ! They would break your heart.

"You too, Miss Bruce. You will either have your heart broken, or you will give us up in disgust. See them now, over there, fighting like animals to get their lunch ! Bow, wow, wow ! They are almost barking."

Among the flower-beds of the well-shaded court, which connected Peniel House with the emergency hospital, were hundreds of little children, celebrating the day by a free luncheon, which Jane's bounty had provided. Hundreds of other little ones, as well as children of a larger growth, clamoured for admission ; so that confusion reigned until Jane went among them, and, by her gentle dignity, brought order out of chaos.

The afternoon was given over to a neighbourhood

reception, and in the evening, after the dedicatory exercises, Peniel House and the hospital were open for inspection. Then followed a general reception, at which Jane and Samuel received the many guests who had come from all parts of the city. Men and women, of many races and of many faiths, were there—to congratulate the man upon his achievements, and to do honour to the woman who, by her generosity, had made these great things possible.

When everything was ended—the speeches, the waving of flags, the marching and counter-marching of clubs and classes, the reading of the barber's poetry, and the singing of stirring songs—Jane and Samuel talked it all over—as they sat on the veranda, overlooking the cool, quiet court, now bathed in the light of the autumn moon.

They were weary, but excited; and each communicated to the other the tension of the body, and the greater tension of the spirit. Jane rose to go home; but Samuel took her hands in his, detaining her.

"Do you remember, Miss Bruce,—'there are two points in the adventure of the diver, one—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge'?"—he stopped; and she finished the quotation for him, as she had finished it, years before.

"'One,—when a prince he rises with his pearl'?—You have risen—Samuel—you have risen high—and you have a pearl of greatest price."

"No, Miss Bruce; I am still a beggar, still a beg-

gar—never before so poor as to-night, when I realize that all I have and all I am I owe to you—that my life, my faith, my work, all come from you. Ah, Miss Bruce! I am but a beggar to-night; a poor, poor beggar; yet a bold one, for I would ask more from one who has already given me so bountifully."

As Jane looked deep into his eyes, he saw in hers a light which blinded him. He drew her close and closer to him, and she yielded herself to the passionate power which went out of him and benumbed her senses.

"May I ask,—Jane?"

"Ask, Samuel, ask," she murmured.

Then his lips met hers, and he showered kisses upon her, until he saw her grow pale, and saw the joy of her face change into unutterable sadness.

"Don't ask—my prince," she whispered, while he still held her. "Because I can grant no more!"

"Jane!" he cried passionately. "I will ask! I love you, love you! Oh, I worship you! My princess, your beggar asks one thing more—grant it, Jane—my pearl! Oh! Jane, I will ask it—you shall not keep me from asking—be my wife!" She loosed herself from his embrace, and, taking his hand, looked once more into his eyes; but now he saw no answering passion there—only holy candlelight.

"It cannot be, Samuel; it cannot be."

"Why, not?" he demanded. Then recoiling, as

if stung by a sudden thought, he cried: "It isn't—it can't be—oh! Jane—is it because of my race—my blood?"

Jane did not answer. Love held her speech in thrall.

"It is my race—my blood! Oh! Jane, Jane, Jane!" he groaned. "How can that be? My blood is just human—just human, like your own! But I understand—I understand."

"No, you do not understand, Samuel, you do not understand. Your race is not the barrier; I never think of your race as different from my own. I love *you*, yourself—the man, Samuel. I love you so intensely that sometimes I fear I love you more than I love my God. Oh! Samuel; when I pray, I pray to you—waking or sleeping, I see your face. I did not realize till now how true this is, I did not realize how I have longed to know that you love me; but now that you have told me all I have unconsciously waited to hear, now that my every heart-beat responds to yours, now, when nothing on earth seems worth while—nothing but your precious love—I feel how impossible it is for me to be your wife."

"But why, Jane, why? I will not give you up! You must be my wife!" And again he drew her to him.

"Samuel," she said, releasing herself; "one great barrier already exists between you and your father. Do you want to raise another? Only to-day, he told

me of his fear that you may marry a Gentile ; and I will never help to widen the breach between you—although it breaks my heart to give you up ! "

Samuel stood as if stricken dumb by her words ; then he took her hand, saying calmly and dispassionately : "Jane, I left my father for my faith. I have done all in my power to be reconciled to him—but in vain. I cannot let him come between me and my love. You must not, shall not, give me up ! Oh, Jane ! Crown my work by this completion—be my wife ! " Again he drew her to him. "Jane, Jane," he cried, almost triumphantly—"our work's completion—my pearl, my crown ! "

With a deep and almost a bitter sigh, Jane gently pushed him from her, and looked long into his face, as if by her solemn eyes' more solemn light she would quench the fire of his spirit.

"Samuel," she said tenderly, and with suppressed emotion, "if I should yield myself to your love and to mine, I might undo your work, and not complete it. People would say : 'He embraced a Christian woman, not the Christian faith.' I can see them, hosts of them, passing this house, this house of the people, pointing their fingers at it and leaving us alone in our love. Samuel, the crown of your work must be won by both of us, I fear, through sacrifice and through self-denial. Samuel, my own, my life, my all ; the only crown for such a work as yours and mine is one of thorns."

He knelt beside her, and, looking into her sad eyes, cried: "Jane, Jane! I have felt the cruel thorns all my life. Listen, Jane! I was born on a death-bed; when I played with a little child, for whom I cared, she wounded me—I still feel the pain of it. I never could look at the trees or the birds, I could have no pleasure which did not bring me pain. You don't know, oh! Jane, you can't know—you, the daughter of a favoured race—the agony of my childhood. My father's love was changed to hate; my friends turned from me; the church I loved and for which I sacrificed my father, has given me nothing but thorns—thorns so sharp, that every time I pray I can feel them pricking my soul.

"Now listen, Jane! Are you listening? When I saw you first on the steamer, in the midst of my agony, my eyes rested upon you without pain. When I woke out of the second death into which a mob had beaten me, I saw your face—and I saw it again, without pain—yes, with joy unspeakable.

"In all these years, I have never told you what my heart felt, I could not tell you; but I was born again in you. I forgot the old life, the old pain, the old faith; and I believed in Christ again, because I believed in you. Jane, the only earthly joy I have ever known or ever shall know, is the joy of looking into your eyes." He buried his face in her outstretched hands, which had grown cold; for her head and her heart had need of every drop of life's blood.

"Listen just once more, Jane. You have given me faith to believe that here, in America, a new race could be born, free from prejudice and human hate—and I have laboured hard, buoyed by the splendour of that thought. To-night, under this roof, built by you, my one great desire and hope seemed realized—the pain all gone, the joy all rushing in. Now when I ask for my crown, you offer me one of thorns! Jane, Jane," and his voice grew bitter and harsh. "Oh, Jane! you would give me a crown of thorns!"

A silence followed, a decisive silence; for a great battle was being fought in Jane's breast. She took her cold hands from Samuel's grasp, and, laying them on his head, said tenderly: "Samuel, some of us are born for the joy of wearing the thorn-crown; don't shrink from yours. You must prove yourself faithful; and oh, my love," her voice sank to a whisper, "don't make me faithless. To-night when I saw you at the height of your success, when I saw the children pressing close to you in love, when I saw those Jewish mothers trusting to you their sons and daughters, when I saw the new light in their faces and their faith and confidence in you—I felt with a mighty pressure that no human ties should hamper you in your work. Samuel, Samuel, you are ordained to a nobler love than mine, to a fatherhood sweeter than wedlock could bring; to be the brother and the father of a new race, born of your new faith. Samuel, my own true love, I ordain you to this

task, with my heart's blood. Promise to be faithful. Promise me!"

"No," Samuel answered, almost defiantly, as he clasped her in his arms. "I promise nothing, nothing, nothing, Jane—but to love you more than life. Oh, Jane—Jane—I am a coward and no hero. I do not want the thorn-crown—the sacrifice! No, Jane, I promise nothing—nothing—but to love you more than life, more than duty. Oh, Jane, leave me this one hope, this one joy—promise me, my darling—that, some day, you will be my wife." Again he drew her to him, and, worn out by the struggle, she yielded herself to his embrace. Again he showered kisses upon her, and she, tempted beyond her power to resist, by his overmastering love, so precious to her—was about to surrender—when confused voices reached their ears, the ambulance, with its clanging bell, came rattling down the street, and a crowd of excited men ran into the hall, calling for Samuel.

Jane sprang to the door, and as she opened it, a bruised body was being carried through the corridor, into the new hospital.

"Your duty calls you, Samuel," she said.

He looked dazedly at the bleeding form which the men were carrying; then he looked again, more comprehendingly, while a great cry escaped him; and all through the night his agonized moans rose and fell, like the wind upon a storm-worn coast.

When the gray light of morning dawned, Dr. Rosnik gently disengaged Samuel's unconscious form from the embrace in which he still held his stricken father.

XXIX

THE DAY OF AT-ONE-MENT

"TELL me, why did they hurt me? I did nothing to them. I was just walking along—oy, oy, oy!"

"Be quiet, Reb Abraham. So, take a drink of water. Why did they hurt you? Who knows? They were just a lot of hoodlums, full of evil and malice. God only knows why people hate—God knows."

"It is because I am an old Jew, your Reverence."

"Don't call me your Reverence," the monk replied. "Call me brother; we are brothers. Call me Brother Antonius."

"Ach, it's good to hear you talk the old country language! It's a long time since I heard it. You talk like the people from the hills. I didn't know that priests could be as good as you are. What haven't you done for me! It's wonderful! Ts, ts, ts!" And the old man shook his head in astonishment. "Oy, but it's good to hear you talk the old country language—the hill talk—nu—strange, that you are a Pole!"

"Yes, I am a Pole from the Kottowin district."

"From Kottowin? Wonderful!" And again the

old man shook his head. "I am from the town of Kottowin. Do you hear any news from there? How is the new Rabbi doing? Oy, I forget. What should you know about Rabbis?"

"I know all about them, Reb Abraham; and I know all about you."

"You know me? I can't believe it. That you, a priest, should know me! Did you know—ah!" and the old man groaned. "Did you know my apostate son?"

"Yes, indeed, Reb Abraham; I knew him and loved him as if he were my own son. Reb Abraham, I know how you feel about that son of yours; but I want to tell you that you ought to be proud of him."

The old man averted his face, and tried to turn towards the wall; but every bone in his body ached, and he had to remain as he was. Brother Antonius saw that he shut his eyes tightly, as if to blind himself to the vision conjured by memories of the past. Then, through the closed lids, tears trickled over his bearded face.

"Reb Abraham," the monk began, "I am the guilty man who led your son into the monastery, I am the guilty man. I brought great unhappiness upon you, I know; but it is as God wills. Your son was loyal to you, even to disobeying the cloister rules; for he was in Kottowin many a night, looking at you through your little window, and piling the wood

which you thought came there by a miracle. I often went with him. He is a good—a noble—man. Here in New York, he is like an angel to the people."

"But he is a priest, a Christian, and I am a Jew! Oy, oy!"

"Reb Abraham, Jew and Christian are not as far apart as we think. The difference has been made greater and greater by Jew and Christian alike. The man whose name you will not pronounce, was a Jew, and yet the founder of the Christian faith. All we have, that is worth living for or dying for, we owe to a Jew; but we have forgotten—and we hated you and you hated us, and hated Him. You don't understand me, I know you don't. I wish you did. Now let the nurse come and give you your medicine. I'll go away, if you want me to."

Reb Abraham's hand was stretched out restrainingly; so Brother Antonius remained while, instead of the nurse, Jane came. She had not left the hospital since Reb Abraham had been brought there on the night of the celebration.

"Ach, ach! The Lady Love!" The old man whispered feebly, half in gladness, half in sorrow. "You see I am here. Oy, oy!"

"How did it all happen, Reb Abraham?" Jane asked.

"You see, Lady Love, I came that night to look at my son through the window. I saw him. Oy, but he is grand to look at! Like a prince! My eyes

haven't seen him for many a long, long year. Oy, oy, oy! Then, Lady Love, when I was going home, the Hooligans came and gave me 'mackes.' Oy, oy! what 'mackes,' what 'mackes'!"

Jane seated herself by the bedside and stroked the old man's bandaged head.

"What a cool hand you have, Lady Love. Like my wife's. Oy, oy, oy! My wife—Yom Kipur—the Cohanim——" Confusedly his mind wandered through the maze of the years.

"My son, given to me of God—where is my son?" he cried. "Dead! Dead on Yom Kipur!"

Then he sat erect in the bed, his gray beard sweeping the coverlet, his eyes aglow and his fingers moving nervously.

"How long have I been here?"

"This is the second day," Jane answered.

"Yom Kipur! Oy, oy, it's Yom Kipur, and I am still alive—I prayed to die that day. Oy, oy! Where is my bag—my prayer-book—my grave-clothes?" Anxiously he looked about.

"And the ram's horn—who will blow the ram's horn?

"Where are the priests to bless the people? My son is dead! No priest is left for the congregation of the children of Israel!"

The bag and the ram's horn were brought by the barber.

Jane handed Reb Abraham the bag, and helped

him to draw out its contents. When he saw his grave-clothes, he said:

"She made them, every stitch—every stitch with her own hands—my wife—his mother. Yom Kipur, she died, Yom Kipur, she died. Ah! Put it on me."

Yellow from age the shroud was, and they slipped it over his head; tying it with the same strings which Channah had so often fastened for him.

"Now the cap." They put it on his head. "And the book."

It was given him—a well worn book—a book out of which more than one generation had read its prayers. Reb Abraham turned to Father Antonius.

"Your God won't care if I read my prayers, will He? He knew Hebrew."

"He won't care, Reb Abraham; although you are a Jew and I am a Christian, I read every day the Psalms that you are reading now."

"Wonderful, wonderful! You a Christian and I a Jew, and we read the same prayers!" And he shook his head in amazement.

"What time is it, Brother Antonius?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Oy, oy! I have missed my morning prayer! Nu, God will forgive. In over seventy years, I have not missed my morning prayers. He will forgive. Oy, oy. My eyes! I can't see!"

He dropped the book and his head sank back.

Wearied, and exhausted, he soon slept. When he awoke, he felt nervously about for his book; but when he held it, he still looked for something, moving his hands restlessly over the covers. Then he heard a familiar voice.

"Reb Abraham, how are you?" said Dr. Rosnik. He felt the old man's pulse and heart; then, shaking his head, went into the hall. In a few moments, hasty steps were heard, the door opened, and Samuel, pale and worn, the flush of fever on his cheeks—flung himself into the room and on to his father's bed.

"Tateleben! Tateleben! Oh, dear father!" The two men held each other in a fond embrace.

"Father, my own dear father, forgive me! Oh, forgive me! I am your son, your own son! Love me, love me, as you used to love me!" And the two again clung to each other.

"My son!" the old man said through his tears. "Forgive your blind father; for now he can see. I can see! I can see, Samuel!" And he stretched out his arms ecstatically. "I can see now! Samuel, I can see Kottowin—the Temple—and Channah, my wife—and my son—a Cohen! A priest! I can see the congregation! Samuel, I can see the house, our house—and the plum trees—and the bridge! Oy, oy! The lilacs are in bloom—but where is the creek? It's gone—the creek is gone—thank God, the creek is gone!"

While Reb Abraham was speaking, Suszka had

come in and thrown herself beside the bed, crying bitterly, and repeating again and again: "Schma Jsrael! Schma Jsrael!"

Reb Abraham's hand sought hers, and he said: "You are a good woman, Suszka, a kosher woman. Kosher for the infant, as the Rabbi said. Kosher—kosher——" he repeated, while his hands wandered over Suszka's face. Then he sank into a stupor; while his friends gathered about him, weeping.

Rivka and Yankev, Malke, her sight restored, her young face glowing from the light within, Dr. Rosnik, struggling with the unwonted tears, which he vainly tried to repress; and the barber, who, despite his heresies, reverently held the ram's horn, for which Reb Abraham had asked.

All day the watchers sat by the bedside, cheering one another as best they could; while the life of Reb Abraham ebbed itself out to the shore of the great sea. Samuel sat on the edge of the cot, his eyes fondly fixed on the worn, wan face of his father—his breast torn by poignant grief and bitterest disappointment. They had done it here—here in America—in the land of friends—in this Christian land—on the day when he thought his task almost done—the barriers broken down. After all, Jane was right—he *was* born for pain—for the thorn-crown.

Into his bitter musings came the consciousness that Jane's hand was moving gently over his hot forehead. That sympathetic pressure reminded him of his still

greater grief; yet it soothed him, as if each touch held in it a rich promise. Samuel needed that comforting touch; for as he watched the laboured breathing of his father, and knew that because of unreasoning malice, his life had been sacrificed—wild, blind hate again took hold of him, and he felt himself praying for Samson's destructive strength, that he might avenge his father.

Less and less potent became the influence of Jane's presence. Samuel had grown hopeless in his agony, and all the world seemed but a huge, black pall of hate, against which he longed to hurl himself. He had forgotten his work, he had forgotten his love, he had forgotten his God—when his father suddenly rallied, and looked around, his eyes bright from the fire of fast-consuming life.

"Come, my son. It is time for the great blessing of the Cohanim." With trembling fingers, he pulled his prayer-mantle from the bag, and spread it over his son.

"Now fold your hands, this way, Samuel—this way." He folded his son's hands. "Now lift them above your head;" and Samuel obeyed, as if moved by a mechanical and irresistible force.

"Now say it with me, the great blessing upon Israel."

By a common impulse, the watchers at the bedside rose, while Samuel stretched forth his hands, and his voice blended with that of his father.

"Thou hast commanded us to bless thy people, Israel."

The little company, reading from the old man's prayer-book, responded: "Thou hast commanded the priests to bless us. May it be a perfect blessing without aught of impediment, or of iniquity, from henceforth and forever."

Father and son again pronounced a blessing: "May He bless thee, the Eternal One, and preserve thee, may He make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. May He lift up His face unto thee and give thee peace."

Only Samuel's voice, broken by grief, said the priestly "Amen."

Reb Abraham had fallen back upon his pillow, crying faintly, "The ram's horn, it is time for the ram's horn! The day is nearly done. Channah—my wife —my son——"

Then the barber pressed the ram's horn to his lips, and blew upon it—a wild, weird note, a note of pain —Israel's historic note—the note of sacrifice. And with that sound Reb Abraham's soul was wafted to its maker.

* * * * * *

They had buried him in the God's acre, far from the tumult of the city. Among strangers, gentle hands laid him to rest, and gentler hands had carried his spirit to his loved one across the dark river.

A great concourse of people went out with Sam-

uel—Jews and Gentiles, people of many nationalities and races—to help make amends for the ancient wrong, perpetrated anew. When their heads were bowed, those who knew how to pray asked of God that this might be the last sacrifice to human hate.

Slowly and reverently, the people turned away, until only Jane and Samuel stood together beside the new made mound. Silently they stood. They needed no speech. Until the dusk, they lingered; then went out from the peace of the dead, towards the tumult of the living.

As they walked to where Jane's carriage waited to take her to Peniel Heights, she watched Samuel anxiously, and when she saw his eyes rest pityingly upon the crowded city, her face brightened.

"Where are you going, Samuel?" she asked, as he helped her into the carriage.

Turning his face almost joyfully towards the East, he answered: "I am going back to where the next day's duty awaits me, Jane."

"May I go with you, Samuel?"

THE END

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